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Mrs. Catherine Joss.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF  
CATHERINE JOSS,

BORN IN PHILADELPHIA, PA.,  
OCTOBER 7, 1820.

DAUGHTER OF CHRISTIAN SMITH, WHO MOVED HIS  
FAMILY TO PAYNE TP., HOLMES CO., O.,  
IN MAY, 1829, AND LAID OUT AND  
ESTABLISHED THE VILLAGE  
OF WEINSBERG.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO.  
1891.

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## P R E A M B L E.

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WITH heart-felt gratitude I embrace this opportunity in these days of my declining years of comfort, ease, and good health, to write a sketch of my life, to leave on record for those whom God has given me, remembering much that will be appreciated by them, and may it lead them all to become true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom I always believed.

Having been brought up to a form of godliness, by God's grace I was led to find Jesus as a strong Tower. He led me into it, and kept me safe, desiring to dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold His beauty, and inquire in His temple. His promises are sure and steadfast.

Now, Lord, be merciful unto me, extend Thy grace, Thou knowest me altogether, and if Thou leavest me to myself, I shall fail in this work that I believe Thou hast given me to do. I do thank Thee, my blessed Saviour, for the needful rod of

affliction that taught me to rest patiently in faith and hope that maketh not ashamed. Once more I venture on Thee, knowing Thou wilt give wisdom to them that lack, if they ask in faith. Lord, increase my faith, I am believing ; help Thou my unbelief.

I am believing and receiving,  
As I to the Fountain go,  
And my heart Thy blood is cleansing  
Whiter than the driven snow.  
I love Jesus, Hallelujah !  
I love Jesus, yes, I do ;  
I love Jesus, He's my Saviour,  
Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

While here in this world I delighted to roam,  
Enjoying its bubbles, true joy was unknown ;  
But the rod of affliction to chasten did come,  
Till I sought my joy with Jesus at home.  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !  
There is no Friend like Jesus,  
There is no place like home !

CATHERINE JOSS.

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CATHERINE JOSS.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE YEARS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

WHEN I was a little girl, my parents thought it necessary for me to learn to dance, in order to appear graceful in society. So I was sent to a dancing-school when very young, and about all I can remember of that school is, that if our feet were not in a right position, the dancing-master would use his fiddle-bow over our toes or over our backs to straighten us up. I went to an infant school, to a lady friend of my parents. She taught us to paint on velvet and work lace, and to read from the primer then in use. She read to us from the Gospel, and prayed with us every day, taught us how to pray, and to go to our Heavenly Father as we would to our mother to ask for anything we wanted, and if it was best for us to have it, for Jesus' sake God would grant it, and if we were overtaken in a fault, to ask to be forgiven, as God kept a white and a black book, wherein our good and evil deeds were

marked, and when I felt guilty of anything, it was not the punishment my parents would inflict, but the fear of having a mark in the black book that gave me pain.

It must have been on such an occasion that I prayed in my sleep, pleading not to have my name in the black book, that my mother spoke of in the family next day, and my uncle, a German Lutheran minister, not long from Germany, said he was astonished at father letting a child go to school to such a Presbyterian fool that preached hell-fire to the children.

Father said, "You will get over your prejudice when you are in this country awhile." But it must have ended my school-going, as I can think of none afterwards. However, I learned enough of her to continue to learn at the Saviour's feet, as all she taught left a lasting impression on my young mind, never to be forgotten. I will give from memory some of the pieces which she taught me to speak when I was so young as to be placed on a chair in the parlor to speak them to company.

Come, my love, and do not spurn,  
From a little flower to learn ;  
See the lily on its bed,  
Hanging down its modest head.  
While it scarcely can be seen,  
Folded on its leaf of green,

And would rather call it ours,  
Than many other gayer flowers.  
Pretty lily seems to be  
An emblem of humility ;  
Be as gentle, be as mild,  
Simply be a modest child,  
As the Saviour from above  
Views the humble child in love.

It was my privilege to visit the city and her, at the Presbyterian Home for Old Ladies, when she was ninety-one years old. She was in good health, enjoying the comforts of the beautiful home she had in this world, and the bright prospects of the brighter one she was looking forward to, not made with hands, eternal in heaven.

After a pleasant and profitable visit, when I told her that under God she was the only one who had instructed me in early youth in the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, to lead me to repentance, peace and happiness here, with the hope of heaven hereafter, she threw her loving arms around me, saying, "Thank God, you are not the first one of my scholars that has come to me in this way. I have no children on earth, but will have them in heaven." We joined in prayer, with grateful hearts for the blessed privilege of being once more permitted to meet on earth to join in praising the Lord, and to commit ourselves to

His care, till we meet where we will bring Him better praise for ever. She reached the age of one hundred and four years, when she fell asleep in Jesus.

My father was a strong abolitionist, and in those days the slave-trade was great. She taught me to speak for him, which pleased him very much. It is the following :

Help, oh help, thou God of Christians,  
Save a mother from despair,  
Cruel white man steals my children,  
God of Christians, hear my prayer.

From these arms am forced to render,  
Sailors drag them to the sea ;  
Yonder ship, at anchor riding,  
Swift will carry them away.

There my son lies, pale and bleeding,  
Fast with chains his hands are bound ;  
Stiff with beating, through fear silent,  
Save a single death-like groan.

See his little sister by him,  
Quaking, trembling now she lies,  
Drops of blood her face besprinkled,  
Tears of anguish fill her eyes.

Hear the little sister begging,  
"Take me, white man, for your own,  
Spare, oh spare my darling brother,  
He's my mother's only son.

“I am young and strong and hearty,  
He a sick and feeble boy ;  
Take me, whip me, chain me, starve me,  
All my life I toil with joy.

“ Ah, my poor distracted mother,  
How she raves upon the sands,  
Now she tears her flesh with madness,  
Now she prays with lifted hands.

“ Christian, who's the God you worship ?  
Is he cruel, fierce or good ?  
Does he take delight in mercy,  
Or in spilling human blood ? ”

Down the savage captain struck her  
Lifeless on the vessel's floor,  
Up the sails he quickly hoisted,  
To the ocean bent his way.  
Head-long plunged the raving mother  
From a rock into the sea.

Dr. Scheurer and my uncle, with some other literary young men, were contemplating how to use their talents best in this country, where they expected to make their future homes as well as their fortunes. They already had in their minds an ideal place for pleasure seekers, with hunting-grounds, parks, fish-ponds, and a hotel with good accommodations, that in time would attract the people from the cities to spend the Summer

months. As uncle stayed with us in the city, one and another of the young men would come with their discoveries of great prospects for wealth and fame. But uncle and Dr. Scheurer, who had read and kept good books on the subject, made agriculture a study previous to their going forth to seek a place in a new country entirely uncultivated, so as to have the credit all to themselves, as they expected to make a grand place of it, as their books showed them how to establish such a place as they imagined it should be.

Feeling satisfied they understood what they were going to do, they started out in 1827 in search of a place to suit them, and found it in the State of Ohio, Holmes County, Payne Township. Thinking nature had prepared a location for them, it suited them so well, the hills, the dales, rivulets, rocks and ravines, great forests, with all kinds of timber, as well as many kinds of wild fruit. Seeing that choice fruit would grow when planted, especially wine, as immense wild grape-vines had grown around the trees, and when a German village would be established, where their countrymen could do business in their mother-tongue, they would flock there, as mechanics would improve the village, and make it lively, as well as the co-operation of the industrious and zealous farmers to cultivate the forests into productive



fields with all sorts of produce, orchards and vineyards. Dr. Scheurer and uncle bought land, came to the city and made arrangements to move out.

Dr. Scheurer returned to New York, went from there by water, uncle and the rest of the bachelors, as they called themselves, took teams, loaded with what they needed to begin with. Uncle got a little orphan boy to take along, which was thought unnecessary, as he could not travel on foot he had to have a place in the wagon. After a long and tedious journey they arrived there safe, built a log cabin to live in, and an oven to bake bread. The first time the dough ran all over the hearth of the oven into one loaf. When the oven was cool, the boy had to crawl in, and with a hatchet cut it apart to take it out. They got a cow, but not intending to make butter, they could milk the cow as they used the milk. They kept the cow near, and milked what they needed as they used it. This, they wrote, to show the usefulness of the boy. He could wash dishes. At one time he washed the dishes, poured out the water, wrung out the cloth, put it in the dish, which was a brown earthen one, the rag also colored, the same dish was used for soup. It was their custom to cook turn-about for one week each, and that time the near-sighted man was cook, cut the bread, put it in the dish,

and poured the hot milk on it. When it was served the dish-cloth made its appearance, uncle raised it up on the table, saying in German :

“ Mädchen, soll ich dich noch freien,  
Willst du denn noch süuisch sein ?  
Ich will dich zu meiner Frau,  
Nicht zur Kuh und nicht zur Sau.”

*In English :—*

“ Miss, shall I think to marry thee,  
When I such piggishness now see ?  
Would like to have you for my wife,  
Not for a cow or hoggish life.”

Jokes like this were written from time to time, and no doubt the bachelors found, to study and get the theory of the life they anticipated, and to practice it, were two things.

I will here tell of an interesting couple that were going to start with the place, and grow with the country; it strikes me just now that had they carried out their plans, there would be no record for me to write,—it would all be written in a philosophical way, so as to attract the learned, as they were highly educated, both being teachers of languages and music. A gentleman from Allentown, Pa., put his little son in their care to be educated. They often came to our house, the gentleman would be with uncle in his room, the lady would visit with mother, while the little boy

would play with us. They became quite intimate with us, and we liked their company. One Sunday evening, it was the first of July, the weather being very warm, the gentleman came with the little boy, and asked uncle if he would not go bathing with him. Uncle said it would not do for him to go bathing on Sunday, and besides, his sister-in-law was very sick, and not expected to live. So the man and boy went.

I had been moved from my bed in mother's room to a bed made on a sofa in the front parlor, where I heard the conversation of the men, but hearing of mother not being expected to live, wakened me, so I don't know if I slept any more that night. Some time in the night the watchman came with the boy and some of the man's clothes and boots, saying he found the boy asleep on a raft at the wharf of a lumberyard, lying on the clothes, and that the boy told him to take him to our house, he could tell him of no other. Some of our men were wakened to get up, the boy was put to bed, uncle and the men went in search of the drowned man. Things gradually quieted down, when at once a loud knock was heard at the door, and when the door was opened a cabman ushered Mrs. Gamble in, who asked for her husband. When the affair was made known to her, she became frantic, and had to be taken

to another friend's house, because mother was quite ill.

The lady was cared for, but remained frantic and was an object of pity. They had many respectable friends, who showed them their sympathy. But the man was not found, the search continued from day to day. All was done to encourage the lady, liberal offers were made her to enter elegant homes to take charge of teaching private or public, but all in vain. She appeared to be melancholy. Many valuable presents and donations of money were made, but nothing roused her.

At last they thought as the search for the man had stopped, they better have a funeral sermon preached. It was announced. The ladies got her a mourning suit at great expense, the time came, the church was crowded; when the funeral sermon began, the lady fainted and had to be carried out. After a while she went out more, the young lady in the house noticed silently her actions changed, but knew not what would be the outcome of it all. At a time when all were out except the young lady, Mrs. Gamble came in, hurried up stairs and down again. The young lady went up to her room, the key left in the stand drawer gave her access to it. A recent letter stated for her to come to Baltimore to a

certain hotel. She returned with a conveyance, took out her trunks and was off. The young lady came to our house, uncle and her aunt went to the wharf and got there just in time to see the boat go out.

Father at once went to Baltimore and found they were stopping at the hotel, but the man had been waiting for his wife who was detained at the bedside of her father who had died, leaving them an immense fortune. He had been looking at plantations and was now going to close the bargain, was taking it, slaves and all. But they were looking for him every day. Father hired a negro to watch his coming. He waited a few days and then had to leave without seeing him. Uncle published them, but in those days news did not fly as quick as now, and we heard no more of them until we had been in Ohio for some time.

My uncle, who imported and supplied the watchmakers with jewelry and watch materials, came to see us and said, when he was in Cincinnati a rich Jew was in trouble about his lady leaving him while he was away on business. On hearing the name uncle asked him where he got acquainted with her. He told uncle the couple came to the hotel, soon she became sad, he felt sorry for her, thought she was lonely, the

man was away. So when she found the Jew sympathized with her she told him her trouble, that her man cared not for her. He spoke to the man, told him it was not gentlemanly thus to treat her. But he said he wished he was rid of her, he could not raise enough to keep her the way she wanted to be kept. The Jew and the lady became fast friends. She agreed to stay with him if he could send her man off to parts unknown. The man agreed for two hundred dollars to leave. He received the money and went.

The Jew and the lady appeared to be very happy together, she had all and everything she wanted in money, diamonds and a rich wardrobe. She too had gone to parts unknown. He said all she had she was welcome to; it was not what she had that troubled him, it was what she was to him as a companion. She was not only lovely in person, but could converse of the whole civilized world, which she had traveled as a stage actress.

May be I could not remember it so well, but often heard father tell it in the bar-room, and that grand couple never graced our town of Weinsberg.

## CHAPTER II.

## SETTLING IN THE STATE OF OHIO.

My father's first visit to the bachelors resulted in moving. He visited them in 1828, and was much pleased with the country, thinking the location of the place was such a one as they needed to carry out their plans, and if completed according to their desires and plans, could not but attract pleasure-seekers to spend the hot Summer season there in preference to many other places, and tried to persuade mother to move out here. She said, "And what will you, a jeweler, do in the backwoods?" He said he could lay out the village, keep store and tavern, and then the great advantage would be to their children to grow up with the country. It was no easy matter for mother, after living twelve years in gay, respectable society in the city, a business established for twelve years at manufacturing spectacles and jewelry, surrounded by old and tried friends. It was hard to part with all for a life of toil and hardship in the backwoods, but for the sake of her children she consented.

Father was soon on his way to Ohio again,

and when he got there he purchased the land intended for the village, made an agreement to raise the house, have it under roof, doors and windows sawed out, by the next May, when he expected to be there. He also hired men to get out saw-logs and to the saw-mills around on the creeks while snow was on the ground, as they dragged them with oxen. Then he returned to arrange things in the city. The business was turned over to his youngest brother; the best furniture was to stay in the house till we had a place to put it; the goods for the store were selected, such things as they thought would be needed by the new settlers. We needed much for ourselves, as we expected to keep tavern, but first had to board many work-hands, to get the houses built.

There were many public and private parties, balls, concerts and theatres attended that Winter. I can remember seeing mother dressed, when she looked to us children like the fairy we saw in pictures and toys. I also remember of her letting a Jew have a satin dress all spangled and trimmed, for which she got a paper, I supposed an order on a store. When he was gone she sat down and wept. In March, long as I can remember, we had a punch party on father's and grandfather's birthdays, as they came at the same



time. This, the last March, was to be an extra large one.

The doors were flung wide open, the two parlors thrown in one, and the table set the length of the room. Besides the chandeliers with wax candles we had branch wax candles placed on silver candlesticks, which, when lit, looked like crowns along the middle of the table between the large china punch bowls, which in due time were filled with hot water sweetened with loaf sugar, to be dipped out into the heavy cut glass punch mugs, to be flavored to taste out of the elegant cut glass decanters, filled with fine wines and liquors of the best kind, as well as the table spread with luscious eatables.

At the appointed time the guests were seated at the table. There were gentlemen and ladies of rank, even clergymen. There was eating and drinking and merry chatting, such as becometh the great politeness of German nobility, health-drinking, toasts and singing. As time went on, one couple after another were excused, took the carriages employed for the occasion and were driven to their respective homes, until only gentlemen remained. They took their seats together, had a cork blackened with lamp-black, laid it on a snuffer tray, then lit a splinter in the candle to a blaze, held it up and said in German

(I will give the English of it): "If the fox dies, what will the hide be worth? if it lives long it will be old;" each one had to say that and pass it on to the next, so on until it would die out; the one that held it then got a black mark on the face with the black cork. So they went on jolly laughing at others, when they were perhaps the worst blacked. It was lots of fun, but drinking all the time, at last all were helped to and into the carriage, all more or less drunk. Father went to bed without washing his face, and mother did some scolding, which he took all good-naturedly. After that we got ready to bid friends and city life farewell, packed up all to be ready.

As soon as navigation had opened we started, going by way of New York and Buffalo. Two weeks or more tedious journeying landed us in Massillon. I shall never forget it, all looked so strange. It was a bright Sabbath morning, a death-like stillness prevailed. At last father got a team to take us to where we had to go. The wagon-bed was made of rough lumber, boards laid on the bottom, each side a board with a hole through the ends with a stick through to hold them together; there was straw in the bottom for us children to sit on. Father and mother sat on the trunk, the teamster sat in front

on his feed sack. We drove on, as we thought, a long while, when we came to a clearing in the woods, a new log cabin, with a young couple living there. We tried to get something to eat, but could get nothing save a loaf of dutch-oven bread; it looked like a nice large cake, and it was so sour we could hardly eat it, especially without anything with it, as they had neither milk nor butter. We drove on, after the horses were fed for a while, when a thunder-storm came upon us without us noticing it in the dense forest; the rain poured down and our loose boards came good to let the water out.

We got to our destination on a high hill, our house was raised, but not under roof, no doors nor windows sawed out. We stopped at the potters', who had settled there from Germany; they had a one-story, double, round log-house with clapboard roof; on one side was the pottery, on the other they lived. They had a stove built of tile, the fire was put in from the outside; it was heated and our clothes were hung up on poles above the stove to dry, while we stayed in their beds. As soon as possible we were dressed and on our road to uncle's cabin. We passed a cabin called Napold's Rest. We came to a foot-path where we met uncle coming from Salt Creek, where he had preached that day. He

took a child on each arm and we soon reached the bachelors' hall, where we got all the bread and milk we could eat; climb up the ladder to the loft where the beds were, and soon were fast asleep. In the morning after breakfast all was astir; father went back to Massillon with the team, to take the stage for Pittsburgh to get building material, and store the goods until we could have a place to put them. There were only two teams that went to Pittsburgh from our country, and not near us. Uncle went to hunt them up, the other men all went out to get men to work and provisions to feed them. These backwoods-men could do all the work there was to do there, for they were jacks-of-all-trades, and their work soon showed on the house and woods around it. We had a girl from among the people that lived here before we came, she could manage as well as work; she built a cave that did well for a cellar, and a place to cook by planting large forks into the ground, laid poles on them and peeled the bark off some saw-logs to cover the top, placed stones around where the fire-place was to be, a fork at each side with a bar of iron on, with iron hooks to hang kettles and pots on for cooking. Then she made a baking oven, and told me I must help, as no one else had time. I was with her when

she cut saplings down and into the length she wanted them, carried them to the spot, laid them up like the cabins were built. When high enough thick poles were laid over it for the bottom of the oven, got a flat stone for the front of the hearth, two for the sides, one for the top of the mouth of the oven, then put a thick coat of the mortar on, which they used for daubing the house, leveled it and smoothed it, and kept it so while drying, and when dried put good bake wood on the shape it was to be, and lay bark over nicely to have the top smooth with a twisted bunch of straw where the draught was to be, and daubed it like the bottom, also kept it solid by filling every flaw and smoothing it over till dried, then burned it out and baked in it. All I could do was to pad the mud, in which I delighted, and I am glad I was present when the first oven on that hill was built.

We used of the mortar they made at the rear of our house to daub all the houses with, and also used it to make our oven with. It was made by clearing off the top ground where we intended to put another house to ours, and there was to be the cellar. When they got to the clayey ground they dug it deep, put straw and water in, then drove several yoke of oxen in and round and round, until mixed. The buildings

were chinked between the logs with the chips chopped off in hewing the logs, then filled up even with the clay mortar till smooth, inside and outside; that was all the finishing the walls got for years, only we soaked white clay and white-washed the inside with home-made brushes, made of hog-bristles saved in butchering-time. All the brooms we used were made of hickory, some of them split very fine, but the coarse ones were good to scrub the rough floors; we bought them from the country people and sold them in the store to the new comers, who had to learn how to make them. We traded anything in for goods that the Ohio people made. Most of the Germans had to get what they could not do without, so we could sell what we did not use. The room intended to be the bar-room was fitted up for the store, till the store-house could be built. The other side of the house was laid with loose boards and long rough tables and benches, made for the many men to eat at; up stairs the same kind of floor was laid to put the men's beds on to sleep in. Rough stairs were put up in the hall. The store-house was being built, and as soon as it was under roof we had the lower story filled with tobacco, which the Ohio people raised in large quantities to take to the canal, as traders in tobacco came along and

bought it. In the upper story we put hay like in a hay-mow, and put the men's beds on the hay. Then we could get the carpenters' benches up stairs, where they could work, and soon had the other side above the store partitioned and windows put in, so we could get our beds put up in one, and the other we used for a sitting-room, or rather lying-room, as chairs were scarce, only long benches were around the room. The working men used to sit on them, and our gentlemen lay on the floor smoking their long pipes in the evening and talk of improvements of all kinds, while many more of the work-hands stayed outside, as every evening the log fire was built up fresh, which illuminated the place. It was a grand sight, such a fire light shining into the thick forest. This fire was kept up partly to burn up the wood, as also to keep the gnats out of the house, so they that wished, amused themselves out doors until bed-time, or would engage in conversation about speculation and improvements.

The name was given to the place by Dr. Scheurer, who first purchased the land, in honor of the women, saying at the time Weinsberg in Germany was besieged, only the women and children were permitted to go out. They waited on the emperor with the plea for as much as they

could carry out at one time on their backs, which was granted them; they went as soldiers and carried out the men. Up to this day the place is called Women's Fidelity. But another cause why some considered it the right name, was, because our hill was covered with wild grape vines and chestnuts. Surely it would be a fruitful hill, and before grapes could be planted an arbor was built in the middle of our garden, covered with the grape vines of the forest, twined around the large chestnut tree cut down on the spot. As soon as supper was over we children were put to bed to get us out of the way, and the child-nurse had to help do kitchen work.

There was no door between the rooms, the room in which the men were was above the store and our bed-room. I could lie and hear their talk, though I was young, I knew it was all speculation, and think I got lessons of building castles in the air, as father often made the remark that he did not expect to live to see and enjoy the things, but his children may. I was one of them, and the plan was for me and my younger sister to go back to Bethlehem, Pa., to school, which plan was frustrated by the fire. So I got big ideas. Dr. Scheurer brought his family from Shanesville, where they stayed until a place could be built to go into. Like all



others, their house had only two rooms, unfinished, to go in. The family consisted of a hired girl, a Spanish nurse, the mother of Mrs. Scheurer, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Van Steenberg. She was born on the Island of Curacoa in the West Indies, her father died when she was eleven years old, her mother, in poor health then, returned to her native home in this country, Brooklyn, New York. After her education, qualified for city life and very young, she was married to Dr. Scheurer and came to the backwoods; though they were all of most noble nobility, a blessing to all, and everything to us, yet they had to share with us the hardships of pioneer life. Mrs. Scheurer is one of the surviving ones that settled there first. May we all three be kept to see this finished, to bear testimony to the truth of it, as they are both older than myself, and their last days be their best ones, until we all be called to join the throng of those that have come up out of great tribulation, washed and made their robes white in the blood of the Lamb.

By this time we had spent half a year in the wilderness, where we could live comparatively comfortable through the Winter, after having made brick, got out limestone and burning it for mortar to lay the brick, and having chimneys built.

which was a big job, as we had to get the men from a distance ; there we had the tables in, that answered for kitchen and dining-room. We had not so many work-hands for the Winter ; could have the beds up stairs, where the carpenter worked at inside work.

The Winter passed, Spring came, and work went on as before. By the next Fall we thought ourselves nicely fixed ; the upper floors were tightly laid, the garret was our warehouse, to the big room down stairs was nothing done but a good fire-place and a few windows put in, one-half stored with barrels of pork and lard, traded in the store intending to ship in the Spring, besides the kitchen and eating in the same place, with all the pork stored in one end, we had all the second story to live in, and all our work-hands left us near the holidays, either going home or elsewhere to spend them. The first Christmas we had no place, but the next, mother, with the help of some of the gentlemen that were still remaining with us, in the neighborhood, arranged the many toys we had brought with us, mostly presents to us children before leaving the city. So we had a large garden and a tree ; the garden represented a country, with hills and rocks, sea-ports and country towns, farms and cottages, castles and mansions, jungles with wild

beasts, fountains and lakes, rivers and rivulets, a large tree with birds and ornaments that hung over the top of the garden. It was as large as half the room, and was more of a wonder for the people of the country than it was for us children. Our house was crowded all day long, the whole week between Christmas and New Year, and the last day of the old year ; there were many that had come from a great distance, having heard of the wonderful free show, as some called it, only to find the smoking logs of the building in the woods hauled around to keep them from burning up, and ruins where the house had stood. How the fire broke out we knew not, it was discovered on the stairs.

Father was behind with his books and had been working hard to straighten them before the year ended. On the last morning he got up long before day and could find no fire anywhere, and, as there were no matches, only those dipped in brimstone to use in a tinder box, where fire was struck with a flint, he lit the candle and went over to the room on the other side of the house; it was not cold but raining, so our fire went out, being neglected. Father got a few brands that had died out, came over grumbling that there was no fire and nothing ready to start one. He started it in the stove, sat down and wrote a

while until day-break, the hired girl came out of the bed-room, father thought as none of the men were about he would put on his coat and hat and go to feed the cattle; he asked the girl if she had been down stairs to make fire; she said no, and when he opened the door into the hall, the great blaze on the stairs came toward the opened door, he shut it, turned the key, said no one should open again or we must all burn up. We screamed, but could rouse no one. Mother threw bedding out of the back window, the front being paved with stone, as the drop place where they made the mortar, and it was going down hill, it was so high that we feared to jump; we ran to the front again, all of us screamed out of the windows again, and soon all were there of the three families besides ourselves, four men and six women. Scheurer's women took a blanket, each held a corner, the baby was dropped and safe. Mr. Stahl brought a ladder, the girl got down; mother got on it, when it came apart; she hung on to the window-sill while they put it together, and held it until she was down. Meanwhile father took two of us at a time and dropped us out of another window. We were all caught, but my oldest brother dropped from the man's grasp, fell on the edge of a tub and was badly injured. But as soon as

we were down, I took my youngest brother on my arm, the other brother and sister clung to me, and we started through the woods to a house where the woman was sick ; she got up, brother went to bed and we found him badly hurt, and the woman became deranged, which made things worse. She, with the rest of us, were all crowded into Scheurer's house.

Father could not get his books after we were all out; he hunted in the smoke until the fire began to break through, saw a light place, went for it, broke the window and jumped out ; it was where the beds were thrown out, or no one would hardly have thought of the beds. He told them to carry them away, so we saved them. We saved nothing from the house but the bedding mother threw out, and nothing from the store that would make us clothing. We children and mother were in our night-clothes ; farmers' wives met at a house with what remnants of home-made goods they had, and made us clothing, each of us a suit. Father stayed in hunting his books in the smoke until the fire came into that part, when he jumped out of the window. People were honest in those days, no doubt most of them came and paid to the best of their knowledge what they owed, and offered assistance to build up again. Stahl's had a kitchen which they

let us occupy. It was one room, but the men's beds were some on the store-house yet where they could sleep. There were ten and fifteen of us in the family and with one suit of clothes, except in underclothing we had a change. Mother would wash us Saturday night and put us to bed in the room we lived, there we slept as well; we had a stove out of the fire fixed up, so as to use it to help heat our house with it, a big fire-place like all the log-cabins have, a long pole put up to the ceiling, where mother would hang our clothes when washed, after we were in bed, with a great log-fire in the chimney and in the stove too, so they would dry, then she cleaned up the house, and would get to bed long after midnight. As people did not work on Sunday then, everybody did Saturday's work, to be ready for Sunday.

I remember our tailor, a German, used to sew on Sunday and was fined. He tried to make it appear that he was only sewing on a button which had come off, but he had to pay his fine of five dollars. I could tell of many cases, but this is enough to show that at that time the Sunday laws were enforced. The half Indians in the backwoods used to have a Sabbath-day and kept it according to the law of the country.

Our second beginning was worse than the first,

as everything we needed in the house was lost in the fire. We could think of no cause for fire to break out, and think it was kindled on the first landing of the stairs, because a pile of hickory bark was blazing up very high. When discovered, father thought, if there would have been some water up stairs he could have put it out, as we had a Christmas garden which attracted the people from far and near. There were on each side of the fire-place cupboards, in one were father and mother's best clothes ; in the other were china and silverware, which in those days was made of solid silver.

With large hooks, which our blacksmith made and fastened into long poles, they pulled down the logs of the house, though burnt black, many could be used for building again, as many oxen teams were there to haul them off, so the fire would go out. The chimneys were also pulled down; the one where the silver was supposed to be, father had thrown the other way, that the hot brick might not fall on the silver, and as soon as possible an effort was made to get it out, but not a sign of any was found. Then when the brick all could be removed the ashes were gathered in tubs and washed, but nothing was found, while on the other side of the house with no extra care and more fuel to retain the heat

longer, a trunk with considerable jewelry left melted and clodded around watch works and real stone sets. So it was believed some one robbed and set the house on fire.

My parents saved and worked very hard and under trying circumstances, and we all did whatever we could. I was the oldest of five children, a child's-nurse could no more be hired; I had to take her place and take care of the children until my next sister was old enough to take my place, and then there was other work for me to do. We had a little house built for a smoke-house, to smoke the pork we had packed, that which was burnt and which we intended to ship in the Spring with the lard that was also burnt. So we made a store of it. Father got all the lard where he could do anything with fixed up, that it could be used or sold cheap, with a case of notions carried out of the store while burning, a pile of wooden butter-bowls, a box of tea that was on the counter, worth forty dollars, a lot of iron for blacksmiths could be used.

A friend sent father a sack of coffee, a keg of chewing tobacco, spices, a bolt of bleached and unbleached muslin, some calico, and cotton handkerchiefs. I think the most we had to begin with to keep store in the smoke-house it brought in produce, which we needed, as we



were building again at our house and the store-house. As soon as our house was under roof, doors and windows sawed out, with loose board floors, we were in it and obliged to entertain travelers, as well as board our work-hands. We all had a change of what was called domestic, some coarse cotton goods used mostly for cases over feather-beds, which were used to cover them.

Uncle was going to be married. He was a Lutheran minister in Canton. Then father said we should go. So mother engaged the dress-maker who was to make our dresses. When she took the woman to the store to get the goods, father made so much fuss about emptying the store, that we done without and remained home. A gentleman came out from New York and made fun of me, called me the domestic girl. I remember of thinking I should have a Sunday dress, but dare not say a word. Things went on just so, it was work and scold, scold and work. I often thought how hard it was for me, as I could not do as our hired girls, leave if it did not suit me. Mother blamed father for having too many irons in the fire at once, and he thought she should be thankful she had it to do.

The store-house was so far that the store was in it, the cellar under it was finished, so we could

keep drink of most any kind ; wine was imported by great hogsheads. We got the bar-room established, and could wholesale and retail drink. Then we could use the smoke-house, which had been store, for the kitchen. As our second house was one-story, and father thought he could never live in a two-story house again until he could build more, we had to make a room back of the bar-room for our beds ; had beds up stairs under the roof for strangers, and got license to keep tavern. In the Summer mother cooked in a big hollow chestnut stump, near the house, as the other side of the house was entirely unfinished and not fit to live in.

About in this condition we lived when the Joss family with many other Swiss families landed in New Philadelphia in 1831. The men left their families there, and started out in search of a place to locate.

Thirty of them stopped at our house. While they went out to hunt land, they too liked the hills, and all suited themselves in Holmes County, mostly in Walnut Creek Township, where father Joss bought three farms of 100 acres each, all somewhat cultivated, but one of the oldest and best in the county in those days, but only log buildings on it. He built a large house, after the Swiss style, but like all building then, was so

long in finishing, he did not live to see it finished.

A man came out from the city of Philadelphia, who had money, he bought a tract of land, built a large stone-house, a large frame barn, and cleared one hundred acres of land of the stumps. It gave employment to many of the foreigners, some of whom had families. He had them clear a patch of ground, put a cabin on to live in, and work for him. Between this man and ourselves, with all our people to feed, we could use most of the provisions the county could produce. We put up a building where we had intended to, while the first house stood, with a cellar for the house, which we had not till then. We had a cake bar, where we kept always on hand light cake. We made crackers by taking a chunk of light bread dough, pounded it with a club, then rolled out some of the dough, cut it with round cake-cutter, took a key finger filed to mark Ohio on them, which made crackers. Then we took the other of the pounded dough, made lye pretzels, by making a kettle of white lye of hickory ashes, let it settle, and strain it, put a kettle over the fire with a great long-handled skimmer, held a quantity in at once, then shoved it in the hot baking-oven on tins, baking quickly, and I am safe to say, there are none now to compare with them in those days. Then were the piles of ginger-bread

baked on square tins, marked off with a flat stick notched on one side, one dozen on each sheet of tin. Those and cup-cake were the only kind of cake potash was used in, as there was no saleratus even for a long while, much less soda and baking-powder, and our cakes were most generally light and far superior to any now made. But it took work to beat everything separate before mixing together, and great care in baking. Turn-over pies we also made, hundreds of them, doughnuts with and without sweetening. Saturday was always a day when we sold much out of the bar.

On special occasions we had boiled ham, dried venison, cheese and smoked sausage, except the bread, which the girl, hired to do general house-work, baked. But all else mother generally baked, with some help at times. I don't think I was twelve years old when I was charged with the care of the bar-room. There being not much to do some days, it was my business to stay there with sewing or some work, like picking coffee to brown, which we did by setting panfuls in the oven, currants, or some other fruit, to get ready for pies. Anything that could be done we thought nothing of doing there, as we had no time to spare. The door of the store we locked, and I went over when customers came. If I could, I would wait on them; if not, call father or mother.

Our drinking bar was on one side of the room that went into another large room. It was acknowledged that our accommodations were good, but often said by travelers the bar was an exception to any they met, and I often heard men say how hard they tried to reach the place where they knew their horses would be cared for as they should.

The first thing father built and finished was the store-house cellar. He imported foreign wines and other drinks, and I heard him say he must have a right kind of a place to keep it. He sold drink at wholesale as well as retail. He got a still, made cordial and some liquors, to imitate, but we kept the best of all kinds; we bought up wild cherries, got a great thick iron kettle from someone near, had the blacksmith make a stamper, and a man would pound them to break the seed. Whiskey was poured on, and then carried into the cellar and emptied in an empty wine hogshead. When the cherry time was over, the hogshead was filled with whiskey, let lay a long time, then drawn off and put into barrels. Sold much of it. They called it cherry bounce. And every year when the drained cherries were thrown out we had all the hogs in the neighborhood drunk. I remember of mother at a time calling a number of German beer-drinkers drunken hogs. They

said she could not compare them with hogs, as hogs did not get drunk, but she could prove that.

The stone-house, about a mile from town, like all others, could not be finished for want of building material, there remained a large unfinished room on one side up stairs, the floor was laid tight, and was often used for dancing, when a drunken scissors-grinder came around, who was also a fiddler, but had no fiddle; but there were several in the community, as well as other small musical instruments, but were laid aside for work. So Scheerenschleifer, as he was called, was furnished with the fiddle and plenty to drink, and all that could would go to the dance in that upper room. It suited us, as we furnished the drink.

There came a German minister and wife, he had studied to be a Catholic priest, but was in love with a merchant's daughter, ran away with her, came to this country, got married; came to our place, wanted to become a Protestant minister, which he did by taking a letter from Dr. Scheurer and father to the University at Columbus; came back, lived among us in a log cabin. When at one time his wife wanted to put her baby to sleep in the sugar-trough used for a cradle, she pulled it from under the bed, turned the cover down, as she thought was her husband's neck-handkerchief, and about to take hold of it, when its head raised.

That cabin had not a window. When no fire, some light came down the big chimney, and the door could be opened. Well, soon as a minister was in our midst, it became a duty to get a place to preach, for which the large room in the stone-house was seated with rough boards laid over trestles made of thin logs, a stand at one end of rough boards, and a splint-bottom chair, so the people could go to church in the morning, as they dare not work, hardly knew how to put in the time, neither could they go to the tavern on Sunday. Strangers stayed, if they stopped Saturday, until Monday morning. Everybody knew of the Sunday law then, for constable and squire would have been put through if they did not fine any they knew of breaking it. There were some to be confirmed that had to be attended to immediately. So the parents gave the names of their children old enough. They had attended to baptism whenever uncle visited us, they brought their babies to our house, and the ceremony was performed. I was not old enough according to the rule, but some had got to be older than the regular age, which seemed to be a great burden on them, while the children could not renew their covenant of baptism and take the vow upon themselves that their parents or others had done for them at their christening, and not knowing how

long the minister would stay, or when we would get a church, it was thought best I should go to be instructed at least. I know it was a treat for me to have a few hours instruction twice a week, may be I enjoyed the rest, for a change is a rest; and from the time my sister took care of the children, more than a year, I had known no change. Then I was instructed as I expected, the carrying out of the principle of what my teacher in the city began, which I never forgot, and desired to be a good Christian.

With twelve others, all older than myself, at the proper time we were to renounce the devil and his works, all pomp and vanity of the world, repeat and promise to keep the commandments, assent to the apostolic creed, and receive the benediction. I am sure I was sincere and determined to live right in the sight of God, as my father asked me when I went to church if it was my desire to be confirmed, that he had done his duty obligatory upon him to have me instructed in the principles of the Christian doctrine, if I believed and desired I should be confirmed, that must be my will, not his. I said yes, and meant it too, though not understanding much about the whole. It was Good Friday, and four of us girls dressed in white, stopped at a farm below the hill, got some peach-blossoms, of the first that any one



there had. I don't remember where, but put them in our hair, I think under the border of our caps, as we wore lace caps. When we reached our house, all the people had gathered there. The large room back of the bar-room was full, seated at tables, we had there to seat people at table with benches to sit on ; whole families and friends at a table eating, drinking, and being merry, though careful not to go too far, as it was a sacred day, and communion to be Easter Sunday. The bar-room was also full, eating and drinking, as all went from church to the tavern. There were a few of the refined class assembled in what we called the parlor. A man having a turning-lathe who made spinning-wheels and splint-bottom chairs, had made us two bedsteads for our parlor bed-room, and a table as nice as any kitchen table, besides some of the Ohio hickory chairs composed the furniture. The walls of the house were bare and unplastered, only a looking-glass hanging above the table ; the floors were also bare.

We were met at the door and introduced as "Confirmanden, die Unschuld selbst," meaning that we were confirmed and were innocence itself. Congratulations and remarks were made, we had to take a glass of wine, health was drank, and the man that became my brother-in-law

some years later, made a speech on our innocence, regretting it could not remain so forever; a congratulating song was sung, as they were all singers, and we were initiated into the society of the more mature young people.

From that time on, the talk was about the church that would have to be built if they did their duty; the place for it was selected from the beginning. As the most they needed was work, so Dr. Scheurer, father Joss and my father laid the plan, and before long the church was erected and under roof. As it was a frame building, the walls were filled in with sticks and mortar of clay ground. Loose boards were laid on the sleepers for seats, a few boards laid together for the preacher's stand and chair to be placed on. By the time the cold weather set in the floor was laid, windows and doors put in, which made it fit for use in the Winter, with boards laid on trestles for seats.

I never got to church much, as somehow our Sunday law was abandoned by the departure of many of the people that lived there when we came, who sold out to the new comers, and we had more to do on Sunday than on other days, waiting on the people that done all their visiting at the tavern after church. Our room back of the bar-room was filled as described on the Good

Friday, I was confirmed, the bar-room filled with men and boys, our parlor with the better class, that is, better educated and more refined. There were a number of old men that were well off. In the evening when others had mostly gone home, they would sit around the table in the bar-room, drink and sing until late in the night, and some would have to go to bed, not feeling like riding home four or six miles. I used to clear out of the bar on Monday mornings from 25 to 30 bottles emptied by those 10 or 15 men. Then there was another class called in German Handwerksburschen, they took Saturday evening, but only when we had beer, which we could only get occasionally, as it did not pay the teams to come to our place often, only when something special was going on. A young brewer came to our place and we had a nice sized spring-house built at a spring a good ways down the hill. Father converted it into a brewery by building another room for malt and put the kettle in the spring-house, so we got beer.

## CHAPTER III.

MY TRIP TO CANTON, OHIO, TO LEARN THE MILLINERY  
BUSINESS.

Father arranged with a lady to teach me how to make silk bonnets in as short a time as possible. As I could hardly be spared, it must not take me longer than three months at most, for which she was to have ten dollars, and board paid. Father thought, among the many Germans settling among us some one would come to start making bonnets, as the class that settled at that time had never worn bonnets in the old country, but wished to get them here. Therefore he got a lot of silk remnants with other millinery goods. As no one came he thought I could learn and make up what we had on hand. So I was sent with the charge to make good use of my time, and in two weeks I had made several silk bonnets, when I asked and got permission to make one for myself without them showing me anything about it. I bought the material, made the frame, which they called good. As everything had to be made by hand and sewed together, I covered it with the silk, made the trimming of the silk, edged it with plain edging, all colors,

was edged with white ; when finished the lady and girls made a big fuss, perhaps only to encourage me, as they knew not that I intended to leave for good. It being a busy time with them, perhaps they expected to get some work out of me besides the pay, at least I thought so, also thought the bonnet good enough for me, and would be, as I expected, good enough for anybody that never wore a bonnet. It seemed so, for many years after I got out from among that people, and returned to visit my home, I saw some of my make of bonnets in the church, and they sold rapidly, which pleased father, for he got rid of his dead stock, as he called it.

When my bonnet was made I became homesick, left what I had there in the care of the lady, who said, "Come back as soon as you can." I took the stage for Massillon, where I stayed all night. There was snow on the ground, but a heavy rain fell and it was gone in the morning. Our friend, where I stopped, would have taken me home, but he feared we could not get over the road safe walking, as the bridges made over the little rills and ravines — only logs from one side to another, then logs piled across until high enough, with ground on, were often made dangerous, even some parts taken away by high water. He tried to persuade me, and his daugh-

ters urged me to stay, but I would not, said I would stop in Bethlehem, five miles toward my home, if I found no way to get on further. I got to that place; as it was raining a little no one was out, and I thought I passed through the village unnoticed. Five miles further on, the bottom land was all under water. There was a meadow on one side of the road that had a fence as far as the water went. I got on. When I was half-way over, some of the rails behind me, as the fence was giving way, went down stream, which made me fear and tremble at times, when some limbs of trees rushed against the fence where I was; but I got over all right, got up the little hill right along the creek. I found as I went down again, before the bridge was reached and the filling in with logs, that the ground at the end of the bridge was washed away, leaving a narrow but deep stream of water, with no way for me to get across. It was getting cold, I had not met one person within ten miles.

Here I thought I should have taken the advice of a friend who could imagine the condition of the road better than I could. I can not think that in answer to prayer all this came about, though it was my way to pray when in any trouble. But here I remember only being mortified at the deeds of self-will, also remorse must

have been felt, though at that time I understood it not, as I had acted falsely by saying I was home-sick, and acting as though I intended to return, when I am sure I did not.

A man with two horses came over the bridge, he was astonished to find me there alone and walking, and asked the reason. I told it. He asked me to take the horse and saddle, he could ride the other horse and go back to town. I said no, he should put me on the bridge, then I could get along. He said he could take me there, but I could not get along. He hitched one horse, I got on a stump, he rode up, I got on behind him, crossed the stream and he left me. I don't remember what he said, but he did not compliment me or show much sympathy, when I told my story. In those days most everybody within twenty miles around were neighbors and knew us, if we did not know where to place them.

I stood on the bridge looking over the thin ice on the water that did not flow briskly, and the bottom on the other side of the ridge was all under water and all woods, the road was covered with logs close together. If I had not feared the cold I think I would have tried to wade through it, thinking there was a good bottom; but there came another man from our place. I said to

him, "Will you take me over the bottom?" He answered, "I will take you to town," but I would not. He took me across the narrow stream again, when he hitched his horse, and went with me up a hill through the woods, where lived a man who had a team. The man and woman were gone to a place where they had to ford the creek, and as the water raised, had to wait. So they wanted me to wait, but I would not. I asked the man to put me where he got me, on the bridge; he did, and appeared very sad to leave me there. I went along the ridge, met a man and boy getting in corn fodder, asked if they could not take me home. They said no, but I should go to the cabin and the woman would send a child with me to show me the way over the ridge. We went around the bottom land into the road again.

I went along until I came to a little stream with a log bridge, but it was a big creek then, but there was a good fence. Soon I was on it, got across the last water, and within four miles from home. I stopped at a farmer's house, and asked him for a horse to ride home, we would send it back in the morning. He said the horses were not shod, and could not travel these roads, but if I would wait they would take me up as soon as possible. But I would not wait, and went



on another two miles and stopped at a farmer's. The woman was stirring in corn-meal for mush for supper. She asked me to stay, but I told her I could not, that my shoes, stockings and feet were frozen together, and I feared I would be sick the next day. She sent a boy to tell his father to bring up a horse and side-saddle, which he did, and one for himself. When I got up from the chair I could not walk. The man carried me to a stump and on it. After he put me on the saddle he mounted his horse, and we went the other two miles, when we surprised them all. When I was carried in it was dark, but the news soon spread among the villagers, who came to see and hear.

I was put to bed, where I stayed a few days in the doctor's hands, as well as all the nursing I could have, with lots of scolding besides. When I was able to sit up I went to work at the bonnets, and soon had some in the store and sold, which pleased father very much, and I had learned in three weeks all I wanted or they cared about at home.

There were often German young gentlemen stopping at our place in search of a place where to locate. As I was generally the first to wait on them, I was asked many questions, which I answered as best I could ; but think, I must have

appeared as everything else about our place at that time, as *home-spun*. However, they would make a great fuss, flatter and praise their countrymen, saying they wondered at the progress they made in such a short time, and how energetic and industrious they were, that they would like to settle among them, if they could find anything they could do. But their hard-working countrymen would say, here all must work at anything they had to do, that the roasted pigeons did not fly into their mouths. And my father would tell them, in this country

“He that by the plow would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive.”

Such never stayed long with us, but sought a place elsewhere.

A German gentleman once came with a small but very heavy trunk ; but in those days it was nothing strange for any that wanted to purchase land to carry their money with them, and many had chests that were very heavy with silver that settled there. They mostly had a leather belt, which they wore around their waist, with gold coin in it, as all carried it with them to this country, and it was a common thing for father to get money from men that stayed a while with us, until they could get settled or needed it. So the trunk was carried up stairs to father's room for

safe-keeping. The gentleman went and came as though he was looking out for a suitable place ; he found a vacated warehouse to rent at Bolivar, a small village on the Ohio canal, not far from us. He thought to speculate in wheat would be a good thing.

There were two German brothers wanting to settle, one a lawyer, the other a druggist. Then there was a young man out on a visit from New York City, a learned business man. The Germans thought if the American man went in with them, it would be all right. He was persuaded, and the man with the heavy trunk left the renting and arranging all to the three, and when ready to take in wheat he would furnish the money, and they would get all they could to ship in the Spring.

They went to work to arrange things. Meanwhile our New Year's ball came off, they were all there, and had a general social time. My uncle, the watchmaker, had his own house, his shop and a room in it to sleep, and boarded with us. At that time he had several hundred dollars put away, as he thought quite safe. After the ball, as some had gone home, uncle with some others had a drinking spree, and as usual, did not get over the New Year in a day, but it lasted a while. Then he did not look after his money, thinking it safe ; but when he did look after it, he found none.

No suspicion rested on any one, but uncle rode around in neighboring towns to find out what he could, and when he got to Bolivar, he was surprised not to find the man that owned the trunk there, and the other men thought he was in Weinsberg. So they all came up to our place. Father got legal authority to open the trunk, and it was filled with river stones, nicely packed in paper, and the man nor money was ever seen or heard of, though efforts were made to find him.

But there were worthy families settled among us, and amiable young people, earnestly seeking to establish themselves to grow up with the country. So far as my knowledge goes, my humble opinion is that there never existed truer friendship and charity toward each other, and unassuming affection, and endeavoring among the young to make festivity, for the short time we could be together. All had to work all week, and I as much on Sunday as any other day, only Sunday evenings I was allowed to spend a few hours at one or the other of the friends' home. At our minister's, though more than a mile from our place, we often met, and we enjoyed the witty yet no less profitable jokes of our jovial pastor and his frail but very amiable wife, as well as the sociability of their well-educated children. Then at Dr. Schuerer's, where we never failed to have a grand

time, as they all took part in the entertainment, and were in their natural element among the cultured who were qualified for such company, as they all were, except myself. I was entirely unlearned. My father's plans, to send me and my younger sister back to school, were frustrated by the fire. Yet I was one among those that were older than myself, and I think charity and good judgment on their part must have carried me through.

Speaking in general, I can say in memory of by-gone days, feeling the force of the pretty Swiss girl, and natural Alpine singer's touch of the strings of her lute to the tune of the core as the song of my heart and lute, it would soon be taken up by one able with his flute to bring out the melting tones while joined by the company's vocal tones to express the sentiment of the words :

"A lute, whose gentle sound reveals  
The soul of love full well,  
'Tis better for a heart that feels  
Much more than lute can tell."

Is it a wonder that one of our number should rise and say, "'Tis heavenly! Satan could not get among us if he tried, he would have to go around this place." How often have I thought of it, for he was right among us in his garments of light. Then our parting song, of which I can remember a

few of the English, but more of the German words. The following two lines is all I can remember of the English :

“Things cannot remain so forever, here on this sublunary earth ;

They bloom for a season, then wither and blighted the joy and the mirth.”

The following is the German, as near as I can remember :

“ Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben  
 Hier unter dem wechselnden Mond ;  
 Es blüht eine Zeit und verwelket,  
 Was mit uns die Erde bewohnt.  
 Doch weil es nicht immer kann bleiben,  
 So halte die Freundschaft recht fest,  
 Wer weiss denn, wie bald uns zerstreuet  
 Das Schicksal nach Ost und nach West.  
 Sind wir oft auch fern von einander,  
 So bleiben die Herzen doch nah,  
 Und Alle, ja Alle wird's freuen,  
 Wenn Einem was Gutes geschah.  
 Und kommen wir wieder zusammen  
 Auf wechselnder Lebensbahn,  
 So knüpfen ein fröhliches Ende  
 Dem fröhlichen Anfang wir an.  
 Und kommen wir nie mehr zusammen  
 Im eilenden Laufe der Zeit,  
 Dann bleibet im poehenden Herzen  
 Den Redlichen Freundschaft geweiht.”

I was very young when thrown into the society of the German young people, of all grades and

casts, which they don't all lose as soon as they get here, even to the backwoods, but their courtesy toward me must have made me as one of them, believing I always had common-sense enough to know I was inferior to them in every respect, therefore I feel so thankful for such humiliating praises that many times made me groan in the spirit for deliverance from self, to be able to stand without exposing my ignorance among the dignified. But duty in our business demanded us to be sociable with all, and in obedience to my parents, whom I often heard say what a slavish life they had for the sake of making something of their children for the future, which my selfish pride anticipated with a strong desire to help to promote. I knew not then, but see it clear now in the light that shines more and more unto the perfect day, how I was led by Him in whom I learned to trust when very young. Glory to His name! He never leaves nor forsakes us if we cling to Him.

While I look back at the fleeting joys of this world and call to memory the purpose of that oneness among us in desiring to promote each other's happiness, which I, perhaps, realized more than any, because I was so unlearned, and they were so forbearing with me, which caused much of my joy, I feel very thankful to my Saviour.

Surely, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." And forty years ago, when I was but a babe in Christ, oppressed with manifold cares of this world, but as willing to toil for the welfare of my children as my parents were for their's, but could see no prospects for the future, I had taken up, to leave all and follow Jesus, with six children, unraised and unprovided for, perhaps the tempter suggested, to make me fear I should not get along. I thought of the prospects of my worldly friends, and having been led to write, or rather scribble on paper just what come to me, I could find relief in that way, and then wrote the question down :

Where are the companions I had when I was young ?  
Some have found a mansion far beyond the sun,  
That shines so bright to cheer us, like he our course to run ;  
Let nothing ever weary us till time on earth is done.  
Some do still here linger on this sublime earth,  
Some are filled with sorrow, some with joy and mirth ;  
As for myself, I'm gloriously and wonderfully blest,  
And shall come out victorious, and lean on Jesus' breast ;  
Worldly care and sorrow, 'tis true, can make me sad,  
But the hope of a bright morrow will ever make me glad ;  
When the sun shall cease to run his race each morning he  
begins,  
Then we will see Jesus face to face, who our affection wins.

And this is what followed but only the word,  
when I hope the spirit of it, which is clearer to-



day than ever with God's sunshine in my soul, will lead to the undertaking of many, to use whatever work the Lord gives to his glory; for to him that hath, it shall be given, and he that hath not, that he hath shall be taken away.

We had a school-teacher in Weinsberg, an American, that neither sang, danced, smoked, nor drank any kind of intoxicating drink, so he had but few to associate with. By that time I had got so as to be of use, as I was the oldest of the children, all the others went to school. The teacher boarded with us, but was so reserved, that no one knew anything about him. All day he was at the school-house, which was half a mile away from the place; in the evening he sat reading, noticing nothing apparently, unless some one spoke to him. Scheurers were English, and he sometimes went there; but his teaching soon told, and they had him six terms to teach. A niece of his got married, and he and I were invited to the wedding. We had a nice ride on horseback, about ten miles, had dinner, and afterwards went into the room where the guests were. The Presbyterian minister and his wife were there, and before very long, the bride and groom appeared. The ceremony was performed, and after the wedding-supper, the preacher went away, but his wife stayed which

the teacher told me he wished she would have gone, that she looked as though she had been white-washed twice and it had struck in on her. I don't know what he meant by it, unless it was long-facedness and hypocrisy, as everything was very quiet until she went. Then they played button, and some ring plays our folks would think good for little children.

After a while the old people and the young couple and the children of the family went to bed. Several couple of young people were there. The young men took each a girl on his knees, and one couple after another covered up their heads with the large silk Bandana pocket-handkerchiefs, which the men carried in those days, as I thought to sleep. The teacher wanted me to sit on his lap. No, sir, said I, I could not sleep that way, and wanted to go to bed. He said, there was no place to sleep. I said, there is room on the floor in the room where the children sleep. I will go there. He went out, and came and told me where to go. I did go, and went to bed, don't know where he stayed.

Next morning after breakfast, we all went five miles further to accompany the bride and groom to their home at his father's, on a farm, where they expected to live, as he was their only child. After dinner we all went home, leaving the young

married couple. On the way to our home the teacher asked me how the Germans sparked. I said, "I don't know what you mean." He said, "How do they do when they want to talk about getting married?" I said, "The man asks the girl, or gets some one to ask, and that don't take a whole night." He laughed. I told him about a man he knew, a landlord's only son in a neighboring town, but who was married then, in sleighing-time came to our town to visit some friends. They came to our house, and as customary, took their seats at a table in the room next the bar-room, where they seemed to have a good time with their friends, mostly Sundays after church. But this was a week-day evening. The young man treated them to all they wanted. I was back and forth waiting on them. On being invited to, I took the solid glass with them and helped sing a song or two. The next day I was invited to take a sleigh-ride to Berlin with the young man, who asked my father if I could. He dare not refuse, as he knew them well; he always stopped with them when he went that way. I was ordered to go, and went. From the conversation I learned that the young man intended to establish himself at butchering, and would also have the tavern before long, as his parents were getting old. But I never thought

that he wanted me. We had dinner, and then drove back to Weinsberg.

After tarrying a little while in the bar-room he drove home. Then I was asked by the woman of the house where he stopped, what I thought of him. I said, "He is a nice young man," she said, "and well off, as all will be his after a while," she was to find out if I would have him for a husband. I told her I could not leave home until there was more help of some of the other children, and I was not of-age yet, my folks would not spare me. She did not think of that. Then the teacher laughed more heartily than before, and no doubt looked on us and our ways with as much disgust, as I did to see the young people sit around the room with their heads covered, and the silly, childish plays, such as ring-round-a-rosy and the like. He often was at our house, I waited on him as before, but never heard a word, and am not sure it was so much *his* intention as that of the folks he stopped with. I knew of many matches made at our house by the parents or friends, when neither of the parties were present; they were married and got along financially all right, and such a thing as a divorce was unknown among those people, although many were very unhappy, especially among the women, as they were but

little, if any, better than slaves. Many were beaten by their avaricious drinking husbands.

Lately I heard a man talk to a woman who had lived in this country many years, about how it is now in Germany. He said, the men did not spend their time and money there in the public houses as they do here ; that in his city they worked mostly in factories with many, that his wife worked in one where two thousand were employed at once. Well, said he, what would all these people do if they had no places to go to. They come home, men and women together. As one woman waits on a great many, she has it hard, for such are mothers of little children, and when the man and those that are with him come home, they all expect supper immediately, so as to get to the public assembly, where each gets his mug of beer, sits down, smokes his pipe and sips at his mug, as no one thinks of treating, as they do in this country. The young people who wish can dance, or sit at the table with their friends and go home sober, and the next morning they feel like going to work, and it gives the woman a good chance to attend to her work, while all are out of the way.

I thought that is just as it was in Weinsberg years ago ; while the women were toiling at home in their families, doing what they should

do while helping the men in the fields or woods, to be talked about at the public houses, or worse, slandered or scolded for not being in bed. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules, but very few among visitors of public houses.

We had balls, at one time we arranged for a ball for a party of French Swiss from Sonnenberg and Mount Eaton. We had a large room above the store, which was on the other side of the street, we had it nicely decorated with evergreen and bright colored cambric to tie it up with, and well lighted with candles in reflectors around the hall. We did all we could to make our unfinished places look agreeable, and the party were well pleased. I can say in all the places around us they could not get up anything to compare with ours, as my father spared no expense, and mother no labor in preparing for any arrangement made. I used to get invitations to other places, but think I only attended one in company with a young man alone, as father always went along, saying he wanted to patronize others as they did him, otherwise I think none of us would have gone out from home, as it was perseverance in strife and work to make our place a noted resort of pleasure, a real town of morality in every respect, for I often heard father talk about what constituted moral-

ity and good policy. He could entertain his guests in a profitable and amusing manner, no matter what class they were. We did not have any games for many years, but finally got dominoes. No pitching pennies or raffling was ever allowed, and such a thing as card-playing never thought of.

Not having any other instruction, I was anxious to gain by observation, often fearing when in company with learned people, I would expose my ignorance, but mostly among Germans and well educated people, I got along, not being called, as I often feared, to explain or interpret, but they generally went to their books, so I could learn of them, and my fear turned into gain.

But to get back to the French ball. The men that attended that party were noted for fighting as well as wine-drinking, and we intended to make their enjoyment a success, not expecting any others. But a party of Germans came, thinking if they paid they could go to the French Swiss dance. But father told them no, but if they had their own music he would prepare a room for them. So the dining room was cleared out, they got the old scissor-grinder and danced, and were to have the second supper.

A party of English came with their fiddler, we gave them the parlor, taking down two beds that

were in the parlor bedroom, to make room for them to dance. We had no carpets anywhere to take up. All settled about the dances. A lot of horse-jockeys came, not to dance, but to see the row which they expected, as there were on every occasion a lot of young half-heathen, as the Germans called them, who were treated by the jockeys with their favorite drink, whiskey, and would fight like tigers, so would the French, and a terrible row was predicted. But we feared not; the Ohio fellows fought, but never in the house.

The first supper was ready, the French were called, but the jockeys rushed in from the bar-room and took their seats and their supper. Father met the French coming across the street, and asked them, for the sake of peace (as he thought the jockeys only wanted a fuss), if they would wait they should have their supper all the same, only a little later. They returned to their dance, and father quietly dealt with the men at the table, for they were genteel and honorable men, but on a spree, and would have had more fun if there had been a fight. But it was all settled, most of them mounted their horses and went home. All parties got their supper and enjoyed themselves until morning, when they all went their way.



As the ground was often covered with snow for many weeks, we had sleighing parties from towns many miles distant, and as partners were scarce (for the gentlemen always were many more than ladies), we had to help them out. After the table was set I could go into the ball-room, but mother would leave her work, come in to dance to accommodate some one and then go out again to her work. After a few weeks we were so worn out that we could not serve them as much as we would have liked, but had to refuse to wait on them. I often went to bed after bathing my feet, rubbing my throat with opodeldoc, a liniment of that day, bundled up in flannel, at 2 or 3 in the morning, got up at 10, worked all day and repeated the process. How tired I was of having to make a business of it, but did not dare to murmur, as it was no better for my parents, who toiled to make good the loss of the fire and achieve the honor of the place, for the future good of their children.

We had local balls when our own people assembled, as all the Germans danced. We had New Year's dances, in which all participated, even the minister's family, and, at times, he himself. It was considered a great honor if old people with children and grandchildren could take the floor, it made the spectators rejoice

greatly, and they congratulated them with speeches and wine. Of course, I had my share of work to do, and often when tired enough to go to bed did not feel like dancing, yet I had to be there, and being the landlord's daughter, had to make myself agreeable by being sociable with all. I remember here, on one such occasion, when I much desired to make a good appearance, and when being instructed in religion by the minister, we were told to invoke the blessing of God on anything special we were about to undertake, and if our conscience condemned us, to leave it. So I prayed on entering the ball-room, not to show me if it was sin, for I was sure it was not, but to be strengthened to enjoy the blessing of assembling with friends to enjoy the privilege, thinking of the joy that never ends and music that no ear ever heard. Thus I prayed in the ball-room, and I believe my prayer was heard and answered, though it took many strokes of the needful rod of affliction, until I was converted, or born again, as Jesus said. But I was trying to live before I was born through his blood to say:

The Lord is my Shepherd, I feel in my heart  
That we in eternity never shall part ;  
He showed me salvation, and made me quite free,  
I'll inherit his glory in eternity.

I sought in the glittering ball-room to find  
The peace I of late enjoy in my mind ;  
But vain and deceitful these pleasures all proved,  
Turn ye, O turn ! a voice called as I moved.

I bestowed then my heart to a morsel of dust,  
Assured in a treasure in which I could trust,  
Would help me to work out salvation below,  
And then in the end to glory would go.

But, oh ! how deceitful our hearts proved to be,  
Our fortune soon left us, its folly to see ;  
And now as through grace I still linger behind,  
I find that the blind was but leading the blind.

Many of the verses in this book I wrote long ago, but they are the language of my heart to-day, as I often sat alone sewing at the flag, it was broad "mansha" red and white ribbon, some whole bolts, to be sewed with split silk, as we had only coarse skein sewing silk, and it had to be cast over tightly, which took a long while, and many were the thoughts that went through my mind, and no doubt like other young people. I tried to think of my future home and what I should like it to be; most of the first of society. I learned to love each and every one of them, with unfeigned love I believed, as friends were married or gone off somewhere. I thought of the different homes I knew of, but of all was the log-cabin life, as I thought and hearing my father say so, the freest from care, and had to

restrain myself to keep from singing out to the annoyance of those that slept, mother's song, with which she often sang the baby to sleep:

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled  
Above the green elms that the cottage was near,  
And I said if there is peace to be found in the world,  
A heart that is humble may hope for it here ;  
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,  
But the woodpecker tapping at the hollow beech tree.

And as I learned of the convent life from Scheurer's Spanish nurse, I thought if I would be a child of Catholic parents, I would be a nun, as I always wanted to be a better Christian, feeling sure I was one, so I thought the cabin life would suit me, as I was tired of strife, and somehow thought of the boy I had heard his brother say, he was a natural made farmer. Then the thought of a hymn we sang in church came to my mind:

“ Erwecke mir stets einen Freund,  
Der's treu mit meiner Wohlfahrt meint,  
Mit mir in deiner Furcht sich übt,  
Mir Rath und Trost und Beispiel gibt.”

*In English as near as I can get it:*

Awaken for me one true Friend,  
On whom I ever can depend ;  
Who would in grief my solace be,  
And walk in godliness with me.

Then came the thought of the boy instructed in

the ways of truth by his pious father, and confirmed with me in the same faith, and I had learned he was two years older than myself.

Father always tried to give every one something to do that came to our place without money. Once a German came, who had been in the king's service. He said he had been a captain a long time, had an honorable discharge and thought he would come to America; he heard of Weinsberg and had come to it, but knew not what to do, as he could not work. His clothes were worn out, and what was worse, not clean. As he was educated, father thought he could put him in the store where we needed some one, as father was away most all day among the workmen and we had store and bar to tend to, besides waiting on strangers, for whom we had to get meals any time they stopped and called for warm meals, or a cold check, as they called a lunch then, and the many foot-travelers kept us busy, besides others on horseback stopping mostly for lodging or at meal-time to feed their beasts, as they said. Although the captain was a good deal of trouble to us, mother did not mind it, as she most always scolded father for taking up all kinds of trash. Father had him get a suit of clothes measured and take the goods out of the store. He took gray cassimere,

as he said that was the color the riflemen wore, and he was among them there, for he liked that color. He was a soldier, as all could see. Father asked him if he would like to drill some men evenings. He said he would delight in it. So they commenced in the bar-room, a few of them at first, but soon there were so many who delighted in it, that they drilled outside by moonlight or by fire-light, which we could have big enough to illuminate the town of 8 or 10 houses. It went on until it was a company ; they were uniformed in gray and green; the officers gray and black bands and gold cord; the buglers were dressed the same as the officers. They went to the encampment at the county seat, where they were initiated, and I think the first company of riflemen. The next 4th of July was to be celebrated at Weinsberg, for which occasion we made great preparations. A table was built of rough boards on posts, with benches at the sides as long as the square in the lower part of the wine garden, forks were put in the ground two widths of muslin apart, which we tacked at the ends of the bolts stretched over the poles, then pinned together with tacks here and there along the poles. We had the sides wreathed with green, lined with red, white and blue streamers, as we had no flags in those days. Arches were

made at the entrance of the village from the cross-roads, which they called gates, took tall slim saplings, tied the tops together with wreaths of flowers twined around hoops to make wreaths, tied in the branches with long streamers, planted tight in each side of the road to form arches. The women showed their fidelity by using rakes and sickles to clean out every stick or weed that was inside the arches ; near the entrance of the garden on Front street was the speaker's stand with the Declaration of Independence, large enough to be read from the street, and the President's picture was also large, it was wreathed in asparagus, and flowers fastened on the front of the top of the stand with home-made flags floating over it. The stand for the music-band was further down in the garden, also nicely decorated. The German speech was delivered by Rev. Daniel Kranz, the minister of the place. I don't remember who spoke in English ; we were too busy to hear any of them, but hundreds of people had come to our little town that day. Several companies of volunteers, also bands from other places, were there. At the appointed time the soldiers drew up in line along the street, the bands in line each side from our hall door to the soldiers at the command of the officers, we 13 girls dressed in white with blue sashes,

marched out, escorted by officers and band up and down along the line of soldiers. When we reached our color-bearer we were just opposite Dr. Scheurer's window, to which he had been carried from his sick-bed, from which he never recovered, as I carried the regalia I handed it to him, then took the flag from the carrier and presented it, saying:

Deutsche Brüder ! Euer Bemühen,  
Zum Beweise, dass die Herzen erglühn,  
Zu vertheidigen das neue Vaterland,  
Das auch Euch für seine Söhne erkannt,  
Hat uns bewogen, Euch heute zu reichen  
Diese Fahne, für Euch nur ein Zeichen,  
Entweder zu siegen oder zu sterben,  
Und nicht dem Feind Euren Ruhm zu erwerben.  
So nehmt sie denn hin, diese Fahn',  
Sie wehe im Kampf Euch voran !  
Sie ist die Fahne der Republik,  
Sie führe Euch zum Sieg und zum Glück !  
Folgt muthig dem Rufe der Ehr',  
Wenn's Vaterland ruft zur Wehr,  
Kämpft tapfer für Ehre, für Freiheit und Vaterland,  
Das unzertrennlich an diese Fahne Euch bannt ;  
Und habt Ihr gestritten für's Vaterland's Glück,  
Dann bringet sie siegreich vom Kampfe zurück !



## CHAPTER IV.

## MY WEDDING.

The time came when our boys, as we called them, began to consider themselves young men, and treading in the footsteps of the older ones, after church came to the tavern. The younger brothers of the associates I had would mostly take brandy in preference to wine, when they came to the bar, an older brother of one of them said to me, if I gave those boys so much brandy I would make a drunken set of them. I said, I must give what they want, if we have it, I can't refuse any, as we have it to sell. But the next time the boys came I told them in a joking way. They wanted to know who told me. I did not tell, which made them say much about the young rulers.

Dr. Scheurer could not stand the long rides on horseback, in all kinds of weather; as there was no other doctor for many miles he was worn out, in the prime of life, became afflicted so that he had to have a man constantly with him, I think for more than two years, and men to sit up with him a long time. Many took their turns, including the boys, who came to our house in the

morning for brandy and a cigar, and as there were no matches they came to the kitchen to light them. They were much more courageous after the brandy question than before. One proposed a horseback ride to a soiree on a Sunday. My sister and I were to be among the party. Mother scolded, she did not know what I wanted to go with them snipes for. Sundays we could hardly be spared. I asked father, he said, Of course, we dare not refuse. So I went, and I thought, so far as behavior was concerned, the boys knew how to conduct themselves, as well as any young men. To think of my selfishness and ignorant pride, the boys were all good scholars, the girls by that time had been attending school, as we had a good teacher, but there was no time for me to attend, or I certainly would have been the biggest blockhead among them, and coming to find out that several of them were older than myself by a few years, though I knew it not at that time, but think I must have felt myself superior to that crowd and fear I could not have borne with them, had any little thing occurred to make me think not right, I could not have made them feel as I did among those that were my superiors in every respect.

When any person died in the country they came to the store for the shroud, they made them

at the Doctor's and I generally took them and helped in putting them on. It happened a woman died some miles from us. I went and the people were all busy, so I had to wait, and found they put my horse up and expected me to help to finish some clothes for the children. So I went to work ; we put the shroud on and those that had been there finished up all ready for the funeral next day, and went home after supper. Young people from the neighborhood came to the wake; I had never been at such a place, nor was I well acquainted with the young people. Many were homish and they did not get out from home until half their lifetime was spent; only one young man was there, whose brother was one of our friends and had not long been married to the minister's daughter, both of our companions, this younger brother with others that were always among our people, and often at our house, when anything was going on; but as I associated with much older ones than myself, and our business called me out young, I felt myself much older than I was, and even those that were confirmed with me, and older than I. Yet I could not think of them only as boys, like others. So did we sit and chat, the brandy drinking came up again, he thought they knew how to take care of themselves as well as they, for he had driven

the sleigh more than once for his brother, when the whole party of gentlemen had drank too much of something, and that they went off to take a spree, and thought they could take care of themselves as well as the bigheads. The night passed pleasantly, though I knew not his age then, but ever afterwards felt myself in the presence of a young man and not a boy. Though he had not the privilege of staying in Switzerland long enough to be sent to France, he appeared to have good common-sense, and silently watching him as he came often to our house in company, as the fear of the boys only made them the bolder. Then the suitors were plenty in those days, especially when there were prospects of getting into business, that mother desired a business man for me, so that they would get help. I overheard that conversation, but while I was sewing at the flag, which I had mostly to do at night, and when father closed the house, he sometimes came and sat a little while with me, likely to cheer me up, as mother scolded so much about the work and the expense of the company. As he knew of some trying to get in at our house through me, he used to warn me of such fops, perhaps that, or may be not being educated I was set on not a bighead for a man.

One Sunday evening some of the young people were in our house. A walk in the garden was proposed ; it was the one I learned to look upon as a young man who offered me his arm, which I took, and we led on through the broad walks of the garden, until we got around to the gate again. We went into the parlor, took the social glass with a song or two and bade good night to the party; but the word had dropped: "When can I see you alone?" I said, when he should come to the town again, likely I would be alone in the dining room. He came; I was there at some needlework, he entered. As our house was a public house, any one walked in; I arose and gave him a seat, it was almost time for him to be in the sick-chamber. With all the carelessness I could put on, I said: "What is it that you have to say? Is it something about the boys again?" "No," said he, "it is about this boy, who wants you for his wife; what do you say to it?" I said, "That depends upon what father says, you have to ask him." He had to go, said good night and was off. Next morning, as usual, both men came over for the morning drink and cigars, the one left without a light, but he came to the kitchen and asked me, when and if we could meet in the arbor the next time. I don't remember when, but it was

not when he came to the Doctor, nor on Sunday, as all was quiet and I was in the arbor. That his mother had a girl for him he knew, and I knew my mother wanted me not to have a farmer, and if father was dissatisfied, we would get married and go off, as he said, they could not break his father's will, though we had to get it by law, and that was no object to us. We never knew what it was to earn a living, though we had to work, and often said we believed that would have been the best for us financially, yet it is all well, and among the all things that work together for good. I saw plainly it was to be so, and gladly gave my hand ; he kissed me, but I did not kiss him, as I had never kissed a young man, though had often been kissed. As he went through the hall he went into the bar-room, where father was alone reading. He asked for me, got his consent with some counsel, and went home. I suppose father told mother, as the next morning she scolded me, saying I would make a great farmer's wife. As children then never spoke back, she had the privilege to scold, no one being there so early in the morning.

He went to Millersburgh, where he got the goods for his wedding suit, and engaged a tailor to make it, and when the wedding was to come off, his cousin was to come and bring the

clothes, to save going again. He got the marriage license, stopped on the way back at our house, told me what he had done, took his horse to the stable, and soon was among the many comrades, as everybody stopped at the tavern after church, and many stayed the remainder of the day.

After supper Scheurer's and our family were in the parlor. I told them we were thinking about when our wedding should come off and how best to arrange it. I left it to them. They made out it should be in two weeks from that day, and we would have the near friends and relatives attend. I said I would tell him. So when the evening was nearly spent he came in, all were gone but my little brother, who hearing of my leaving lay on the sofa by me, crying till he sobbed himself to sleep. He came in, was seated by us and I told him of the plan of the wedding. He said, let us count up those we must invite, if we invite any, and another thing, there is suspicion already, and by two weeks everybody will know it, and this is a public house, and who won't be here, and thought we better let no one know anything about it, soon as his clothes were done his cousin could bring them in and we would be married. I thought we need not wait for the clothes, though mine were ready

we would not wear them, and get married soon, he said to-morrow; I did not care, said I could stay at home until arrangements were made as to how and where we should live. So at a late hour that night, the first and last late hour I spent with a young man alone. He carried my brother to the stairs in the back part of the house where we all slept, I carried him up stairs and put him to bed and went myself; about sleeping I can't remember, but early in the morning I got up, went to mother's bed, father was up, I asked if it would suit that day for us to get married, told her why, she said, any way we had it. I then went to the bedroom, the man I expected to be married to was away in the front part of the house, and I well remember how timid I was about rapping at the door, and spoke to him without opening the door, but got no answer until he said, open the door; I did, and told him I had asked mother. He said, that's enough, so far away, come here, saying, "are you afraid of me?" I went and told him how we would do, he should come up with the minister in the afternoon. I turned to go, when he said, give me your hand, now a kiss, but in tears I bowed my head, he thought expecting him to kiss me; but he said, that is only obedience, I want a token of your love. I told him I could not kiss, but loved



him; he embraced me and kissed my face wet with tears, saying, silly thing, I am sure you love me, and will soon be mine. I went to the kitchen, no one was up. After breakfast he got out his horse and went home.

Joss stopped at the minister's, as it was on his way home, and told him to be ready when he would come back that afternoon, to go with him, as we were going to be married. When he came home they were all in the oats field; he got ready, went out to work, stopped and told his brothers that he was going to get married, they could come to the wedding if they liked. Then he went and asked his mother for some clean underclothes. She said: "Where are you going again in this busy time?" He said, he was going to get married; but they did not believe it. When he came to our house with the minister, I was in the yard cleaning and filling the lard oil lamps, of which we had many. They waited in the parlor till I was ready. The family and Scheurers all came over, and on the 15th of August, 1839, I became the wife of John Joss, to the surprise of many, and no doubt to the regret of his mother, as she thought she had already made a match between her son and a wealthy Swiss farmer's daughter, as to all appearance he would farm and keep the homestead, wherein she had a dower as long as

she lived. Next day we rode to the farm that was the Joss home, where they all lived together, the oldest brother had been there several years. They had a very large house, built by father Joss in the Swiss style, and must have expected to keep all the family together while they lived.

As the oldest brother and wife were living there in the family, they expected me to come and live there with them; but I did not intend to do so, else I should have stayed at home, where I was so much needed. We took a large room up stairs that had a fire-place in it, Joss put up shelves, such as everybody had for dishes, called a dresser, where dishes are arranged tastefully, and consisting in what they called a set in those days, a tea-pot, sugar-bowl and creamer, half a dozen plates, cups and saucers, two butter-plates, a large plate for bread, a meat-platter and two deep sauce-dishes, knives and forks, teaspoons and tablespoons, with two glasses, and salt-cellar and pepper-box; on the two broader shelves below, earthenware, such as was made in Weinsberg, used in place of tinware which was scarce. However, I had a tin bucket, two tin cups, a grater, and a set of brass ladles to hang above the water bench on a white cloth put up at the wall, as all buildings then unfinished had a curtain around the water bench which hid the pots to

cook in. I had no tea-kettle for a long time, and mother gave me the bed and beadstead out of our parlor bed-room, where there were two beds standing, a wooden chest which the carpenter made of cherry wood stained with Sanderson whiskey.

Cleveland, August 15th, 1890, reminds me of this day, August 15th, 1839, when I entered upon my married life, 51 years with its realities crowding upon my memory, and it seems as though there should be and is enough to fill a large volume, if one qualified for the work had it to do; but with the promise of God I venture to leave even for this day on record a specimen of the feeling of my mind. I have just been thinking how I used to pray to God to help me to get out of the way of sinners, when I was not out of the way of self. The simple illustration of the hen and her chickens came to my mind. She hopped over the brook and called for the chickens to come. They cried, but would not try, for a while. At last one tried, but failed. She went to his help and to the other chickens, scratched up a worm, they all wanted it, but it was only for the one that tried; they that did not try thought it was because they had more sense than the one that tried, as he could have known he could not do it. So it is with me. But my

prayer is: Help me to get out of the way of self, in us, through us, around and about us, to the salvation of precious souls.

Oh, my Saviour, bury me down deep to-day,  
Raise up a monument that forty years hence,  
When worms have destroyed this morsel of clay,  
Continue what Thou in me hast commenced.  
Oh, work through an instrument weak,  
That some the Lord Jesus may seek,  
Who hast ever been leading the way.  
And again at the cross, right down at His feet,  
I am prostrating myself before Him to sway  
The sword of the Spirit that Christians must use,  
If valiant they would be in the fight.  
In the love of the Master his gifts all diffuse,  
Stand firm for all that is just and right,  
With the blood-stained banner to the breeze unfurled,  
That wafts unfeigned love for the suffering world ;  
There is nothing else lasting, His love is complete.  
Though Satan's fiery darts be hurled,  
There is safety down at Jesus' feet.

## CHAPTER V.

## TRIALS ON THE FARM.

The oldest and youngest brothers did not intend to farm always, and my husband therefore took the farm that was already cultivated when bought, and with the improvements father Joss had made, was by far the best farm in the township; it was to remain the home of mother Joss as long as she lived, with certain privileges. We could only sell subject to them.

We never knew what it was to earn a dollar for ourselves, always had full and plenty; but we both were used to work. For my part I knew of no care about getting a living, nor did we speak of it for years, as I had never been used to, mother managing, or having any concern, only as father would speak of something not being profitable, or of a loss, mother would generally scold for not being careful, or, as often was the case when he had too many irons in the fire, and he often found fault with us for not being careful and saving. My husband and I felt sure of it being God's will for us to unite in matrimony, as his mind was actuated upon in the same way as mine had been, yet with many causes why it

could never be, and when on an occasion when the social glass was passed freely, a not very affectionate remark was made by him, which almost broke my heart, not knowing that it was drink what did it, as he was not drunk, his brother-in-law present told me not to mind it, he was sure John did not mean it, as he knew he loved me when he feared he could never get me.

Then at a time when there had been a muster of officers at Middletown he came home, the boy took his horse, we had already had our supper. I got his supper on the table and in a few minutes asked him to come; when I received no answer I went and found him asleep, waked him, only to hear cursing, when I left him and went to his mother's room crying, and asked what I should do. She said, let him sleep, and if it ever occurs again, as it likely will on such occasions, only have strong coffee ready, get him to drink some and let him go to bed. She said it did not happen often, but when she was young she had the same experience with father, and his mother, a smart woman who did much in doctoring the sick, said it was a sickness and strong coffee was the best cure. But he did get sick after that with a bilious fever that lasted all Summer. The neighbors came and got in our

harvest. At a time when we thought he was dying, his brother-in-law was there, the boy went to town for the doctor, a distance of four miles; he shook and became as pale as death, great drops of sweat stood on his forehead. I got on the bed, raised his head on my arm, and with the other hand wiped the cold drops from his forehead. I spoke to him, but got no answer. He or we lingered for his breath to cease, but he was like one out of a sleep, saying, "I knew all, but could not speak, was sure I should die without being able to tell you that when it comes to this as it was just now, it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die." His brother-in-law went over to tell his wife to come; while alone he talked some, but I had been charged not to excite him, and therefore did not answer, nor do I know that I could, having no such a hope within as he said we should have to know where we were going when we had to leave this world. His sister came, the doctor came, who said if he could take nourishment enough to keep him he would likely get over it.

When he got better I got down, our first child was born. I got along well, but after two weeks rode to town, got a back-set and suffered greatly for eight weeks. My mother was not satisfied that we should live down on the farm, but should

move to Weinsberg and open a grocery, as they could not attend to all the business, then father needed some one to boss at the stone quarry and tend to the sawing and grinding of the scythe stones, as they shipped many of them. We moved in the Spring, as a man with his family came from Germany and lived in our old house, who was willing to take the farm. He did so well in taking care of the cattle and got the crops in, and put others out; the whetstone business failing, as machinery took the place of the scythe in many places, my father offered to go in partnership to start a grocery, so that travelers wanting lunch could be waited on by us, and back of the shop was a room where we had a long table and benches on each side, where the men gathered at night, especially to have fun, which they did have at times at the expense and suffering of the wife and children at home. The man on the farm wanted to rent for the next year, the contract was made, he was to manage all to suit himself and pay money for the rent, he was to use our team and buy the stock, at the close of the year pay for all \$300 cash, which we had no fear about getting our pay. We were to have a small field of barley and most of the apples. The whole family worked hard, they had much wheat out, which



he threshed as soon as he could, and hauled it off, saying he must pay his debts, as he had more than what he owed us. Our brother-in-law bailed him for a horse worth \$80, he got of the saddler in town a saddle, bridle, martingal and even a saddle-bag, for which he was in debt, sold of the cattle all but what the law allowed his wife, then went to his flight, no one knew where, for a long time, but at last word came that he had rented a farm in Missouri, and his wife and five children followed him, after selling all they had to enable them to go, and none of us got a cent of what he owed us. We had the barley at the brewery to take beer for, made our apples into cider, had fifteen barrels in the cellar, had six barrels of currant wine and a stack of rye left for us to thresh and keep the family in bread, the rest was taken to the distillers to make whiskey. I forget when the farm was rented for money, we took the business and settled off with father. Of course we had prepared to keep on and could have rented again, but my husband would drink beer, though the doctor told him it would kill him. It made him fleshy and sleepy, often when he should have been waiting on others he could not be roused, lying asleep on a bench or elsewhere.

We had a ball, for which we had to clear out a

room up stairs we slept in, the next day the men would taper off by having a high time to themselves, singing, speaking and all sorts of nonsense. I wanted the beds up, as they were with ropes to tighten, wanted Joss to help put them up, but they had gathered in the bar-room at father's. I went over to call him, when the men made fun of him, and as he thought he was a man among men, he told me to go and mind my business. I went back into the house to hunt some help, as mother most always had hired women. I told her. She went into the bar-room and abused all the men, which they only laughed at. By that time my youngest brother-in-law was reading medicine with the Doctor and not in the spree. Then he boarded with us, came over, helped me, and I got through in the evening. There was a bench standing with the end so that I could not shut the front door, and all were tired and had gone to bed. My father was seated on a bench before his house and was the only one whom I noticed up yet. As my man lay asleep on the end at the door I could not shut it and could not get him awake, so I went to father over the street, and told him if I only could get out of this place, as the beer drinking would kill John. Father commenced about mother scolding so in the bar-room may

have made him drink more, and I must take warning and treat him kindly, and be very mild when he was cross, and the more careful of things if he was careless, and be very saving and industrious, and in that way may win him to want to please me. I thought my father infallible, I suppose, for I always tried to do just as he said. We had the band meet at our house to practice, as Joss was one of them. After practicing awhile the kitchen was cleared out to dance in, when he would always go to sleep, and if his brother did not happen to be there, which he mostly was, being one of the band, I had a time of it. By that time I had another baby, had often to leave it cry up stairs, unheard by any one down stairs for the noise, while its father slept and the people were to be waited on, often both the children would cry.

Well, I could not see how I could stand it, so I just said, we will go back to the farm, determined no one would get me off again; but it was too late, with the cellar full of drink, a good natured liberal company-loving man to take a social glass with them always get plenty visitors and every one around came to our house evenings, sat around the table, smoked their old pipes and drank all they wanted for nothing. Sunday if we did not go away early in the morning we

would have the house full all day and till late at night. I had a sick child three years old, many nights I could sit waiting for hours for the men to leave when my man lay asleep on the lounge. Their talk of the old country did not interest him, as he was young when they came to this country. We had a hired man and one that stayed with his horse at our house, then an old German lady made her home with us, she helped me take care of the children. Several single men made their homes at our house just because they could, when they were not away to work. A man came to us from Lockport to try to get rid of the ague which he had since he came to this country. He was a great hard cider drinker. The doctor told him, if he did not stop using cider he would get the dropsy ; and sure enough, in the Spring he was laid up for us to take care of a long while before he could be moved, and neither doctor nor ourselves got anything for our trouble.

One of the men, a carpenter, staying there, had money and often was off on a spree ; when he came home once just after the dropsy man was gone, he said about two hundred dollars were missing out of his chest, if it was the sick man he must have had a key, opened and taken it, as none of the other men would have done it. But he was often on a drunk and may have lost it

some other way, as he still had money in the chest. At one time while the man was sick, the doctor said, he will die to-night ; if he does, send up to let us open him before any one knows of his death. The doctor had told him there was no help for him. Some time before, when he sent his son word, he came, stayed one night, took his father's gold watch and silver mounted meerschaum pipe with him, which also made us think that he took the money. Then we had two weddings at our house, attended by between eighty and one hundred persons, they danced, drank and had a high time. One was a blacksmith, the other a wagon maker, we got a little wagon that they made with a spring seat, it was a wonder in the country then. When we went to town on Sunday it was viewed by the people. I understood the wagon was made for the expense of the weddings.

Joss never liked to farm after we went back to the farm, he got, I think, the first threshing machine in the neighborhood. went around with it, took horses and men. I can't say what he made by it, as I never concerned myself about such things, for which his mother blamed me and said, she knew he could not stand all the expense he had. I told him; he said, because he did not work till he spit blood and teach school all Winter like

his brother Fred, she thought he did nothing, but he made more often in a trade or some speculation than Fred did all Winter. I thought he knew and said he would be a fool to work when he could do something easy to make as much. This I had to hear again, saying it would be good for me if I came to want. But they were sorry for John, as it was me that led him into this way of living. The band always met at our house, and always danced. At one time we killed an ox, I don't know how many of the neighbors as well as our own men were there, it was when Harrison was elected President. Our men had a flag with coon skins and cider barrels on it and a live raccoon they took with them to political meetings, it was chained on the upper porch. I heard a strange noise, opened the door, there hung the raccoon struggling, it had fallen down, was hanging by the chain, the men were at the table at supper, butchering being done and plenty drinking besides. The man to whom the raccoon belonged swore at me, saying it would be a good thing if all the raccoons were out of the way, and in a little while the most disgraceful things were said about my father, as he was a whig and well enough among them till some of them could vote and natural for them to be democrats. I thought my husband should have checked such

work as that, but he walked out ; they scattered, I guess they had drunk enough to go home that evening. In the morning I asked if I could go to town with the hired man, as he took the hide up. He asked me what I wanted to do? I said, tell father what this man said about him. My husband placed a chair by the fire for me to sit in, himself saying he wanted to talk to me about it, said he, these fellows were all drunk, what could he have done with them? Then he told me some things that had been said in the beer-houses, that some of the men's women told them about father, one of the men was the doctor, and others. Now, said he, you had better not stir up the mess. He said, after this he would not let things go so far as it had, that it was too bad, but I could do as I thought best; so I stayed, put the children's clothes away and it was all over, as I thought, like many a drunken spree. All went as usual till in sleighing time we got word that a party was coming, that many were intimate friends ; the men were getting ready to take a sleigh ride to Berlin and go through Weinsberg. So I had the hired girl set the wash to one side in the kitchen, help me get ready the children, so we got to town safe, the men took their ride while I was enjoying the dance with my friends. At about three o'clock came my

brother-in-law and said, if John wants to go home, don't go alone, as something may happen, we have all been drinking freely. I said, no danger that I will go, the children are in bed.

The next morning Joss came to take us home. We got ready, but some comrades gathered in the bar-room, I waited all bundled up till dinner time, when we took off our things, mother scolding all the time about the men's spreeing. At last we got started; before we got far, not thinking of their drinking, I said, I did not think of Dan. Joss doing such a mean thing as to deprive Mrs. Scheurer of her boarding money he owed her, not Christ. Joss, a cousin of theirs, who built a barn for Dr. Scheurer, who died and the barn could not be paid till the estate be settled, but by Dan. Joss saying Christ. owing him the money and could not pay because he had not the money, which I knew was only a made-up joke, which made my man angry and began to talk about my father. I wanted him to stop the sleigh and let me out, but he did not. When I got home I put my sick little girl on the bed, and went out; as I turned to the door she said in a pitiful tone, "mama," her father said, don't you hear? I said, yes, but can't help it. I went, walked most of a mile, it was dark. I stopped at a house, asked the man to take me to town, told him why, prom-



ised to come back when I had told father what I had heard of such people. He hitched up, it was not late, but for some length of time there was sleighing, and no party that night, all was dark at our house. I went around to the back part, could find no way to get in, thought of a window all covered with dried vines, tore them away, went to open the window, when it fell in and I feared would alarm them, but no one got awake. I went up stairs to my parents' bed, fell on it crying, could not speak for a while. My father and mother jumped out of bed, asking what is the matter? I told as soon as I could. In a few minutes the whole house was lit up, as others were not in bed yet; father thought we could hear that night what they had to say, but could get none of them to come, so father would not let me go till we could see them. The man went home alone.

Oh what a sad night that was, because my father did not join in their frolics, as they called it, and on account of his politics, since they had some wise leaders and often wrote and circulated letters of scandal as well as their talk. My mother would sometimes, as she used to, say, "wait till I get them together, I'll give them a piece of my mind, which let them that it hits take it." But that had no effect. I have seen them

step up to the bar, and honorable men taking honor from the community and say, "let us drink Mrs. Smith's health on that," when father would smile and perhaps wait on them, or be sitting among them to resume their conversation. When mother began, father appeared to make light of it when any new scandal was out. As I heard a man late from Germany say, when an old lady asked him, "How is it? are there many drunkards in these days at home?" "Ah yes," said he, "but most people go to the tavern or public house after working all day, for a change and sociability, they spend six pfenning for a mug of beer, they sip, and talk, and smoke their pipes, and go home refreshed, sleep well and resume their work in the morning, to get something new, said in the factory where his wife worked there were 2,800 working, they are all jolly, they go about their work, have no time to talk, but they have a good time in the evening.

The house at length was closed, we all went to our beds, but not to sleep. Mother blamed father for letting it go on so long, said she had told him it would bring bad consequences upon the children, and now you see it. Father said, what could I do? you see how they cling together. But if anything can be proved on any one, that I can I will have it attended to.

I was in the next room, but my grief was so great, most on account of my children, as I had expected to get back to them, only feared if I waited it would not be done. The next morning the doctor, a young German, who came there from Germany finding that Dr. Scheurer had died and no doctor near located, at once was married not very long after to the only educated young lady anywhere. He was one of the men that should have slandered father, another was a grocery keeper, as drinking places were called then, if not taverns, as they had to pay license to be safe for selling goods, drink included. The school teacher, a young man visiting from New York, my uncle, the doctor and father met mother and myself in the sitting room; the question was asked by father, if the doctor ever thought he was too sociable with his wife, laughing said no. Father: why did you say at Stahl's beer house, you had to go home or Smith would annoy his wife, as he always did if he was not home when the tavern was closed? "No, never," said the doctor, "your father said, he could have known all about his, the doctor's wife, when she was his hired girl, as she was at our house a while after she came to the place." Her mother, who was more of a lady than a house-keeper, wished mother to try to learn her daughter to

work at house work. So she stayed with us a while, for which she got paid, as mother would not have her work for nothing.

The doctor went home, which was in part of Mrs. Scheurer's house, told his wife he never knew he had married a hired girl, and told her the story, for which I had come up in the night to tell. She went into a hysterical fit, he called for help, the women of the house went in, when the fit was over she just raved at him, saying, that's what you do, disgrace your wives at the beer houses.

There was nothing that could be done any more, the doctor was the only reliable one, and he denied it, but my parents would not let me go home, and I had left my children, thinking to go back with the man that took me there. I could not stay, said, if they would take me down to get my children I would come again. So in the evening after school my uncle took the sleigh, the school teacher and I got in with him, and we drove down, they stayed in the sleigh, I went into my mother-in-law's room, thinking to get the children. They said, they had them in the room with the men who were having a jolly time of it, and mother Joss said, I would be the ruin of them all if I stayed away, begging me to come home. An old woman that lived with me to help me take

care of the little girl who was sick, came to the room door with the child, I took her out of her arms, jumped into the sleigh and drove off as fast as we could, expecting them after us, but they came not. My little boy I did not see, the men had him with them and I think they didn't know that I was there till I was gone. It was quite a relief to have the sick child, but our house was invaded with the old Swiss loafers daily, as they had all they wanted to drink for nothing. Time would fail, and I could not find language to express all the miseries of such a life. It is expected by these drink demons that a woman must stand at her post to drudge till she drops dead, then she has done nothing more than her duty, and grandma Joss said, they came there to cheer Joss when he often would be asleep, as he always did if he drank too much, as we all thought then it was right to drink, but to know when they had enough.

When I was home two weeks they feared Joss was losing his mind, his cousin came with his wife to plead in behalf of all the rest of the family to come home; cousins promised to bring me back, if they would let me go with them a day; I went. They told me it was my duty, as I was the only one that could give counsel, as Joss refused any from them, and

they were watching him, for fear he would take his own life.

I went back with him to mother, and told her I must go, if for nothing else for my children's sake. I went, the hired girl had left, Mrs. Nese was there, but everything was in an awful condition, whether drunk or crazy. He kept his horse saddled and wanted to send for father. I told him he would not come unless he was sick, but he should go up; finally he laid down on a bed and lay there asleep until morning. I had thrown a feather bed on him, as it was cold in the room. He rose early; he came into our room and said I should dress George, our little boy, that he would take him over to his brother-in-law, where he was going in the sleigh. They went and out to his brother's, then home, but the snow was melting; we had breakfast, the three brothers went on horse-back, I went about my work, asked no questions, but prayed constantly, which his mother said she did, and I doubt not but she did, as she felt awful, as it was such a disgrace for me to go and stay away from home. I felt that myself, but had I had sense enough to let the drink we had, run out, but would have brought condemnation as well. Praise the Lord!

In the evening he came home, I was waiting with supper, my little brother came with him,

riding behind him on the same horse, we had supper, he went out to his brother's and I asked my brother what they did up to town. He said, the three that came up and father were in the parlor a while, then church was out and the minister was there, father put water with glasses on and a bottle of wine, and in a little while they came out, and after a while came home, so the preacher with the rest took the social glass to make all right. But the fatal step was taken when we went to Weinsberg to keep grocery, that is to our financial ruin; but bless the Lord! all things work together for good, though such drinking, and yet not many that could be called drunkards, they were all alike, it seemed to be a necessary evil, as they sometimes styled it, and every one was to give way when a man was drunk, not only feel sorry for him, but cheer him up, try to get him home, and if he abused his wife, try to cheer her by saying, it will soon be over, and you know it is said a wagon-load of straw should move out of the way of a drunken man. Some men went on a spree, and one, a very respectable man, got so drunk they carried him in the house. His wife was scared, but a comrade said, keep quiet, or you may put him out of humor, he has only got too much wine, he will soon be better. She laughed out loud, say-

ing, "oh, that's better than a fever," and I was as blind as any.

One year had been spent on the farm after our return to it, but Joss did not like to farm any more. My sister had married a brewer who bought lots on the west side of Cleveland, then called Ohio City, had built a house, and was building a brewery. Joss visited them, and thought he could better himself by selling out and going to Cleveland, work for some one in business, until our money should be due, as we should have to wait for the pay, and by the time we would have our money together we should know what to go in for ourselves. It suited me, as I had not found the quiet life I expected on the farm.

Spring came again with its work and many work-hands besides, our house was like a public house, only free of charge, and I could not have got along with my baby and sick little girl without help. We kept a hired girl, my hands were full with three children, and the old toppers used to joke as they sat at the table in the sitting-room, smoking their pipes and drinking hard cider at our expense, saying, what a pity Joss did not get a Swiss girl for a wife, then he might come to something, he would not have to keep a hired girl. And I had all reason to think his mother,



who was entitled to a room in our house as long as she lived, thought the same way, which was not pleasant for me or him either, and the latter part of the Summer we sold the farm to be paid in \$600 payments, we were to give possession next Spring. I was sick myself, our little girl got no better, rather worse, so that I had to have hired help all the time, though it was considered very extravagant, because we were going to leave soon and had cider and whiskey in the cellar, our neighbors must make good use of the time they had, and especially when the band would meet to practice, as we had large rooms, and some men that made their homes with us, when not out at work, had moved their chests, leaving a vacant room. They always had a dance, and during that Winter another son was born, but only lived one day.

In the Spring we had public sale, when we had disposed of all except what we wanted to take with us. We packed our goods, took them to the canal and shipped them to Cleveland, as we intended to go by land. take a cow, horse and wagon with us. When all was ready, and we were staying at father's a few days, our youngest child took very sick with spasms and lay unconscious some days, in the hands of the doctor, who appeared to be torturing him with cupping

and blistering, saying it to be the only way to cure, so he would not remain idiotic.

It was in a similar way he had treated the little girl when she took sick cutting teeth, and she had then been sick three years. I had thought I could not give her up, many times when we thought her dying, but the thought of having an idiotic child besides the sick one, made me ask God to take them both.

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When my eyes were dimmed with sorrow,  
Alone and forsaken I stood,  
Had none of whom I could borrow,  
Yet all things work together for good.

I looked to my God to protect me,  
He graciously whispered He would.  
Since then He never has left me,  
And all things work together for good.

Neither pen nor pencil can portray,  
Nor could I tell, if I would,  
The sorrows I had with each day,  
But all things worked together for good.

There is nothing on earth to compel me  
Nor put me to stand where I stood,  
While my Saviour thus smilingly greets me,  
All things work together for good.

## CHAPTER VI.

## DIFFICULTIES IN CHICAGO AND TOLEDO.

As soon as we could we started with the three children on the canal, a sister went with me to help me with the sick ones. Joss was to start also, but was not there as we expected when we got there. Day after day passed, but he came not. The one child got better. As the boat was going right back in a short time, my sister went home. The little girl got worse, always asking if papa had come. To augment my already excited spirit the doctor was called, he said there was no hope for her, the lake wind had a bad effect on her frail constitution; her longing for papa became more intense, and one morning she took her flight to join her little brother, of whom she also talked much as a little angel.

We could not begrudge the little sufferer her rest, but what could have detained her father for two long weeks? My brother-in law started for him hoping to meet him on the way, but had to go all the way, got there in the night, found the father on a bench in the bar-room sound asleep, and when roused to get up he could not under-

stand why Buecking was there. They all got to bed to try to get some rest to be able to travel next day. Our neighbors kindly took charge of arranging things for the funeral, got a lot for us in the grave-yard right by Buecking's place, and that night when the men came, all was ready for the funeral. Joss said, every morning comrades assembled to see Joss of the social glass and a farewell song or two till it was too late. Evenings they would gather again to spend the last social evening, and so it went on ; but by the time they reached us, he felt the remorse of a guilty conscience and cursed the social glass, which I thought was not right for him to do, but to be a man and go about his business.

That was a terrible night, but what kind of darkness must I have been in not to see any harm in the social glass ? Why was I spared ? I often think, not even in such agony of soul, to evoke such a damnable cause.

Morning came, but my dear husband was broken-hearted, most on account of neglect of duty. I censured him, thinking to make him remember to be careful in the future, and thought he would. Buecking went to the city to engage a minister and invite some German friends of theirs to the funeral. Buecking had his own team and hired man to drive, he went and got them.

The service was at the house and the coffin was carried to the grave, as it was only a short distance. After the funeral they all came to the house, were waited on with wine and beer, coffee and cake, spent a short social time together and then they were taken to their respective homes. Joss said to me, they are vain comforters, and we agreed that our Yankee neighbors were a great consolation to us, yet at that time I could not sympathize with Joss, who seemed to sicken at the thought of the social glass, and could say, vain comforters, while I in my blindness could not see any harm in the glass, and thought sociability was right, that our Father in heaven wanted us to be social, and also to enjoy his gifts, but use judgment, and not to go to extremes.

Soon as possible we got settled in a house that stood alone on a large vacant place, where they thought would be a good place to make glue, as there was none made yet in the place. Joss thought to try it, got everything established, made some very good, found a good market and was encouraged to go on, but Buecking and his man would drive up every evening and they would go to the beer garden or somewhere to a coffee house, which I thought all right. Buecking expecting the custom of the places, when his brewery would be started, and Joss also needed to get ac-

quainted, as though everybody went to the beer garden, and I gladly tended the glue kettles, so he could spend his evenings there ; but when it was late when he came home, think I must have scolded, as that belonged to the whole business.

He became tired of glue making, and Buecking, who had as he thought money enough to carry him through to establish himself in the brewery, seeing his means running short, said he would take a partner in with him. They agreed to become partners, Joss worked at building a malt house, and had a note discounted, put the money in, and this is all I know about it. Barley failed in the State, and to send off for it, it would be necessary to have another note discounted. He asked me what I thought about it. I thought we better go to where we were not known, we had ninety-five dollars in gold laid by, which we thought, when used, we would get no more, but work to get a living as though we had nothing to depend on. Now where was it to be ? Milwaukee was the place most talked of, as Wisconsin was a territory then and lots of Indians that I did not like to go there, but Toledo was booming then, I wanted to try that place; we went and found it as reported, plenty of work at most anything a man wanted to do, but many

were sickly, looked pale, and many not able to work. Joss did not like the prospects of being sick, but to please me we stopped there at a German tavern. At Port Lawrence Joss got employment at weighing wheat in a warehouse on the dock of the Maumee river, there was a steam saw and grist mill connected with it, and we also got a place to live near his work.

All went well nearly all Winter, but toward Spring many were sick and dying. Joss also got very sick, but a calomel doctor dosed him with so much calomel that he had to take so much castor-oil to work it out of his system, that it left him in such a weak condition, we thought he could not live, but the doctor was not alarmed, said it would be all right, it being the only way, he said, to cure the disease. We thought it better to live further from the river, so we got a house back in the private part of the town, got settled and Joss went to work ; but not long after, he was going from his dinner along by the saw-mill, when an iron-bound beetle was thrown carelessly from above and struck him on the forehead, breaking his nose and cutting his face. I was in the garden, saw the wagon drive up to the house, I went in, unlocked the door, there stood two doctors and the boss. I knew something had happened before they told me. They lifted him out

of the wagon, he was unconscious and remained so, which made me think they had given him something, as the doctors were not alarmed, saying he would be all right. They sat him on a chair, held him up, set and plastered his nose and the cuts on his face, when they had washed off the blood, they stripped off his clothes, put on clean underclothes, and put him into bed, where he slept apparently a long while, don't remember how long, but a doctor was with him all that day and night, applying something to his face, perhaps to take the bruises away or to heal them. However, they were very kind, and bore all the expenses of his being hurt and told me to come to the mill store to get anything I needed; but I never went once, but felt I must do what I could to make a living, the first time I ever tried.

A lot of Swiss people landed, among them was a woman and two little girls. Her husband took sick soon after they came and died, his brother, quite a young man, was with them. She was looking for a place to stay, while she could go out at day's work. I took them in, said she could work for me when she had no work out, and her brother-in-law, who had work, boarded at a tavern. I told her to get another man with him and I would board them. They came, and we



got along with them all very well, the woman got plenty work, but did my washing and worked the garden, so I could take in some sewing, and our living was made very comfortable, and Joss soon could go about, but with a bandaged head, he could not work, and was not expected to. The time was coming when a change must be made in my behalf. I asked the woman if she could get a place to live where she could take the two men to board, and the money she had earned would get all she needed for the present. She did so and got along nicely, her little girls could help her some and she kept some of her work for others. I cleaned house, got a man to whitewash, for which I was to make a pair of pants, when through with the house, I went to work and washed everything I could find to wash, and having two large tubs full of clothes to put in water Saturday evening, I was at it, when a neighbor asked me if I was going to kill myself? No, said I, but have no time to count on, and if I can get my wash out of the way and finish up some sewing on hand, I will be ready for any change, and can take things easy. Joss had gone with the milkman to help him with his hay, was gone some days, expecting soon to go to the work again at the warehouse, but came home sick. We went to bed, I got awake

next morning at three o'clock, woke Joss, told him to fetch a German neighbor woman we knew, then go for the doctor. By the time they got there another son was born, July, 1846. The doctor said, if Joss did not leave the place soon he could not get away, nor get well, a trip on the lake would be the best thing for him. I said, then you better go. We had three dollars in the house, I said he should go as far as he could for that, may be it would do him good. He could not see how I was to get along. I told him not to fear on my account, if he got better on the lake, may be he could work his way through on the boat to Milwaukee. He said, it is not the money nor being sick, not even your condition that troubles me so much, but myself, the social glass. I don't know what I said, but stopped him there. He said, listen, you think we have no debts, said he did not mean it to be so, but going round as he had so long and nothing to spend he had charged what he got, thinking to work and pay it up, and now there are four men's names I will give you, and you can settle with them, we don't want to drag furniture with us, sell it and pay these debts, as we don't want to leave any, and write to Buecking for money to go home with. I remember I was provoked that he could not leave off making debts when he did not

earn anything ; yet being in league with the devil myself I could not hold my tongue at that, and said, it would be all right, he should only go so as not to get down sick, if I could not sell enough to pay all, I could write to Buecking for money to go home with. He said, then you can get a note discounted and get what you want when we get settled.

But there was another thing he wanted to tell me, said I liked my Yankee neighbors in Ohio City and he often thought this German life would not do to live, much less to die by, and he had learnt to know Yankees there, they were not all for self-gratification, but sought others' good, and were temperance people, he had read of their papers, if he would join them, he would be recommended to them wherever he went to, and he thought it was better for us. I did not stop to think anything, but thought all at once, and said, you are always at the extremes, you had better join the Methodists, and when I get to live among head-hangers and temperance fools, I would rather be out of the world. Again he was silenced, and with a heavy heart he agreed to go, hoping I could get along. He packed a valise, I prepared a lunch for him, and even yet it pains my heart, to think of the struggle it cost him, as I thought, to leave us, but no doubt it was the

coiling of the serpent I was helping to tighten  
and augment the pangs ; yet with tender embraces he left us,

Swiftly to glide across the water  
With shattered frame and homeless sphere,  
The social glass, the dying daughter,  
To shed alone the silent tear.

Perhaps that I, no more consistent,  
No heart to feel, no mind to think,  
Nor even lend an ear to listen  
To the influence of strong drink.

But all these sighs were not unheard,  
And all the tears were not unseen.  
All glory to Thy precious word,  
That gives us light and peace within.

This was when my baby was a few days old, the woman that lived with me came and got my wash out of the way for me, I got up Monday morning, finished a calico dress I had commenced, made the pants and quilted a skirt the first week, the next sold off all I had, except a few things which I packed and stored. When mother asked me, what I did with my things, I said, they were stored in Cleveland. I had written to Buecking for money to take me home, and got it, as I had to sacrifice my things to pay up the debts that I thought as honest as any, and when my child was two weeks old I

was in Weinsberg, which surprised all, but all was done to nurse us with care, so I should be able to travel further, which I expected to do before long to some place or other. I got a letter that Joss was safe and well at Milwaukee and expected to stay there, and as soon as possible I should come and bring some things, like butter, apple-butter, and dried and green apples with me, as such things were very scarce there.

Now to get a note discounted that my parents did not know it was the next thing. When visiting at my sister-in-law's in the country, I told her about it. She said I should tell her husband, which I could easily do, as we always were more familiar with each other than with any of the others to share our cares and sorrows. For my part, I often found sympathy with them, I could not find or had not the confidence in any one else, they had bought the farm of our next neighbor, when we were on the farm, this neighbor was one of the old toppers that came to our house, and offended me staying so, when it was late, and I with my children wanted to rest, my man would throw himself on a lounge and sleep, while they had a good time smoking and drinking hard cider; he used to say much about me being proud and extravagant, and pity the good man I got, and such like, in my hearing, as I was not

a Swiss girl. I hated him, brother and sister knew it, also knew he would rejoice that I had to come to him, being hard up for money; but brother said he knew of no other person at that time. So I arranged to go, left my baby, rode the nineteen miles, he wondered why I came to him, saying, surely, your folks can give it to you. I told him I did not want to trouble them, as they would take no pay and I wanted to pay him. I didn't mind how much I got or how much was discounted, but had a lot of silver tied in a strong silk handkerchief. After dinner and horse fed I went home with what I had, leaving the note with him, as he was to send or bring the rest to my brother-in-law's. I repented of being angry and fairly hating the man, seeing how we need our enemies sometimes, and prayed to God to help me, as I would try to love my enemies. The next day my mother came to me, asked what I thought to go to that fellow for money. I asked how she knew it? Why, she said, he is here and wants to borrow for a short time and pay great interest. When uncle asked him what he was going to do with the money to pay such interest, he said he let a woman have some on a note and promised the rest soon, and could not get it in, and she paid him even more than he offered them. They had no money for him, he was gone, mother told

father it was I, as they supposed, and he came in, saying he would not have thought it of me to throw my money down to such a fellow, while they toiled for what they had. I said, which was so, I did not want to trouble them without paying them, and they would not take pay for their trouble. Now, said father, you take that back that you have and tell the man you got a letter that you don't need the money, and offer him pay for his trouble. I did all that, but told a lie, as I had got no letter, but got the note and my parents could get what I wanted, and ship it for me better than I could have done, and take the note and pay me my money without discount, as the note was with interest, they would take no more than pay for what I got, which I did not want them to do.

## CHAPTER VII.

## EXPERIENCES IN MILWAUKEE.

As I could start before the late storms came and arrange things to receive the freight when it came, but it being very rough, most every one in the cabin was sick, and feared they would never see land again, I being very sick, also the boys, I thought it would be a blessing if myself and the three boys could all go home to see no more trouble, as I thought I had had my share already in this world, and was not afraid to die, because I could rejoice to think of death from a poor selfish motive, believed I was a Christian, better than many others, brought up in the church. But I was spared to land safe with my children, we got a large store-room, arranged the front to keep a provision shop, with a partition through, in the back part we lived. There was no cellar, the house stood on posts driven into the ground. As it was a marshy place near the river, that was frozen all Winter, wood could be hauled to town on sleds, the snow fell three feet deep, and never thawed nor melted until May. We got our things, which rapidly sold, and not much froze for us, but we could not keep things from freezing, and



it did not pay to pay such rent, so we got a small room up stairs for the remainder of the Winter, as Joss had nothing to do but step around or sit in some of the public houses. He belonged to a brass band, which led us into the grand nobility of the German so-called "Geschlossenen Ball." Such style and compliments I never saw, nor such tables as they set, and some of them were so poor that they had hardly enough to eat at home, yet they published that any gentleman that had come to this country, though bearing a title from home and married a hired girl, should not make his appearance at that ball. Being acquainted with the people that got the supper as my tickets were complimentary, Joss being in the band, I applied to be allowed to assist in the ladies' dressing room, so I could take a look at everything. The people from whom we rented our up stairs room, were at the ball, and before we got the room they let us have to help them along, they had three small rooms rented, one had chests, beds, all kinds of things, the other had table, chairs and cook stove in; the beds they put in that room on the floor at night, and I often saw the children nibbling at a crust of bread. They came from the city of Berlin, Germany, his business did not go there; he was an artist, and to see them at that ball, they looked

like prince and princess, and that woman said she felt so miserable to spend their last money that way, hoping to gain the favor of the rich and be introduced into their society among whom they expected to make their living. After we were in the tavern, the man used to sit there with his silver mounted meerschaum pipe a good deal, and sometimes he could earn a few cents at something, as to carry an errand to some place. One of my uncles was there, the man told him how bad he was off. Uncle said he must not despair, there were many ways in this country to get a living. He said he could not work at anything but his business, and that was nothing here, and he was looking out for something to earn enough to get bread for his children. Uncle told him to take a basket, get some cakes and pies and sell them on the boat, fifty cents worth would set him agoing. But, says the man, I have no fifty cents to spare. Uncle gave it to him; then he had no basket; he gave him ten cents, said, go quickly before the boat comes in that is coming. He got there, sold out, came to our house with a glad heart, saying, that's a good business, and as long as we knew of them he was at it and made a living, and I never heard of his rich or rather noble friends, with whom he used to spend his evenings at the

coffee houses when we lived there, ever to help him any, because they would not have thought of such a mean thing, nor would he have accepted it unless forced to.

I think of another pair from Zurich, Switzerland; the lady's husband came to this country some years before she did, his name was Wilth (in English *Wild*). He wrote home he was going to Wisconsin Territory among the Indians. She wrote he might go, but never to expect her to come there. So she did not hear from him for more than a year. One night there came a man up the stairs to where she lived, it was early in the evening, when he came right in, which scared them all, for she said, he was wild indeed, she believed a razor had never touched his face since he left home. He said he came to take her along, he had a farm four miles from Milwaukee, a large city; but she said she would not go. So he said, the oldest children must go with him. But that did not move her. He stayed a while, she got the boys ready and he started back to this country that suited the wild, as she said. She put the children she had with her, a boy and a girl, to the Sisters' Home, to be educated, as they were Catholic, and she went to her father's silk factory, where she could be useful in the business.

After a while a man came home that traveled with samples of their goods and took orders. They became friends, and the man told her she could travel with him if she wished. As she thought it must be grand to travel as he did, she consented. He became her husband and she enjoyed life among those living for enjoyments. After a while they took rooms in her city and she stayed there, but he kept on in the business. She had a child that died there. Her husband said, suppose we take a trip to see your children in America. They did; he got a lot of gold watches to bring and smuggle in.

They got to New York, where they were thoroughly searched and the watches found. They were taken in custody and had to leave the watches and a lot of money for security; they left for Wisconsin, got to Buffalo, when the man feared to go without letting them know, so they wrote they would come as soon as her man was better, as he was sick then. They lived next door to us when they came, the second man worked at book-binding, Mr. Wilth met them at the German Hotel where they stayed, they told their trouble to him about the watches and they had no more money. She had a handsome late style silk dress pattern, which Wilth traded to a hardware merchant for a cook stove, and their

silverware they sold, it was all solid and brought them enough to pay the rent of the house next to us, and Mr. Wilth stayed to get them settled with all necessary to begin with. At the end of the week Mrs. Wilth came with a yoke of oxen hitched in a wagon and a load of wood for them; she unloaded it, put it in the cellar for them, we were then having the provision store, they came over, I was introduced to Mrs. Wilth, who laughed and by no means refined, but could tell her own story about coming to Milwaukee and meeting this man Wilth. She was seeking work as a wash-woman, and he said he needed one, but he lived in the country, had two boys, she should come out and work for him. She did, and stayed.

She too had two children, a boy and a girl. I don't doubt it was as she said. Herself and the children cleared the woods, worked the land and got along well for two years, when he got a letter, that his wife was coming, and he would give her two hundred dollars, and, if she go to Buffalo again, all right; in a while another letter came, she said her man stood still after his hand dropped with the letter in. She said, what is the matter, is not your wife coming? Yes, he said, but she is bringing a man with her, our land will not be sold and you will stay here with me. She

laughed heartily, and I suppose she was content to farm. The boys grew and the oldest enlisted in the Mexican war and never came home, the other one did not want to stay in the country, so stayed with his mother, the other two came from Switzerland, and the last I knew of them they were established in a splendid coffee-house, what we call saloon now. We bought property on Huron street at the corner of Jackson, the street ran from Water street to the north pier, every front door was a grog shop if not some other little shop, there were two or three hotels on the street to entertain strangers, ours was expressly intended for an emigrant hotel.

This property had been occupied by people that kept a bad house in every respect, and they moved out a few days before we took possession of it, came near where we lived by the river, and a married man from a town in the country, who, stayed with them when in the city on business, was found in the river with his throat cut, but that was nothing much, as something of the kind was a daily occurrence. But when we moved in, we had the beds thrown in the dining-room, where there was a pantry and on the floor by the door a place that had been scraped with something sharp and in streaks that looked as if stained by blood and cleaned in that way.

We wanted to clean up stairs, so left all lie down stairs, and made beds on the floor to sleep on. Being near the lake it kept up a terrible splashing roaring of its roughness that night, the York House sign on a post swinging to and fro with squeaking was also alarming; but there was something more terrible to me, a groaning and moaning all night. I covered myself so as not to hear the noise outside so much, but heard the terrifying noise more than ever, at last I woke Joss, but he said it is the lake or the York House sign, and went to sleep again. At day-break I said, now go through the house, see if some one is in it that makes this noise; he went but found nothing, went out as I heard it still, and the two front sides of the house were closed with boards, while the other two were open, all that part of the town was filled up and the houses on posts quite high, and a lot of hogs had their beds there and some of them snored all night. That was my introduction to the *Deutsche Wirthschaft* perhaps as much to gratify me as anything else, and if not then, I am sure our first step to the destruction of peace and happiness so far as the world can give was my fault in thinking it better to go to Weinsberg to deal out the peace destroying stuff to our fellow creatures; yet so far as I am concerned with all that ever happened would not

have it different, and can endorse to-day what the dear Lord put into my heart when I first saw the light at the foot of the cross, when the burden of my sins rolled away, and a new song was put into my mouth, even praises unto the living God, and the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world, and has removed mine; or the hangman's rope, if it could annihilate and blot me out of existence for time and eternity with the light that I have, would be preferred by me to a royal diadem upon my brow, or a garland of gold set with diamonds thrown around me. Surely, I have deserved the rope, for

What are all my sufferings here in such a world as this,  
When cheered by hope with Him to appear, and reign in  
endless bliss?

What shall I give the Lord of hosts for what He has done  
for me?

I could not, if I were to boast to all eternity,  
Begin to say enough for Him, the mighty and the kind.  
He took my heart when hard in sin, my eyes made see  
when blind.

When to the world I could not tell the sorrows of my breast,  
A voice would whisper, "All is well, you soon shall find a  
rest."

But here on earth, I used to think, this rest can never be,  
Though all around seemed joy and mirth, there is no rest  
for me.

I had grieved the Spirit when He strove, I felt myself undone,  
I longed to see that bright abode, and feared the wicked one.



An infant from my bosom went to glorious realms on high,  
And for his sister soon God sent, to join him in the sky.  
Thus my days did pass away in wretched hours of woe,  
I longed to see that happy day when things should end below.  
In love our Father then commenced with His chastising rod,  
And did not cease till I confessed quite openly my God.

*(Written out of a full heart about 1856.)*

Had I enjoyed the grace of God at that time which was as full and free as now, but in nature's darkness and carnal security can't comprehend these nor be subject to his will, which if we know and do it not we shall be beaten with many stripes. It is not what I endured, but what others endured that I feel was due me. Yet, praise God from whom all blessings flow.

We went to work to clean the up stairs and at the same time Joss commenced to remodel the bar-room to make it as attractive as possible to respectable people in those days. It took but little comparatively to establish an Emigrant hotel, all that the people needed was a large room for them to be in day-time, and at night to put their beds on the floor, then a place with a cook-stove for them to prepare what they wanted to take with them to the country. The men generally started out in search of their friends or land; if friends, they would come for them, and if they bought or claimed land they had to

get teams to take them. We charged them 12½ cents a meal, and if there they had to pay, if they did eat regular or not, and 6¼ cents for lodging. There were benches all around the room for them to sit on, and the dining room had long tables and benches, also tables and benches in the bar-room, as they liked to sit and smoke and talk while drinking. All went on encouragingly the first year, but only part of the second, when Joss went to Ohio, which was all right, as his mother was sick and for other interests; if he had only considered his interests and the expense at home. A bar-keeper, and a runner to the boats took much of the profit, and things were not attended to as when he was there. He stayed longer than was necessary, and when he got home several old chums in boyhood came with him to see the place, and my uncle that spread came also. When a few weeks were around I asked where this would end? the expense was too great. He said, yes, but when the Weinsbergers are gone it will stop. But I had to take them to places of amusement and the constitutional campaign made everything lively, most every night torch-light processions and speeches at different places in the city. They all went but two young Swiss potters and my uncle, who settled in the city and became rich in this world's

goods, but Joss never took the interest in the business as before. He invented a machine to bore artesian wells, made one on our lot, then improved the machine, and made more.

Another man, a butcher with a large family, came. He was a hard working man, but would get drunk, and his wife certainly had a living death, the death of life. Our boarders through the Winter all drank and were often drunk.

We had a man come to our house in the Summer who said he had sold a farm in Pennsylvania for all Harrisburg money. He used to get a hot iron from the girl when ironing. So she went one time and peeped through the key-hole, saw him set out a stand, put a flannel shirt and paper on, then take out bank bills, as she thought all crumpled up, smooth them and put the hot iron on, then another, and soon she could smell that some would be scorched. When his iron was cooled off he put the things away and took the iron to the kitchen. She told me about it, it struck me that man is a counterfeiter; I knew about him having one kind of bills, that he said he got for his farm, he was an old and seemingly nice man, a Pennsylvania Dutchman; he used to trade a bill or two to the Germans to spend for what they wanted to get to take with them, they would give him of their silver and gold. In the

Spring about the time the boats began to run, the newspapers asked for one Jacob Kempf, that was his name. Joss said to me, I should notice when he read the paper this morning; but the paper got away and he left on the first boat that came.

Business was the same, but Joss was not interested in it, and we made nothing; it seemed to take all we could make to keep up the bar. So in the Fall, when we had the pay in the house after a lot of Norwegians had gone and we had a great time to clean after them, I said to the girl, when we get the house in order I will go to Ohio and get some provisions for the Winter. We had a note on my brother-in-law, the brewer, for 80 dollars, I would turn that in, asked her to stay and keep house. She said she would, so I told Joss about it. The masons were boarding there, it would take a month at least to finish their job, my uncle was also there. Joss and Schirr the butcher had gone in partnership with the machine, and when he was gone uncle would keep bar. So I started with the children to the boat and took steerage passage; it cost me ten dollars. I got to Canton to my sister's, told my brother-in-law about the note, he said he was glad I brought it, got his account against Joss for the bills he footed when they went to Cleve-

land with the crowd that accompanied him that far, and some went all the way to Milwaukee. I got eleven dollars, the balance of the eighty. Of course I could not buy much, never let on about my circumstances. Mother got me a keg of apple-butter, father had six barrels of apples picked and packed for me, I had brother pack me a keg of good butter which did not cost much, the friends and relatives all had something for me, so that with the spending money the boys got as presents we had money and a wagon-load to take home with us. The boat landed at 2 o'clock in the morning, I had the drayman that lived next door to us to call Joss to come and tend to the things I had, as I would wait on the pier. When he came back he said he could get none of them awake. The drayman took a load up for a family that wanted to stop with us till they could get out in the country. I had the things taken to the house, and when I got there the boat watchman had roused them up. I put the family with their things in the back room where we put people with their beds; I found the dining-room with beds in, and men sleeping in, a drunken man lying on the bar-room floor with his head on a sheepskin. The girl left soon after I did, and they got the boss of the job, the masons had to live up stairs and the women

cooked for them. I did not go to bed, but went to work to get the breakfast ready for the family that went out after breakfast. People talk about drink and drunkenness, but they know nothing until they have experienced it, and they can't tell it all.

I expected the board of the men, in the place of it the boss' wife went in one room up stairs and boarded all the men for the pay, but Joss and uncle for the use of the house. When I left, Joss expected to finish a well at a brewery, for which they were to have two hundred dollars, and clear fifty dollars each; I was glad for Mrs. Schirr's sake, but likely she got nothing, for I saw none of it. I had Joss sell the six barrels of apples at three dollars per barrel, told him to get a fat hog for the money, as I had a plan in my head by that time, since he could not control himself and stop drinking when time to stop. I intended to take some of my butter and apple-butter and sell it to get other things to eat in the house. I always had to take care of papers or money; he would hand it to me, also the keys of the desk, though I often said I wished he would not bother me with them. When I went to Ohio I gave him the keys and had not got them again. After the family had left in the morning I sat down and cried awhile, the boys were in school

except the little one, but I saw nothing of the money for my apples; he did not come to say anything. I had stored them before I came home to the house. I got dinner, made potato soup, had coffee, bread and apple-butter and butter, uncle ate, his brother, another uncle that dealt with the watchmaker, was at the United States Hotel, was waiting for him to go out on some land they had traded for, to see it. So he left me, the boys went to school, I got my temper up, because Joss did not come. At about two he came, I set the soup on the table, he said, have we come to that? I said, yes, I thought you would be here with meat or money. He said, the butcher shop was not far, as Schirr had his shop on our lot; I said I had no money, and would not go in debt. He did not eat, but laid on a bed as they were there in the dining-room, and went to sleep, but I had asked him for money to get meat, when he handed me the key of the desk. I went about clearing away things from the table, he went to sleep. I sat down in the bar-room and cried, Schirr came in, saying, where is John? I said, on the bed in the dining room. He went in, waked him up, said it was time to go. Joss said he had no dinner. Schirr was surprised and said, "If I had known that, you could have gone with me." I had a temper and

could use my tongue and no doubt did, for both of them, as I called the German landlords gentlemen loafers, I told Schirr he was a drunken sot, that he could not do much more harm. He said, I'd break her chops if she was mine. I don't know what I said, but was awfully enraged at Schirr.

Joss tried to tell me how awful it was to behave so, but it did not silence me, for Schirr kept saying, slap her mouth. Joss said, she can get it, too, if she don't stop. I went up to him, said he might better kill me at once. He gave me a slap in the face, when I was worse than ever, must have abused them awfully. Joss pressed my head against the back of the chair I sat in, holding his hand on my mouth, but he could not keep me quiet, and said, you could break her chops, and she would not be still then. They went away, I did not open the front of the house that day. Uncle came, I tol dhim about it, he said, don't bother about supper, I go down to the hotel to eat; that was his brother.

I gave the children something to eat and went to our room and to bed, for I was about played out. My trip, not sleeping the night before, and such a day ! We all slept some time, Joss came home in the morning, I was just up and down stairs, when the baker came; said he, why you



have blackened your face dreadfully making fire. I said I did not make fire. I looked in the glass and saw my face black and blue where Joss had slapped me. Then I got mad again, told the baker that is the kind of gentlemen loafers you are. He was one of the associates called the Hermans Brothers. I said in German, *Saufbrueder* (that is, drunken brothers) you are. The man said nothing and I never knew him to drink too much, but he drank, and many, even Mrs. Schirr, blamed me for saying my husband was drinking too much.

When the baker was gone I went to a very nice neighbor's, her husband and son waited on the table at the American House, they were German, but did not associate much with anybody, they were from Columbus, and had been acquainted with uncle William there. I told her about the fuss and wanted her to let her son go with me, I would have him arrested. She shamed me for thinking of such a thing. She said, if Joss was sober he never would do such a thing as to strike me, she knew; then she said, it may be the means of doing him good. She said, they had been having jolly times at our house and were hardly over it, yet things would change when everything was in order again. I told her I never intended to sell drink any more, for very few men

were fit for the business. Said she, that is true in my experience ; said they were in public business and they had to stop it, where one man can control himself, a hundred can't.

I cooled down and went home and to work, the men went to work out of the dining-room, and to finish up with them I took down their beds, got breakfast and set the table in the room again, and when the boys went to school I told them to run out to cousin Peter's, told them I was home, I knew they would come ; they did, and in the evening both Peter and Fred were there, they did not notice my black face, as I sat back and had met them at the door. I cracked some shellbarks that I had brought along with me ; as I passed some around to them they noticed me, and Peter said, why, Catherine, what is the matter with your face? I said, ask John. He said, she got her smith up and I believe if it had been my mother I could not help slapping her. Peter was always full of jokes, he taunted a while by telling of one and then of another of the old Swiss toppers and wives. Fred could say nothing, but felt bad, and I am sure Joss never felt like trying such a thing again, as every time anything happened through drink, he would say, it's gone too far, and no one could feel worse than he himself next day.

I asked about the hog, he said he would get one. I asked if the apples were sold and where he wanted me to get money from, as there was none in the desk, but got no satisfaction. I told him of the note, that I got eleven dollars, but all was no concern of his. My intention to remove the bar and rent all the house but two rooms upstairs, I mentioned to him; all he said to that was, I would miss the 3 cents and sixpences that came in at the bar, I said I did not care, I'd rather beg my bread from door to door than go on with the business when he could not control himself better than he did. I can't think of ever blaming the business, but the drinkers, and yet wanted them to drink so we could sell much. I could take the women's cups and bowls in the back part of the house, go through to get their drink, laughing to myself at the fools to spend what they needed so much, but if I did not take the money some one else would.

I felt like straightening up things somehow, and then got a man to take down the bar and counter, which he did nicely, laid it all on a pile outside the house, another man came along, saying: "What are you going to do with this?" Said I: "Burn it as soon as some one comes along to saw it, I will get it out of the way." He wanted to get it to use for a worse place

than ours, if it is possible to be. I claim there is no worse business, it may be a longer or shorter chain that drags to ruin, but every link has its place.

Here I think of a well educated, honorable young gentleman that came to our place at that time when we had just closed our business, from the Mexican war, I think I gave him the first glass of wine at my father's bar, when he came to our place. I shall never in this world forget his appearance as a gentleman of high degree. He went into business not far from our place on the canal, in a small town, got married to a worthy young lady, a brewer's daughter; the business was not what they expected, the country being too new, he kept a tavern, and in those days it meant a bar with it, and was doing well at the business. At a time later on my husband stopped at his tavern, as he was busy, he had not time to visit. In the short time Joss stayed he said, we will sleep together and talk in bed. They did, and my husband thought it awful that the landlord had to get up and go down into the bar to get something strong to drink to sleep on. Little did we think that the links in his chain were being one after another fastened on till he too had to do the same act. He gave up tavern-keeping and went back to the occupation he was

prepared for in the old country, a druggist. They had a little girl in poor health, and at a time when she was very sick the doctor and druggist, both under the influence of drink, gave her the wrong medicine and poisoned her that she died in a short time. His wife refused to live with him any longer; as her parents were dead, she had got what was coming to her of the estate, and her brother moving to Milwaukee, she came with him. Her husband enlisted in the Mexican war. She received letters from him, begging to be forgiven, that she need never be afraid of him drinking again. He was disabled when the war was about over and got his discharge, when he wrote he was coming to stay. She read the letter to me at our house, expressing her fears of him not being able to keep from getting drunk if she agreed to live with him again. It was the last time I saw her.

Her brother had died and sister-in-law married again to a distiller, she went there, quite a distance from us. She went out at bed time and did not come in, so they looked around the place, it not being built up at that time, but could find nothing of her; went to some friends who all were in search of her all night. At 3 in the morning she was found by an old out of the way shed that stood disused with some hogsheds

sunk in the ground, into which she had plunged herself and suffocated in 2 or 3 feet of slimy water. My husband said, when he reached the place in the morning, more than a dozen men stood around in the room of the distillery, drinking whiskey, where the full barrels were all around them, with the one so lately their friend lying on a board stripped of her rich outward garments, clothed in fine linen, which composed her underwear, said he could not have drank with those cannibals any more than he could have helped to eat her flesh. Then self-murderers were buried without ceremony in some obscure corner of the graveyard. The dray came with the coffin, she was placed in, and shut up and carried out on the dray, when a man came on horseback, holding up a letter, to convey the news of the death of her sister, the only one of the brewer's family thought alive was dead, the man was on his way and soon came to find his wife buried and that she arranged all, so he should not have the least of anything she had, and a small box of jewelry directed to her only sister was sent by the friends she made her home with, to the husband of her sister. This friend of ours, a young man yet, stopped not far from us, was in and out at our house, he was a pensioner suffering with a sore limb, till at last he said he

would go to his sister's to die; he drank very hard then, and fell in with a man that was a soldier in Italy and could entertain company, telling of his heroic deeds he did. They came to our house together, my uncle and husband went with them to the boat and saw them start. He had just received his pension money, which was all he had; the man with him was a butcher in Chicago; he said he left him on the boat when he landed at home, and though search was made, he was never heard of. So that was the length of that family chain in this world, when it began and how many links were welded together can never be known, not even to themselves, yet if they will get out of darkness into light, will see that to take or give the first glass is a link.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## FEARFUL CONSEQUENCES OF INTOXICATING DRINK.

We got comfortably settled in two rooms up stairs in our house, could rent all the rest, the man that stayed in the up stairs room stayed there for the Winter. Schirr, the butcher, took the bar-room for his meat market and part of the lower part to live in, another man got the back part. I thought both the butcher and my man would go to work with their machine, as there was plenty to do. Mrs. Schirr and her oldest boys could tend to the meat market; but it appeared nothing could be done for some reason, yet I had not the trouble with drunkards, though plenty all around us. I had always been among drinkers, and did not think we had any too much of the effects about us. I will mention some of the fruits of drunken men. I will begin out at the lake.

An old couple in a shanty on the lake shore had two sons, young men; one of them was drunk, fell off the pier and was drowned. From another shanty right there the man went to work, his wife got his breakfast early every morning,



when he was gone she would let her two children sleep and meet at a woman's grog-shop, opposite us. One morning a fire alarm was heard, the shanty was all in a blaze, after it was pulled apart and the fire subdued, there were the roasted children, while the mother was with her company, smoking her pipe and taking her grog. And at that corner in the front of a two-story house lived a man who kept a grocery and sold drink only by the pint and quart to carry away. Up stairs lived another man and wife, he was a drunkard. I never saw her drunk; and in the back part of the house, a one-story room, lived the wife of the man in the front part of the house. They had a fight and parted, she took the back part and kept shop for women to get drink; there is where the woman was while her children were burned in the shanty, and the woman that lived there her child had the measles. I went in to see it, asked what they did for it. The mother said, they gave it morphine and brandy and kept it warm. It was asleep. In a short time I went over again, the house was all rid up, the cradle stood upon the settee-bed. The child's lips were parched. I said, as many women were sitting around, don't you think its lips should be wet with something? They said, not unless the priest was there and put a wafer under

its tongue, it needed nothing more. The child died, and they had a great funeral.

But while we were yet in the tavern there was a fuss between two men, the one up stairs, the other next door. It was something about what the priest had said. The woman up stairs said, her man should not fight; some one said, he could whip the other; she said, she knew he could. But they were drunk. She set the time at 8 o'clock. Our breakfast was ready, the bell rang, no one came; we went in the bar-room, no one was there; but looking over the street, a high board fence was put up, men and women looking through where they could. Presently a man covered with blood was carried into his house next to the yard, and the woman that set the time came down to the store with a bowl for whiskey to wash him off with. She said, one of our men that was inside said, "Wasn't she a little hero?" She stuck by the seconds and when the other could not rise she patted her man's bloody shoulders and took the shawl off her, put it around him, saying, "I was sure you could whip him, you are my Martin yet," and they went up stairs the back way. But some time afterward she was on a drunk, and he and she fell out. She screamed "murder!" out of the window. Some of them meddled. I can only say, a great crowd

gathered and the constables could do nothing, they got the priest, he stood up on something in the street and called the attention of his countrymen, and they listened to a few words we could not understand from our house, but all became silent, and the next day she had her teeth knocked out like the man he whipped. She put him to jail, sold all she had and went to Chicago. In a while thereafter she wrote to Joss to have him go to the jail and ask if he wanted her to take him out; he did, and she came, having pledged a silver comb set with stones and other articles to get money. She came again to have Joss write to the pawnbroker, for neither she nor Morris could write, and he worked for Joss sometimes. We got away from them to another part of the city. Duffy was laid up for a while.

At the corner below us was a family with many children, the man died, not long after she married a grocery-keeper on Water street; he moved up to her house. Duffy's wife died, he had some children, may be only one or two, but she took them; her man died very suddenly, the funeral was to be and many gathered to it, as it was Sunday, and so many of them as had horses to cart and dray could and did go to the funeral. They had a lively wake at that place. Passing by I saw in the room candles burning around the

corpse with a curtain on the wall looped up with white ribbon, as much as I could see passing the door; it was, as some said, grand, but they were stopped by the alderman and the coroner, and the people had to go home, as the priest said he would have nothing to do with it, and the people better go home; they thought she had poisoned him, or he must have taken it himself.

Meanwhile there was an alarm at Ryan's corner. He, Ryan, was found speechless and awfully burned, having fallen on the stove when red hot, and died soon, as it was very hot at the time, found with face and hands burned badly, his wife was brought from a drinking place, she knew nothing of it; he must have heated the stove himself, she said, but she tried once when we lived there to do the same thing. The coroner came with the alderman, and both men were buried in the morning without any ceremony at all that I know of. Duffy then married Mrs. Peters,—the woman they thought poisoned her man—and they kept on with the grocery, and more things happened, but enough of them.

There was a family Malony, the father of Mrs. Curtin, who with her mother would get drunk. Malony was not much at home, went off somewhere to work. Curtin, a drayman and one of

Father Mathew's Temperance men, would die rather than take strong drink ; they had a baby eight months old. The man left her, went to Buffalo, the old and young woman went to what was called the Irish hodowns. I was told by a girl that was working for the people in the next room, that the woman was sick and both slept in one bed, on one side of the board partition, while they did hear the other two come home late at night, could hear the baby put down as if letting it drop, then they tumbled over bed, mother and grandmother, and a strange noise of the child was heard, as the bed was tight against the partition. But all was quiet till about 10 o'clock in the morning, when the child was discovered to be dead. That fuss I know, and that Mr. Curtin was sent for, the child was buried, and just above us on our side of the street they built a nice little house, and she was a nice house-keeper, got along well, but she drank again. They had a little girl, one evening Curtin went to his brother's at supper time, said he could not stay, but wanted him to see that his child got her own, as he was going off, and Malony had \$40 of him, he had nothing to show for it, he should get a note. His brother swore at him for going, said he would not stay anyhow. The hired man at the table did not like his looks,

went out, saw him go toward the lake, when he got on the pier he ran the main, went as near as he could, not to be detected, and at once jumped off into the lake.

I could go on all night, but one or perhaps two more. A very nice, respectable family came from Canada and stopped with us, the man an Englishman, the woman Irish. They had two nice girls, eight and ten years old, and a little boy one year. The boat landed before day-break, they made their beds on the floor and went to bed. I was told, so many were there, that I went to the kitchen to help the breakfast on, then back to the dining room, when a nice looking woman came in and offered me a pair of shoes at a very low price. I did not take them, it is such a common thing among such people to sell what they need to get drink, which I always disliked and would not begin, but perhaps did not want to be bothered with them. I am glad I never took anything from them except the pay for what they got, would rather give it to them if they were feeling too bad. At the breakfast table I was surprised to find this woman with her family, they all looked so genteel and I thought surely she did not want to get drink for it. She was away a while, came back and lay down, saying she was sick. She sent the little

girl for something, she took it, then got right down on the floor by the settee and rested her head on it and slept. When she awoke she asked the girl what she did with the change. She said she gave it to her. When she got up, she took the child, pressed her down on a chest in a way that must have hurt her. I heard her cry out, "I'll show you to keep my money," and hearing the children cry I ran in and took the child, but she would have taken her again had I not asked for help, which I got.

There were some new immigrants from Ireland, they thought they dare not meddle, and one woman told me about the money. We used to cover the floor in the morning with sand from the lake shore and sweep it clean in the evening for the beds to be put down. The change had been dropped by her at the settee, which I found at the place, and told her I wanted order and must have it, and went about my work. At dinner the man had come and he got them all to the table. She would have the baby on her lap, let him fall, and the poor man had a time of it. Think it would do many men good if they had to deal with drunken women. He got a house not far from us and moved in. He had a situation in a large shoe shop, but she found company plenty and drank all the time. One day they

asked me to come down. I went, found her in bed unconscious of anything, just snored herself away into eternity. The man told me they had a comfortable home in Canada, which he left to get away from drinking women, as she had not drank till she got among them, and there it was the same, and he tried everything and took up to the house a lot of shoes for her to bind, as they were very throng and in a hurry. He thought to take her from drink; but she did not touch them. So one morning he scolded her and went to work. She sent the girl for a pint of whiskey and a sixpence worth of laudanum, which she took, and it nearly killed her.

Near that house stood an old house, where both men and women drank. The women had some wash for some one, had to iron it, sent her boy around the corner to a grog-shop to call his father to get the wood to heat her irons with. The boy came home, told his mother what his father said, for her to come and see so and so, who were there; she did, and they all had a good time till late. When they got home the two children were in bed. On Monday at court they testified that their parents came home in good humor, sang and danced, and mother stepped in some of the bad places in the hearth of the fire-place, fell and was quiet, they thought asleep,



father spoke to her, but she said nothing. He too laid down and they all slept until late next morning, and when the children got up they saw something wrong and told it to some one. They went for the alderman, they had no police then; aldermen and constable and coroner, were all we knew of, and they were most always at work. However, the woman with her neck broke and the man dead drunk were both taken to the jail.

But to finish with the first shanty on the lake shore. The man that kept the York House was an alderman, it was next to our house; besides many other bad things he left his wife with six children and run away with his wife's sister, stayed six weeks and came back to his family. I often was called by some of the children who thought she was dying, when she had drunken fits; the only son left the old people on the lake shore, was on a spree with some fellows; this York House man was one. When they were carousing they fought and the son of the old people was killed. He had money, it was thought about twenty dollars. No one bothered much at the cry of murder or a row in those days; the fuss was heard, but nothing said of it till next morning the tracks of blood were seen and followed right to the York House wagon that was also bloody, himself was asleep, yet

when they arrested him at the place where the row was, the woman was up early, killed a lot of chickens, left them flutter around the house to make things look as if all was of the chickens, but they were all three landed in jail, and I can't say what was done with them. As for the body, it was cut up, the pieces put in a coffee sack with river stones and sunk in the river at the foot of Huron street.

I must stop with this; not because I could not write more. To let my mind run back these pictures stand like the figures on the wall-paper before me, look to be standing out from a plain back-ground by the light of my lamp.

Could I bring to blend together  
All desires and thoughts and deeds,  
My one desire that naught can sever,  
Till we gather in the sheaves.

Then we shall see in the light  
The object of God's great decree,  
That wonderful and holy rite,  
Which here remains a mystery.

Yet through the hope we have in Jesus,  
We look beyond this mortal shrine.  
The cross stands forth, the blood it frees us,  
The truth bursts forth in love divine.

## CHAPTER IX.

## AT THE BRINK OF DEATH.

Our stone mason up stairs and a drayman were good friends, we were all well acquainted with him, he often came to our house evenings to sit with his friend, and no doubt he hauled baskets of champaign where he could manage to get a bottle once in a while and came with it. I don't know that I would have cared about the treat of the wine, but he liked to play cards only for pastime, but we nor my father ever allowed anything the law did not allow, and it troubled me then, though only the men in the house and the work-women in the house thought I was wrong, it was better to keep them home than to have them to go away. After taking it to God in prayer I thought of a hymn father Joss had his children sing just before he died. I got the book, opened it at the place where it was, slipped in at the open door, just across the hall from ours, stood looking on unobserved behind Joss, and just as he trumped a card I turned the book upside down before him, saying, there, trump at that; he picked it up, and as soon as he looked

at it he was done playing cards for that night. I never thought he even knew anything about playing, and thought it must have been carried on while I was in Ohio, but did not want my children to see it at all, and thank God I never had to contend with that again; the Lord helped me.

My uncle by that time had started up in the jewelry and watch-making business, and the one that traveled came home occasionally, had again been there and told him that stayed there to get money from a watchmaker that owed him, and repair some fences on a farm he had near the city. Uncle got a German with a wagon and some four or five other Germans to go with them; when they got down to Walker's Point they stopped at the hotel, no doubt spread all night, the next day they came in again. Uncle came and asked Joss for some money; he said he was robbed at the hotel. When he first came to Milwaukee he gave us one hundred dollars in gold, as he did not want to drag it around with him. He boarded and not telling how much he drank; had Joss kept a strict account it would have long been taken out, or it should have been paid, but at the time uncle left us he counted up as he thought, as neither had an account, but fifty dollars he paid for board and Joss gave him a

note for fifty dollars. It had been that way a long time, no one bothered, and there was no need, it could have been settled. For some reason, I think it was drink. Joss was not an affectionate and loving husband and father; but he had never been cross if nothing was there to cross him, but careless, not caring to please or displease, nor caring to do anything; and so it was with the note, the only one, of fifty dollars. I told him he should get the money for him, but got no satisfaction. Uncle came again, it was no better with him, only between speers. Uncle worked and tended to business, and soon made it count, but had lost his brother's money and would not acknowledge it to the business men for them to tell his brother, but said, I can get all I need for the note. He took it to a shaver, gave the note as security for so many days, if he did not pay it he could collect it of Joss. The time passed, nothing was done and the shaver had a card put on the door, "For Sale." I did not understand it and don't know if any did, as it was not a State, but Joss tore it off and that caused a law suit, and all that could be got that was standing out was spent. The lawyer said, the only way would be for me to sign a paper; they had to assign it over to the man that we bought it of, to appear as though we never had paid for

it. The friend whose wife was drowned was there then, but he too was not sober any time, but urged me to sign it. I asked Joss's cousin what to do. He said, let it go, for go it will as soon as you sign it, but nothing will ever straighten John, but to have nothing at all. These cousins were odd from any of our people, they got among Americans and got American wives that were Methodists. I liked them, but thought their ways not the kind to enjoy and get along in life, though they did get along. The fact was, we were wrong. I signed the paper, and before long the man, whom the paper was assigned to, came and notified the people to pay him the rent, but we need not pay and could stay till May. When Joss came home I told him. He said, he was not going to stay in Cop's house, for God's sake, but we would find another, and he got a pint of whiskey in a bottle, when it was half empty I put it away. In the morning early he would go out to the lake spring for water, and I suppose stop for bitters somewhere, as he was generally gone till I had breakfast, when the morning paper came he would read it, then go away till three o'clock; as we had supper at four we did not get dinner. After supper he would lie down and sleep till seven or eight, then go out till late in the even-

ing. So I told him I had tried everything to have him attend to his business and not drink so much, he knew he could not stand it, he always was subject to bilious spells, and now I was going to try my neighbor's plan and drink too, then may be I could be satisfied and I was going to drink the whiskey in the bottle he left, and said, may be that would be the better way. He lay down, I got the boys in bed, expected to be sick, took as much as I could at once, finished undressing myself and took the rest of the half pint and went to bed. He was lying across the foot of the bed, but got up, went down stairs and came up with Mrs. Schirr. I was talking to the boys telling them I was sick and may be would die, if I did they must be good boys; but I don't know if they heard me or not. I remember of Joss speaking to Schirr, as they were both up, he said, she is just like her uncle Ernst. I guess he meant in talking so much; when I awoke in the morning, breakfast was over and the two boys were at school, only the little one was there, but Joss was reading the paper. When he noticed me awake he came in the bed room and asked me how I felt. I said, I guess like all other drinkers, want my bitters and I'll feel better.

He said, "what will you have?" I said, "anything you got!" He said, "I have whiskey and

brandy both, because I did not know what you would want!" He went and brought something, I don't remember what, but when I saw the glass it was enough for me. I could not take a drop, he urged me to try, I would feel better, but it was of no use; he said he was just going to treat me as I should treat him, and there would be no trouble. When he turned and went into the other door he smiled, and I thought I had taken the wrong way for it, to take so much at once. When he saw I was well he lit his cigar and went down, I got up and did my work. As it was a rule with us not to bring up any old thing I don't think it was ever mentioned again between us. He said, there are always new things enough to talk about. I am sure it saved us many a dispute, but it is sometimes profitable to talk of the past, in order to improve the future, but it was not for me to know just what was best for me to do, or I should never have stood up for the social glass, and many times stood still, as it were, nervously waiting, but obliged to do whatever my hands found to do diligent in business, as I well knew how I was serving the Lord, and bless the Lord, I got to see His salvation from sin, before I was saved from the cares and bustle of life, for which I can praise Him now. I was not walking in the light then, but



the light had not become darkness, I never had it, or what might have been done in making friends in the unrighteous mammon, by God's grace to the salvation of precious souls; but mid all my unworthiness I was kept and led on, and so will He lead you, sinner, and save you if you will come and let Him do it for you, as the saying is. It is like pulling teeth for me to go back in my mind to behold all those things again, that stand forth in more vivid reality, than they did when I was practically engaged in them, and what I want to do, God helping me, is to prove the assertion of that. If we could see what we have to go through with, from the beginning, we would despair. I find it not so, but glory in affliction that led me to my Saviour, finding Him a present help in time of need, glad to rehearse forever what He has done for me and mine, who I hope will be closer drawn to Him thereby.

All went on quietly after the property was gone, after I had settled card playing and got drunk myself. I had baked a lot of mince pies. Schirrs and we had bought a barrel of apples, which we picked out and used up the speckled ones. One Sunday cousin Margaret Joss was there, Joss and Schirr were across the street at a tavern kept by a Jew, who had married a very pretty German Christian girl, but she had been

used to working more out doors than in, and when they got a number of strangers from the boats she would come over to us to get anything she could that she needed, and was welcome to it, till she talked to the men about my extravagance in preparing so much ahead for people, that she did not do so. So I just told her that I had no one to depend upon to help me out if I was not prepared for the people I had to wait on. She came no more that day. Schirr said he must go home to eat mince pie; the Jew said he would like to eat some too, but his wife could not make any. Joss said he would go and get him one; came in and asked for one. I told him, if he took it over to the Jews I would throw one at him out of the window. He said to cousin: "Auntie, it is a shame that I can't have control over one pie when I don't eat mince pies at all." All right, said I, I'll give you one, but as sure as it goes over there you will see. He went down stairs, but did not go out of the front nor side door. So I went down stairs and to their room door, which was far enough open for me to see the Jew eating pie. I thought it was mince, went up again and threw one down stairs as near to their door as possible. Joss came up, was angry, but did not say much, only told cousin he did not know how I was

getting to be to do such things as I did. I said, birds of a feather flock together, and justified myself in doing what I did. He went off, and all three men walked over the street together, and no doubt it pleased the woman more to tell of such an act than with a dozen pies brought in to her. Cousin said so, and I believe it; but all the excuse I had was that I was mad at her and could not control my temper when tried too hard.

In a little while thereafter Mrs. Schirr had some wormwood from Ohio, which she gave to Joss; he put it in the bottle where he had the whiskey in. I asked him what it was; for he said it was good for many things, that he would pour whiskey on it for a tonic in sickness. I told him he knew that I was going to drink all the strong drink that came into the house. He had the bottle filled, and as usual, when the morning paper was looked over he went his way, came home again in time for early supper, after which, as was his habit, he lay down to take his sleep, after that he usually went out. When time I got the boys to bed, it was a solemn time to me, as I hardly expected to see them again, not knowing what effect so much whiskey and the herbs in it would have on me; but I had said I would drink what was brought in, if it killed me.

The man in the tavern who was boarding with us and who we believed was one of a counterfeiting band, kept and left a small basket with medicine in, which we destroyed, except a lump of opium, which I learned was good to put in brandy to make laudanum. When all were asleep I wrote a note, telling Joss my intention to drink the whiskey of the wormwood, and had the opium yet out of the basket that Kempf left, knowing that would frighten them, as a woman near us not long before had killed herself with a pint of whiskey and six cents worth of laudanum; but it was not my intention to take it, though they thought I did. I asked him, if he would promise to be more diligent in his business, and that we had nothing any more to live, but for his family. He said, "I make no promise and I will have none to break, you do as you think best." I looked at my children, and weeping thought, oh had we only sank in the lake when I prayed we would, and then breathed a silent prayer for their protection, should it be God's will to take me from them in effort of sacrificing my life for the good of them, believing their father would again take the interest in them that he once did, and it would be their gain. And to-day how glad I am that the Lord enters our hearts with groanings that cannot be uttered,

for I can only groan under the weight of His mercies that endure forever. I went into the other room, began to drink as much as I could while undressing. Joss had risen from the bed and went down stairs; by the time I was ready to go to bed I had swallowed the whole, at least a pint. I went to bed, but it was the last of me for that night. When I awoke in the morning it was late, the two boys were at school, the little one asleep, may be had been up, as they had a time of some kind, as I could see when I woke up. Joss lay on the top of the bed, looking right at me, likely to see me stop breathing. He arose without saying a word, went down, Mrs. Schirr came up and asked me how I was. I don't know of saying anything, till she said she never would have thought that I would act so. Seeing the stand by the bed, with powder papers and oil, and the condition of things in general, I supposed they had a doctor there, so I said to her, what did you bother with me for? She asked me, where I thought I would be if they had left me alone? I said, not in a worse place than that, for I did not believe the flames of hell were worse than the flames of whiskey. She shamed me, and said, if her man did not drink more than mine, she would not say a word.

I got up again and soon as I could put things

in order about the house. When the boys came from school, they were glad to see me up, said they thought I was dying in the night, that the doctor worked with me a long while. But Joss never came near till supper time, and as before, it was never mentioned among us, nor did the children know the cause of my being sick.

Things took a turn, for we moved in a hurry into a small house on the hill in a private part of the town, where Joss was to make a well that had to be dug, which he had never done. He got some Irish well-diggers to work, and it did not take very long to finish it, and the profit paid six months' rent. I could get sewing to do from the German landladies who always had plenty to do to attend to their husbands' business as well as their own, as I often said, their men like mine were gentlemen loafers. So I could earn enough to get sufficient to eat generally, and that was all we really needed, having the rent paid in advance. We had not been there long till twice I fell with spasms, perhaps the effect of getting drunk. I was very nervous for a long time, but never real sick. Joss was at work on an artesian well, three miles from where we lived. I would get his breakfast at 5 in the morning, pack his dinner, which he took with him, it never concerned him where it came from, no more than it

did when all was full and plenty with us; yet I was satisfied, hoping there was something better in store for us, and certainly something would come in when the job was finished. It took three months to finish it, but it was a success, it was one hundred and thirty-two feet deep, mostly through rock, got a running stream which furnished water for the steam boiler at the foundry and watering trough. He immediately contracted with the town for six hundred dollars worth of work. I asked if he had made anything? He said, nothing but the credit he got for it, and the prospects of plenty to do, said what they did make Schirr had to have, or how would his big family live? Yet I was comparatively at ease compared with the life on Huron street.

## CHAPTER X.

## HELP IN TIME OF NEED.

I cannot think of ever being in great trouble about things that could not be helped, as I have seen people to be; but I had tried to force things to be as I thought they should be, in my selfish way, but could not have anything, to suit me financially, all went wrong. When I left Huron street I thought I had tried everything and though poor I was much more comfortable and at ease, although I had to earn our daily bread than in the public house, being drove to duty, as I thought, day and night, by the press of business; nevertheless I made up my mind to try to encourage by my fidelity, as Joss never concerned himself any more about family wants when we had nothing as when we had plenty, nor was I ever used to it at home, but were well provided for, always had it to use. I don't know what my mother would have done at providing, but for me; it was easier than to fuss about it, often to no purpose, and I could get sewing to do at all times in Milwaukee, to afford us daily bread, our rent was paid there, and Joss never asked or knew



how we got along. I was often in a strait to know what to do for the time, but there was always a way to get through. At one time the boys found a silver spoon. I thought by the shape of it, the Germans used such to dish out with at the table. It had been blackened by fire. I told them to see if it was silver. They went to a jeweler and got a good price for it, it being solid silver. I don't remember how much, but we got groceries and provisions for it to supply us till I could get some work finished that I had on hand. At another time I sent the boys with a note and six towels to the bakery near where we lived in Huron street. They got the basket filled, and a kettle they had for molasses was filled. I was thankful. But in the afternoon the lady came to see me, and told me she was glad to send anything they had in their business I needed, and returned the towels. One morning, as usual, Joss had his breakfast early and went with his dinner basket. When the two boys got up there was enough for them; they went to school. I had some work on hand, nearly finished, thinking to have it finished by the time my little boy would waken, then he and I would take a walk to deliver the work, get the pay and for him something to eat. But his sleep did not last long enough. I told him how we

would do, if he was good so I could work. He ran around a while and then came in; I was not ready, but having two things to hurry him, the walk and something to eat, he became impatient and cried. I took him on my lap and cried too, asking silently for our daily bread. It came. A neighbor woman came in and asked me to excuse her, she had nice pieces of bread and butter, as her sons had been bringing so much home these few days in their dinner baskets, and thought it a pity to waste it, may be I could use it for the children. I thanked her, asked her to be seated, but she was in a hurry and said she would come again. While the dear little fellow was enjoying his bread and butter, my heart was filled with praise to God and gratitude to the dear woman whom I recognized as soon as I saw her as one that used to come to our house to drink something strong, when she got pain in her stomach. She had a nice brick-house, two sons working in a foundry, partly their own, left to them by their father; then two daughters, school-girls, almost young ladies. She had money, but dare not have it in her hands.

I was told by the other side neighbors, when I saw a pair of pillow cases on their clothes-horse and said they looked like a pair once brought to me to trade for whiskey: They said they knew

who it was, and wanted to see them. I told them I did not take them, as I had no time to spend with such women, they often came with something to trade off. They were both English families and very respectable people, but they all drank beer, it was brought by the keg to their houses, but was not enough for the widow woman, she would spree on strong drink. I saw her brought home on a dray, elegantly dressed and dead drunk; then I told them she was the woman that brought the pillow cases to trade off, and they told me her circumstances.

'Tis awful to see a family  
In such baneful disgrace,  
The streaming eye and crimson hue,  
That colors each young face.

When the milk woman came I always got what was left of her milk, as from there she went on home. That day she had more than usual, and a calico dress to make. I did her sewing, it seemed our wants were always supplied, and when need was greatest, God appeared often the nearest. That day we were well supplied and I could send my work home with the boys in the evening. I worked all week for others, if possible got my work out so as to wash Saturday afternoon, hang it up in the morning early, then do the work in the house and get the boys off to

Sunday-school, which they always attended, one and sometimes two on one Sunday.

The Joss cousins called once, and asked me if I could take time to die. I said yes. Then are you prepared? Yes, was my answer, for God is no tyrant that He requires more than I can render unto Him. I went about my work, left them with Joss, I had tried to force things and could not make anything go to suit me, and then was going to try to encourage by my fidelity. This like other things I must stop in the midst of the many things that stir up my memory as well as pains my heart, not at all because of what I did endure, but of what I did not endure, more patiently, believing in all my ignorance I could have been the means to elevate, seeing many lost opportunities. I felt sure I had done all in my power, for the best, praying God to look with compassion upon us as sinners, especially my dear husband, who carried such innocent amusements, as I used to be very fond of, to extremes, so as to destroy the joy of social life and all God-given privileges, by immoral use of them, running to excess the habit of indulging in too much strong drink, when he knew it would be his ruin. Many times when he came in, laid down and be fast asleep soon as his head rested, I have bowed in prayer to God

to stem the tide of destruction, not thinking that I in my self-righteousness needed the power of God unto salvation, or that I must have wisdom from on high to discern the spirit that actuated me, for while in the bonds of iniquity and nature's darkness, I could not comprehend the things that pertain to our peace, joy and happiness here and hereafter.

One of the Irish well-diggers came to our house and said, he was going to move to Watertown and would like to sell his furniture with his shanty, to get something worth moving, and wanted us to send some German that could pay the money down. I said to Joss, he should trade our furniture for his shanty and all ; he said, would you live in such a place? I said yes, any place to save paying rent. He went and came back, saying, it is little better than a pig pen. I said, no matter, if they can live in it, so can we. He made the trade, our six months being about up. We moved, Joss first plastered it inside with mortar made of clay ground and straw mixed, then papered it, and we were quite comfortable in it that Winter. It was there when our second daughter was born.

One day as I was going to wash and dress the child, her father was holding her till I got ready. I said, she is the poorest child we ever had, her

clothes look as if made up of rags. He looked at her seriously. I said, hand her to me. He kissed her and went out. When ready I put her to sleep, cleared up the house, sat down to work, and before long Joss came in, laid some papers on the table and went again. Curiosity made me look at them. The little book said, Constitution and By-laws, then another paper which I thought was a pledge, for I never saw one. I don't think I even felt favored, and never said anything to him about it. Not long after, some ladies came to see if I would not sign the pledge, to encourage my husband to keep his. I said, it was not necessary for me, as I did not get drunk; and I hardly think I treated them civilly. They went, leaving me some tracts. I read them and thought, that's just the way with drunkards. But a verse in one of them was never forgotten, yet I never felt guilty, till my husband was found dead on the prairie, when it came with wonderful force, and even then I thought of others older than he that were by that time awful drunkards, and were called sober men when with him they took the social glass together. The verse was :

A thousand curses on his head,  
Who gave me first the poisonous bowl,  
Caused me the cursed bane to drink,  
Drink death and ruin to my soul.

But there was soon a great change in Joss, the machine was improved and the work for the city commenced, orders on stores were brought in, and we were a happy family, all doing all we could to make it so, and seemingly without strife.

The political campaign commenced. Joss said, as the temperance people were not generally democrats, and thought if it would not be profitable to his business, he best withdraw. I said nothing against and nothing for the cause, because I was not in sympathy with it, and could not encourage it.

I told him I feared, and if he drank again it would be harder than ever, as he was like myself; but he said, he did not need a bit in his mouth or yoke on his neck, he would not drink. After he was free again, we were going to have apple-dumplings for dinner, we were all fond of them, I had all ready to drop them into the boiling water, when Joss came in. The boys came, I was afraid, for he was always regularly on time when sober. So I gave the boys a piece, and told them we would have them for supper. When they came home I sent them somewhere, while they were gone, Joss came. I put my dumplings in the pot to boil, he went out, the boys came. I said, father was here and is gone again,

but we would have supper. We did so, they played around a while, then the youngest went to bed, the other two got their lessons and then went also to bed. When all were asleep I went out to the privy and found the door shut and fastened, I said to myself, he is here! I got the axe to open the door, he spoke, saying, don't do that. I said, then open the door or I will; he did. He was lying on the floor, said, I should go to bed, he would be in, that he was sick. I said, so much the worse, asked him what he would do if I were there sick; he said, he would carry me in. But I can't do that, I said, I must stay with you. He told me he took a glass of beer, and there must have been something in it to sicken him so, and if I would never mention it, he would come in. So he went to bed, nothing was said about that, the beginning of worse times than any. I had a young baby to care for and could not get around, as before. yet we never suffered, I often was sad and blamed myself for so much, that was not right, longed to cling closer to the cross by patiently waiting till the Lord should change it as He knew best. Often I beheld the sun rise, that brought to mind a verse I knew:

Thou glorious orb, supremely bright,  
Just rising from the sea,



To cheer all nature with thy light,  
What are thy beams to me ?

In vain thy glories bid me rise,  
To hail the new-born day ;  
Alas ! my morning sacrifice  
Is still to weep and pray.

For what are nature's charms combined,  
To one, whose weary breast  
Can neither peace nor comfort find,  
Nor friend whereon to rest.

Oh never, never, while I live,  
Can my heart's anguish cease.  
Come, friendly death, thy mandate give,  
And let me be at peace.

It was little of the pay for any of his work I saw, they were always improving the machine, at last they thought it perfected, and would try their luck in Chicago, and if they succeeded in getting one well, they would have it patented, which would be worth twenty thousand dollars, then I should go to Weinsberg to spend the Summer, till he knew where he would settle. I got a letter that they were lucky in making a spring well. I wrote this home, not thinking of them sending for me, but was soon surprised by my brother coming in with Joss, whom he met, I believe on the boat. Brother wanted me to go along with him ; I was not ready, but he

urged me, saying, he would take the boys to a clothing store and get ready-made what they needed. I think we started the same day.

If I had gone by myself I would have sold our home with the things, taken the money to go with, which was hard for me to leave, not knowing what would be done with it, knowing Joss would not bother with it, but they said they wanted me to take charge of the mattress shop, which I did when there. The trip was no doubt expensive, as we took cabin passage and stopped in Chicago and Detroit at Johnson's Hotel, where we, brother and I, went to the table, but the children were served by the waiters in our room. I had made the trip more than once with my children, so that it could not have been on my account that brother came, and we never landed in Detroit, but he must have had business there to stop, no mistake. Our trip was a grand affair, it is true, must have been expensive, and one like me taken out of a shanty, living in poverty, such a change could hardly be appreciated and perhaps never valued at its worth. God bless the donors of all that expense, bestowed upon unworthy me. We got to Weinsberg, and soon were set up at house-keeping, as I got everything new, except the stove was out of the glue shop. Father had furniture to sell, I got what I

had all new, and soon was to work. Father arranged a book for me to keep a strict account of work done and what I got, I had the book a long while, had it back again to Ohio, and though I was glad to have a strict account when I left for home again, was glad since to know how things stood with us, except the traveling expenses, I am sure I paid for what I had, and was paid for my work, which amounted to one hundred and four dollars.

No doubt father could have got some one to run the shop perhaps better than I could, but I am sure I stated things as they were when I wrote to them, and think it must have been parental affection that caused them to have me brought to them for employment, because we did not prosper financially, which caused their care and anxiety, and as for my short stay of fifteen months, I can answer to God, with the exception of presents made to us, and compliments not returned, I owe no man save love.

In a letter from Joss I learned that the cholera was raging in Chicago, and they did not return soon. Meanwhile a fire broke out and destroyed part of their machine, and what remained they brought to Milwaukee to repair. It was not from a sense of the wickedness I quit the business, but rather a selfish motive. If it would

have been gain to us it would have been all right in my sight and that of my parents and friends. I heard a man say, it is not till a man turns his back on drink that he does see what a fool he makes of himself by using it. So it was with me; and why should I murmur because we could not succeed in that which eventually must have proved our ruin? Hope has been a grand companion of mine, and never has disappeared entirely, though often been frustrated as in this case, looking forward to the time we should settle, then I thought to have something to move. But the word came that a pole of the machine had fallen on Joss' back, a friend who boarded at the same place, wrote that he could not move, hoped it was not so bad as they feared. If I had been able I would have gone right to him, but it was impossible. The friend waited on him and wrote several letters to me, stating that he was slowly getting better; but I was planning how to get off, and thought of a lottery on my furniture. I settled with father, had something coming to me, which I relied upon before I got away. When I told father, he said I was foolish, he was angry when they had brought me there. It was then that I thought most of my poor home I left, for which I could have got enough to pay my expenses of going to Weinsberg, and

I would feel more free; but that did not keep me, my husband's folks did not want me to go; my husband's brother said I should stay, that John had his same careless head on him that he always had, and would not send the money he said he would, when he wrote he had bought a house and wanted us to come as soon as possible. His brother said, while he could bend his arm for his own family, we should not want; but I said, I will go. Well, said he, since you are determined and have packed up, here are the fifteen dollars you say it will take; then he gave each boy two dollars, making six more, and we were not long bidding them good-bye.

A friend took us to the canal, as my father said he would not help us off. I said nothing to him about taking us. We got safe to Milwaukee, went to where Joss was boarding and found him sitting by the window in the bar-room, reading the paper; we went into the side door to the sitting-room, he was called, was glad to see us, others interested came in to ask about their old home and friends. Next morning after breakfast we got our baggage from the store-house and went to the house Joss had got for us; it was cleaned and furnished, so that with what we had we were soon comfortably settled in our own home again. Joss being hurt showed on him,

and he was not yet able to attend to his work. But before long they undertook a job at the American House, when we got orders on a store every week.

A circus came along, stopped at the hotel, Joss got tickets for us all to go; I said he could have got something more useful for the money. He asked me if I begrudged the children the pleasure, saying it is just like the Smiths, if they only all had money enough to eat it. It's a German expression, with more to it. I said nothing more, seeing he had been drinking freely, but took the children to the show, and had so many shows in my mind of people there that needed their money for necessary purposes, that I never went to another show of any kind, not even an exhibition in the church to raise money, as I find one command, that is to ask, and since I have learned to do that believingly, I never want for any good thing, but get daily the desire of my heart, for my will is the will of Him that taught us to say, "Thy will be done."

When I went back to Milwaukee I made up my mind to take things as they came from the hand of our loving Father, which made it easy to bear, believing all things work for good, and got along as best I could.

I often traded dishes off for provisions to my

poor but more favored neighbors, who got orders from their husbands and sons that worked in the axe factory not far, and a tannery, as well as others that were to an extent in uncomfortable homes and worse off than I ; but the women did not try, they generally said they did the best they could with what they had to do with. They often came to me, but I had no time to spare to go only where I had business of some kind.

I had bought of the Omish people woolen rags when I was in Weinsberg, for carpet rags; among them were many skirts of overcoats that were very heavy cloth; the lighter kind I used for lining, the tannery near us furnished me with a kind of leather, such as they use for inside soles, Joss made me several shoe-lasts, and I had good home-spun linen thread, so I made a lot of cloth slippers that sold well, and the boys peddled them out among the poor people, which was a great help to us.

Here where virtue seems to perish,  
And vice with fortune seems to smile :  
What hope is there for life to cherish,  
Where all around seems vain and vile ?

## CHAPTER XI.

## AT A METHODIST TESTIMONY MEETING.

One afternoon Joss came home and asked, why we had such a cold house. I told him to try to split some of the chunks of wood ; he said, they would go into the stove. I said, they would not. He went out, got one in, took the top of the front, slapped it down in the stove, it opened the end door, he kicked it shut, broke a piece off and bursted the front doors open. He kicked them all to pieces, then laid down and was soon asleep. The house was getting colder, when the boys came home I could not hide that, and told them how it went, they had better eat and we go to bed, which we did, as we could not stay up for cold. Joss went to bed too, I was very sick that night, but had to just bear it, praying for grace, which I must have got.

When Joss got awake before day, he wanted to make fire, the condition of the stove must have reminded him of the day before, he went to work, took wire, bound the stove doors fast to the stove, as we could make fire by taking off the lids, which he did by splitting splinters split



off the chunks of wood, then split up the chunks, so we had a pile of wood. I was sick in bed part of the day; he was home and did all he could for my comfort, but I don't think I was sick long, as I don't remember much about it, only after any such thing happening he would say, it is too bad, and have some reason for getting too much.

One time at the table our youngest child, a little girl about eighteen or twenty months old, sat by him on a high chair, she wanted coffee, I said she should wait a little, I was busy; he offered her some of his, she would not have it, because he used no sugar. I don't know if he knew that was the reason, or if he thought she would not drink out of his cup. He got up, took her off the chair, and pitched her into the other room. I ran and picked her up, when he told me to put her down, he would tend to her. I held her and told him he was a ruffian and should not dare to touch her, and no telling what I said, but don't mind of much afterwards, think he went away. Strange to say, the child was not hurt much.

At a time George, the oldest boy, had a magnifying glass and one of Louis Schirr's boys had a ring, he showed it to George; he was going to take it to look at it, when the boy said, you will keep it. George said, here, take this, if I do, you keep this. All at once his father took

George, pushed him against the door, saying, I'll teach you to trade with boys ; the blood ran down and the glass which was broken, had cut his hand ; he did not like me to meddle, but I did, and am not sure I did not say more than I should have said. I think the two times were the only times anything ever happened of that kind. Had it not been for drink, I can safely say, a father could never have had the control of his family better and in a milder and more affectionate way.

George was always very fond of music, and when we lived in Toledo, I think in his fifth year, he went to school, I looked out of the window, he stood by the door of a house where they were playing on a piano. I don't think he ever heard one before, he must have forgotten himself and sat down on the step where he sat when I called him, for I had left the window and went about my work, when I saw him again on the step ; he came and told me he forgot himself till it was too late, then thought best not to go. I scolded him, and when his father came, told him he must punish him or he would do such tricks oftener. He whipped him and told him not to forget any more. The only time I can think of him whipping a child when correcting them. Once in Milwaukee on the way from school in the even-

ing the boys stopped at a place filled up all around a square, which had deep water in it and frogs ; we told them not to play there ; but Will did stop, for which his father said he would have to punish him ; he cut a branch off a tree at the fence of a pleasure garden next to us, trimmed it off nicely, while talking to him about disobeying ; when ready asked him if he thought he should be punished. Will said, yes ; he talked to him a little while, and said, I guess you can remember to obey without the whipping, put the whip up behind the looking-glass and said, if any one of them should take it down they should have it on their backs. It was a temptation for little Johnnie, as a whip then would have been a grand plaything for most any little boy in the city, but it stayed there. But not so with me, I had a temper that would rile in an instant, and though often reasoned with on that account, yet would slap the children often for a trifle, and scold too, and I am sure from the beginning the greatest fault was in me, not willingly, but being a servant of the sin of sins, not knowing that the one we serve, his servants we are.

Once when we were coming from down town, the German Methodist Episcopal Church bells were ringing. Joss said, "They have quarterly meeting, it would not hurt us if we were to go

once." I said, "Where? I don't know any church in the city." He said, "To this one of which the bell is ringing." I said, and no doubt abruptly too, "You will be one of them fools yet. Why can't we go to the church in which we belong?" He never said church to me again, but while we lived there the preacher and his wife called and asked me if I would not come to meeting on Sunday, as they were going to have quarterly meeting. I said, I did not think I could, but would if my husband stayed at home with the children. They sang, I thought beautifully, a few verses of "The year of Jubilee is come," and prayed with me, and went off. I was alone, and when they were gone I could not help crying, not knowing why, but knelt and prayed; then I went about my work. I told Joss they had been there and I had promised them to go if he would stay with the children. He said, all right. So on Sunday I went, enjoyed the meeting, and after dismissal the preacher and wife came to me to shake hands with me, the elder also, and gave me a ticket. I thought it might be a complimentary ticket to the love-feast to which they invited me, as I had heard every one paid a quarter of a dollar to go to the love-feast, yet I could find nothing on it to that effect. I took it and a quarter with me to see the results.

I did not commune with them, fearing it would not be right, as I knew nothing of them, but of what I saw I believed they were Christians.

The love-feast was opened by reading a Scripture lesson, singing and prayer, a few words were said in explanation that the love-feast was in the place of foot-washing, to exhibit the love of Jesus as he commanded toward one another, the bread and water was passed around and the meeting was open for testimonies. They followed in quick succession, with a verse of a hymn now and then mixed in. Sometimes I thought it was a strange meeting, but felt convinced they were good people.

At the close they gave an invitation for any one that felt they wanted to flee the wrath to come, to come forward, give *them* their hand and God their heart, and they would pray for them and do all they could to help them in the way of life. I thought, I will ask an interest in these people's prayers, as the prayer of the righteous availeth much.

After a while we found our house needed repairing, the shanty part leaked, we moved into the one room, Joss tore down the shanty, saying he would get some new lumber and build another room to it; but days and weeks passed, and we were so crowded in that we could do

nothing but eat and sleep. It would be natural for me to think of leaving, as I feared to meet want before long, yet I thought I knew in whom I trusted, and not wanting my people to know that we were in need, I told my aunt I had a whole set of stone china, and wished she would take the large pieces that I had no use for and no place to keep them. She said she would. So I took the covered dishes and large meat plates and soup-plates to her, she took them and paid me the value of them. I had a new calico dress and a white skirt, which I pieced up in a quilt and sold it to a friend, but a stranger to our people, to finish when we could have room to quilt it. She paid me the money in advance, and I asked Joss, how long this would last, until I could get to work again at something, or we would soon be in want. He said the man we got wood of promised him the lumber. I knew the man owed us, but feared we would not get it, as it was of long standing already. I said I had some money, perhaps he could do some of the work, if not all. He went to work and soon had all finished except the shingles on the bed-room, but we could use it, as the sheeting was on. That lingered again.

I was called by cousin Peter Joss to make a mattress for a lounge at the German Methodist

Elder's, and all at once there came up a thunder-storm. I was uneasy about the clothes that hung in the room, also the bed, fearing the boys might not think to take them out. But Peter and the elder were in the sitting-room and I at my mattress in another room, hurrying to get it finished to go home. When finished he paid me for my work and asked me, if I thought my man would put on the roof if he had the money; he said Peter had been telling him about us; he said, he had some money laying there, it was not his own, as he was to take it to conference, but it would not be right if he saw me in need and did not help, if he could, so he would give me the five dollars that Peter said it would take, I should tell my husband. He lent us the money, but I should not trouble myself about it if he did not pay it. He prayed with us, invoking God's blessing upon us.

I went home, all was right, the boys had moved the things; Joss, who was already favorably impressed with the Methodists, said, that is a Christian act, and I am sure he intended to pay it shortly, but it lingered a long while. We were very comfortable, and I had made up my mind to bear the cross, whatever it may be, thinking I had grace to count it all joy to fall in divers temptations.

The well at the hotel was finished, and they took another to make on a farm belonging to the same family the hotel belonged to. The old people moved to town to the son's, who kept the hotel, and a German with his family moved on the farm to take charge of it. We were well acquainted with them, they would not board the men, but allowed them to get their own meals without charge. I would prepare such things and as much as I thought would do for the week, expecting them to be gone that long. The man on the farm had to come to town twice a day with milk to the hotel. In the first place it always took them a month or six weeks to do what they could have done in two or three weeks, if they were staying at their work, but most every evening they would drive to town with the farmer and stop at a German tavern or coffee-house, a long ways from the American House and further from our house, so that I never knew it till they had finished the job, when the farmer's wife came to our house, and told me that her man was like the others, while they were there, on his return home in the evening he stopped for the men, and would stay till late at night, and she could not see how to get along with her little children, and the work to do in the house, the cattle and all out-door things to look



after, and she was expected always to be cheerful and contented ; said she was glad they had finished up out there.

Now for a little of my experience while at that job. Once or twice I was provided with what I needed to get ready for them to go out to work, and then the old careless way began again. I got what I could one morning, after Joss came home late ; my work was taken home by the boys and such things as were necessary for over Sunday I got for the pay they brought for my work. But in the morning he said, they could not go out Monday, as I should have to get the provision ready Monday. It being late when he came in I could not get anything, but I said, you can get what you want this morning, and I get it ready for you to-morrow morning, so you need not be detained, as the job is nearly done, you say. But he got nothing, laid around home all Sunday, made no effort on Monday that I could see, came home in the evening ; we had mush and milk for supper, which he said was good, and corn meal would be a good thing to take out with them, as they could get milk plenty there, meal was not plenty yet, it being early in the Fall. I only knew of one place where they had it, and Joss must not have had the money, or he would not have been home so much. So

in the evening when he and the little children were asleep, perhaps the oldest or may be both oldest boys went to uncle's, I went in to aunt and asked her to let me have one dollar to get some provisions for Joss to get out to his work, that he had no money and had neglected getting an order. She went in the store to get the money, when uncle, who had just come in from his beer, gave me the dollar, with anything but sympathy with me, for being such a fool for coming back to suffer want, and said I must pay it again, he had no notion of helping us, as I was no better than Joss was.

It was nothing new for uncle to abuse any one when he was drinking, but he always was a lucky man in making money, though he had squandered it by the thousands; being a bachelor when he married an industrious and saving woman, he soon began to accumulate money, and before she died he had a grand start in the city to become rich, and did, to the best of my knowledge, before he died. He left a second wife with several children, of whom I have only met one son, a very fine young man, and no doubt all of them are very respectable and wealthy; but I suppose they take the social glass, as their father did, only as I hope not to the extent he did when young, as I know of severe trials I

passed through on account of his drinking ; uncle saying I was no better than Joss, did not condemn me, I was well aware of that, or not even as good, only could not see why. But, thank God, I have learned it since, and knowing what I assert, that they that pass the social glass to the lips of the innocent and ignorant, of the fatal blow they are guilty of, are deserving the thousand curses they may get from some loved one who has somewhere laid him down to die, without a word of cheer to give or get from loved ones, caused by their influence of strong drink. How sad to think of a time shortly after being married to the man I asked God for, believing him to be the one to lead me in the way of truth and righteousness, where I always wanted to be. I was yet staying at home when the company of riflemen had an officers' muster. Joss and a cousin of his, but older than he, were regiment buglers, and the glass passed to them from all sides, for all drank then, young or old, yet they were not expected to get drunk. Joss came in the house to me and said he was drunk, he must lay down to get out of the way, or he would soon not be able to walk straight. I went to the bed-room with him, he embraced me, crying like a child, saying, "can you forgive me?" I said, "What is it you want to be for-

given of? what have you done?" "Don't you see, how I am? if you don't I feel it." I laughed, saying if it makes such a baby of you to drink a little too much, you had better watch. We were very busy at our house such days, I said, mother or father may want me, and I left. When I looked in the room afterwards he was fast asleep, and it troubled me no more then.

I took my dollar, not caring what uncle said. I had some work for aunt to do in the house and could settle it, got things ready for them to start next morning, Tuesday. I gave him all I had in the house to eat, and we had 30 cents when he was gone. I said, till something, I think a little child's dress, was done, that must do us, with some of the coffee I kept, that I browned and ground for him to take out, milk we got every day a pint, so we had a loaf of bread and coffee that day, and the next day, in the afternoon, Joss came in with a bar of iron belonging to the machine. He laid right down to sleep. I had no chance to talk, nor would it have been of any use to try. I sat while the baby was sleeping, to hurry and get the work done which I had in hand, and did it. As the boys had a piece with them they did not come home until evening, when I sent the work and got 25 cents pay, but I wanted to show him how we lived

when he was not here, did not get anything but the bread for the 10 cents. At supper I awakened him to eat, thinking he had slept long enough and was sobered. I told him I gave him all to the country I was able to get. He knew not of my going to uncle's for money, I told him, and that I had to save to pay it, that he would have to take what we had. We went to supper, he did not come. I said no more, all went on, when the children ran around a while they came in, the little ones were put to bed, the bigger boys got their lessons and went to bed. I asked Joss if he wanted anything to eat. He said, if we had nothing for ourselves we could have nothing for him, and talked as though there was no use for us to try to live, and would be just as well to put an end to our lives. So I feared, may be he was going crazy and perhaps had brought the iron bar for that purpose.

As we lived between the canal and river, and no house just so very near ours, I hid the iron bar until morning, then put it where he left it. He got up early, went to a blacksmith shop near us, got the other working irons being repaired there, we had breakfast, the boys went to school. I said, what am I to do? I told you we were living on 10 cents a day, and in order to have something for that morning for him, had spent the 10

cents to get something for breakfast. He said, let's see what day is to-day. I said Wednesday. He said, well, it is too long till Saturday, send George down to the American House and I will send a note in to Cain with Esch, to give George an order. Esch came with the wagon, loaded up the irons and they went to the farm. Next morning George went and got the order, which we did not use until Saturday, when the boys went and got provisions for the order. I got my money for the finished work, and when Joss came home he found all in order and plenty to live on just then. The well was finished and I suppose what the balance was, paid in money, of which I saw none, nor was anything done, as Winter set in. But we were all brought through it, thank God!

Spring came, and the time also that we could no longer stay between the canal and river, it must come to an end. In some respects I could not wish to change for one thing especially: it was then a long way from my place where Joss would be seen spending his evenings, he was always found among the respectable gentlemen loafers, and often stayed at home when he would not, if he had some handy place to go to, and when sober and at home he could enjoy himself and make it pleasant as well as instructive for the

children, they were very fond of singing and could sing; as I had my sewing, which was all done then by hand, I could help and while many hours away. The long Winter evenings spent in that way often enabled me to fancy as I know it, and if but fancy, nevertheless it is true, memories cluster around that sacred spot that I could have never felt, had I not hearkened to the voice of duty before gain and worldly pleasure. It often appears, when I behold the affection of those that are left for each other, the interest taken by them in my welfare, it appears like the chime of the voices of all mingling with them that have gone to that better land. Having the assurance of my leading and trusting, we will be led to meet to praise Him who brought us home to all eternity. I expected to make our living by sewing, and my condition would not permit me by the long walks to reach the people I had to deal with, and the school-house was quite a distance, so the boys were often gone all day. I knew I should need their help more, I told Joss about it, he said he could easily sell, as there were always new comers. As our stove did well enough there, but was not fit to move, so we concluded to sell furniture and all together; it was not long till we had a chance to sell out, I went in search of a place to live, got one up stairs in the house

of an old school-teacher living all by herself; we sold, and the first of the money paid out, Joss said I should take to the elder, as he had never paid it yet. I did, and was glad to tell him Joss sent it. We had nothing to move but clothing and bedding, a tub with some dishes and some books, all else was gone, as Joss had been doing well at staying at home pretty well, thought he would take an interest in getting what we needed. He said he had an hydraulic ram that was of no use to him, he would trade it for the cook stove and use the money to commence work again. All right, but we paid a month's rent and got some provisions in the house. But day after day passed, yet no stove nor furniture came. Joss generally came in early in the afternoon, lay down on the bedding that lay on the floor, read papers until asleep, and after supper went again. If I asked for money I got it, and the woman was very kind in letting me use her kitchen, I could cook and bake, eat and sleep, about all we did, excepting daily to get the things we needed to keep house with.

But days and a week had passed, when I asked him, how long this was to go on this way. He said I should get the furniture, could do it better than he could. He held a twenty dollar gold piece in his hand, saying, it's too late for you to



go this afternoon, so I will see where I have something in view, if it is nothing, you can go to-morrow. He came home with nothing, and in the morning he handed me fifteen dollars, saying it was all he had left, the house did not fetch much, it stood in what was to be a street, likely to be opened soon, the ground was not ours, I think it was between fifty and sixty dollars. I went to an auction room, got all I wanted for five dollars, we got all in order, but the stove did not come, it being Summer got along, but the landlady said to him, she thought he looked too deep in the glass for his own and his family's good. It made him angry at her, said he would not live with such a woman that meddled in his affairs. So when the month was out we moved into a little house standing alone, a half square above us. I had done some work that paid the month's rent in the little house.

Joss went off in the morning to get a dray, the stove, and come around and take the things to the house. I packed up ready to load, cleaned the rooms, then went up to clean the house, a German woman took my baby and heated water on her stove for me to clean with. The house was awful dirty and it was cold, rainy weather, but I got through all right, only the

house was damp that night. No dray or stove came, I set a piece for the boys to eat on an old chair without a back I used to stand on to clean, went to carry some bedding up to put the children to bed, had a heavy load, when George, my oldest son, came to tell me that father was home and wanted to get something to eat, and threw the candle down, and not finding a match began to scold because things were not in order. My load, which was heavy, got light, I at least could hurry to the house, think the anger I felt strengthened me, for I got the light and carried up bedding enough to sleep that night. I supposed when the children were in bed he too would lie down and sleep, then I could go to fetch up what I wanted to stay there over Sunday, as it was Saturday night; but he went to bed and made a great fuss about me working all day and all night too, said I should go to bed now, and in the morning we would tend to the things. I knew there was no use to fuss with him, or he would do as he said, go off again.

I went to bed; at day-break I got up, went to the other house, as I could go in threw bedding and clothing out of the window, thought to carry it up, but Joss came and carried things I had down; I then took down such things as we could carry, and got fairly moved by the time

people were stirring around. We could make coffee on the German people's stove, lived over that Sunday, and Monday the German man, who had a one-horse wagon, moved the rest of our things down, all but the stove was in order, it lingered again as before, we had no stove.

Joss took very sick with cholera, of which he had an attack in the other house. I took brandy, plenty of ginger and other ground spices, steeped them in the brandy, let it settle, poured off the clear liquor on a lump of loaf sugar, which he took inwardly, and made a poultice to cover his stomach and bowels with ; it helped him, but he got a notion he must have brandy to keep it off during cholera time. I said, if you are cured with brandy by me, you will have to die this time. Then we had no fire in the house, had been keeping the pain down by putting hot plates on his bowels. I had some cholera medicine, but he would take none. Schirr, his partner, came to see why he was not down. When he heard about the brandy he got it and other things, it helped not. After a hard night for both him and myself, all of us took cold in that damp house, at day-break I started to his cousin's, asked to borrow five dollars, as I knew where to get a good second-hand stove for that. They gave me the money, I got the stove, and soon as

the house was comfortable we all felt better, but Joss took the old woman's cure for cholera.

We were in that house one month, Joss thought it was not healthy, got a nice new house near the match factory, not near where I could get work handy yet, he paid a month's rent and we moved into it. It was nearer to a job in the country at a tavern where they boarded and were gone all week. I had quite a lot of sewing to do there for old customers, but when I got a letter stating I should go to uncle's for ten dollars mother ordered uncle to give me, when Joss read the letter he said, I should not take it if they could not send more. I asked, how much? He said, a few hundred dollars, so he could do something. I told him he had some thousands from his father, and it did not reach to do much. It made him angry to refer to the past, and went off. Nothing was said about the ten dollars until one day, when lifting the wash-boiler off the stove, it slipped and I was pretty badly scalded; there was no one there to do anything for me, I did my work as well as I could.

When Joss came home at the end of the week, one limb was very sore. Monday he told Schirr he could not go to work on my account. I said, we better get a girl, it would not pay for him to

stay home. He got one. When he was gone to work I sent aunt word I was scalded badly. Aunt came right over, though it was a long way from our house. I told her what I wanted for the ten dollars, and money enough to pay the girl one week's wages. She gave me the money for the girl and sent me the few dry goods I wanted, as well as a dray with flour and other groceries and provisions, but nothing was ever said about getting the things or money, neither did he ask how we lived. The month was again up, the man came for his rent, I said, my man was not at home and would not be till the latter part of the week. He said that would run into the month, but he guessed it would be all right. He came, met Joss outside, spoke to him, and on Monday we had to move.

He got part of a house next to a brewery and by the red bridge. Settled rent for six months, likely some one owed him; however, we packed up and waited till late in the afternoon for the dray, but none came. Our next neighbor invited us to supper, after which the German man with his one-horse wagon and a drayman came. It was dark by the time the things were put in the house, another German man was helping, he had a bottle in his pocket of something to drink, all of them were none the better for what they

had drank already. I wanted a bedstead put up, but the men went away and Joss could hardly wait till a bed could be made on the floor, we all went to bed. Next morning early we were at work, got the carpet laid, up stairs the beds up, one rear inside room we used to put everything in, to be out of the way, Joss got a load of wood, sawed and split it, the boys carried it in after school, their father piled it up, put up two barrels, one for kindling and shavings and one for ashes, also put up some shelves to set things on, everything was put in order as we went along, we had the stove up in the room, the wood in its place, and when the carpet was down and all in order, with the stove in the sitting room so near the other room door that we could use the room inside as a kitchen. We were much pleased with our place, and it was quite a satisfaction we could hope to be settled for the Winter, not far from a school house, and handy to everything, being right in town. All went on well as long as I was around and could earn the greatest part of the necessaries of life. Sometimes we got an order, but we had nothing certain to depend on, but I had faith in God and myself as a Christian. The time came, however, when I must expect for a shorter or longer time to be settled.

## CHAPTER XII.

## DESTROYING A NOTE.

A few days before Christmas I thought I had a good supper ready, something made of flour boiled like mush, then dropped on a pie-board, wet with water to cool, then fried in lard. I always thought they were good, because they were troublesome to make. Just as we were going to the table Joss came in with a soup bone, said he wanted steak. I said, supper was ready, we could have that another time. He wanted it right now. I cut off what I could use any way at all, pounded it, but it was not tender, it made good gravy, and they enjoyed their supper. I was sick and could not eat. Joss made some remarks of it being tough, I had not tried to cook it right. I cried. He said nothing more, but soon went to bed. As soon as I could get the children out of the way, I also went to bed, was sick all night, in and out of bed. It was raining in the evening, but it had frozen hard, everything was a glare of ice. At three o'clock I wakened Joss, which was not easy done, I feared he would amount to nothing out of such a

sleep, and sure enough, when I said I wanted him to go for a friend not far off, he said it must be most daylight, as there is light in the brewery. I told him to get up, he did and went out to go, when the woman next door went out and fell on the ice. He helped her in, said he thought her limb was broken and must wait till day-break. At least by the time he got off and came back with the woman it was daylight and just in time to tend to a new-born babe. The woman was frightened, and as I thought too nervous to wash and dress the child. In the afternoon I told Joss to get a chair ready for me to sit in, and that I wanted to dress the child over, then I wanted him to tighten the ropes in my bed so I could rest better. I got up and to work attending to the baby, when he threw himself on the bed. I said, don't lie down, fix my bed, for I can't stay up a bit longer than I must, and you will go to sleep. He said, no danger. I did my work, called him, but he did not answer. Whether I was unconscious I know not, but with my baby on my lap I sat in the chair, our little three year old girl said, when she saw me awake, that she was as still as she could be, so as not to awaken us, as we were all asleep. I woke him up, but he was out of humor. I told him I could not help him, he must make my bed and tighten the



ropes; but he threw off the bed clothes, shook all the straw in the tick up on a pile in the middle, which would sink down when I should get in, he said.

I went to bed and had a painful night of it. They all slept; I called to him, but he did not hear, but said the next day when aunt came over, I was crazy in the night, wanted him to get up and make some camomile tea for me. I did tell him so, and that I was suffering with pain, but he made no reply that I heard, and most likely had taken a good drink of whiskey, which he sent George for, as next day he put the soup-bone over to cook with rice, fixed some of it for me with raisins, sugar and whiskey, which I could not eat. He set the bowl on a chair and told the children to eat it; they did, but could hardly do it. I was sorry for them, but could not say so; as there were four of them, I said it was not much, each should take what they could.

The German woman I sent for came, I had her and Joss put the bed aright by tightening the ropes, which were quite loose, then I could rest when in bed. But the second day was the last to lie in bed, the next I got up, took some flour I had yet of what we got for the ten dollars from home, as well as groceries aunt got me for that money, I sent the flour up to cousin Mar-

garet Joss to bake me some bread; aunt had brought me a nice piece of pickled pork and some beans before I got sick, I put that on to cook. After breakfast I did as best I could with the two little ones at home, the boys were at school. I felt better when all were gone, it was more quiet, I could sit in an easy chair and rest when the baby rested. Joss did not want me to get up, thought he was doing all he could and I was only contrary. At noon I had dinner ready, but no bread, perhaps that being the one thing needful, I did it to try him, as I sometimes did, but as usual said nothing; as we had potatoes they could get along with the pork and beans. I think I could have got anything I wanted, but thought it should have concerned him at that time. But so it was when he was drinking, it made him careless of anything. He did not get drunk to stagger or raise a row with any one but me. I could have it, if I tried, as I did once, not to try him, because I was mad at another drunkard, one from Ohio that we always knew, I got a slap in my face so as to blacken my eyes.

I ate some and said, my appetite was good, I could eat more if I had what I dare take, but feared this dinner was not good for me without bread; he said nothing. I got up from the table,

put wood in the stove, said this is the last stick, I thought you went for wood this morning. He said he did not see the man, went away again, the boys to school, when the dinner was cleared away, I fixed my chair to wrap myself up so as not to take cold; the little girl was standing at a front window and the baby asleep on a pillow put on two chairs, the fire had gone out, but the house was very comfortable, so the room did not get very cold when shut up. I think it was Christmas-day, the day before aunt was there and gave the little girl fifty cents for Christmas, the boys having been somewhere, not at school, perhaps at Joss's, as the bread was brought home from there just after dinner, and they were gone again and cannot think of them being around till evening. Well, after a little while Joss came in with a man from the country, who had lived in the city when we were in the hotel, was constable and often at our house. A Swiss man came and opened a hotel in our street with a splendid sign of William Tell. He was not a young man, nor his wife a young woman, but both were fond of drink, and some great rows occurred between the Dutch and Irish, so it was not long till they quit. I suppose Joss's national pride for his native country stirred him up to buy the sign at forty dollars, he wanted to put it

up, I opposed, so he put it away for the present. Soon after these people moved to Gilbertown, far from us. Some one saw them coming. Joss was not there, so I locked up the house and bolted the window shutters. They stood outside and abused me in their own language, said they wanted the pay or the sign. While I was talking so they could hear me in front, they were there, some one took the sign and shoved it out of a window around the corner at the other side of the house. I told them to go around and get it; they said, all right, we got both now, the note is good for what the sign is worth. They went off with their load on a dray, and we opened the house again.

When Joss came home I told him, asked if he gave the man a note. He said he had signed something to that effect. Nothing more was said after he had told me, by such things I would disgrace the house more than the sign could do, it was not what the sign could do, but the reputation of the house those people kept. It occurred to my mind to go and see them. Next morning I went to this constable's house, told him all about it, and may be if he would go with me we could get it settled somehow with less than the note called for, since he took the sign with him. We went, the constable talked

to the man, I to the woman, told her we did not want to change the sign, it would make the people think some one else lived there. The constable asked the man, if he was sure it was such a note as could be collected by law. He told his wife to bring the note. She did. They stood near the open door, I snatched it out of the man's hand and ran off with it, he and the constable overtook me around the corner on the next square. I had put it in my glove, expecting that they would follow, and the first thing the woman would do would be to search my pockets; but only the man came after me, took hold of me, depended on me giving him the paper, the constable told him he dare not try to take it from me if I did not give it to him, but he could sue me and get it.

I got the note and destroyed it, but how Joss settled with them is hard to tell, I thought they were satisfied somehow, for they never troubled us and patronized our bar, but the constable was a friend to me then, and I was glad to see him, when he came in with Joss he had a basket with a kind of Winter cabbage, Joss asked me if I knew how to cook it, I said yes. The house was not warm, he went in the room where the wood was kept, broke some staves off the ash barrel, got a handful of shavings out of the

shaving barrel and soon we had a warm stove and warm room. Joss emptied the basket, as there was bread and a small roll of butter on the shelf, he brought it out and a loaf of bread, and told the man to help himself. He did, and in a short time went away.

Joss laid down by the stove, and slept when the boys came in. I wrote a note, sent it to Peter to come to our house and keep the boys there for supper, that's the way the boys were out till late, Joss woke up, went to the brewery for a few sticks of cord wood and was sawing it when Peter came, and Joss having some wood split fetched it in, got the fire started and sat down. Peter was surprised to find me up, I had just gone to the table to get the little girl a piece of bread and butter, was going to eat some myself, when Peter said I should go to bed, he did not want to see me there, and said, what a cold house you have too. I left them and went up stairs. Joss said I was to blame, that he could do nothing right for me; but Peter told him it seemed he did not want to provide for his family, but leave them for others to do so. He said, how can I with hands and feet tied, without a bit of money to do anything with, and he would cut his throat rather than work at laboring for others in Milwaukee. Then go among strangers, said

Peter. He said he could not even do that for want of means to get off. He was then offered the money if he found out what he needed. Six dollars, was his reply. You shall have it, said Peter, if you go, there is no reason why you should not go and make money, when others do. They went off, but Joss only cut the rest of the wood, brought it in, got some coffee for his supper, I drank some, the boys came home, we all went to bed, we talked it over and thought it best to go, as he could do nothing in Milwaukee for the Winter. I asked him how much the machine was worth? He said, between brothers it was worth three hundred dollars. Some of the Schirr's boys were a help to the family, folding and carrying papers, but if they ever did anything with the machine I don't know.

In the morning Joss went over to a shoemaker that owed us, got his shoes soled, came home and went to Schirr's; how they arranged things I don't know, but one thing is certain, the machine was left in his care to work with it if he could, but that Winter nothing could be done. After dinner he went out, and came in bringing some candles and a codfish, all worth a quarter. Then a man was unloading wood and one waiting to saw it. He gave me four dollars, told me to pay the man for the wood and the other for the

sawing, and went up stairs and lay down. There were some women in waiting for the malt at the brewery, when they were gone I went up stairs, having heard paper rattle, he was reading one, the other he had read, one was from our son George from his cousin, the other from my brother, with five dollars in for me for Christmas. He said he did not want to say anything about it before those women, and he got the money changed at a place where he could get nothing but what he did get; but I said nothing about the seventy-five cents, of course he treated with that. I paid the wood, one dollar, eighteen cents for sawing, he was going to split it himself, but the man said, for a sixpence more he would split it. I consented, and when the boys came I had them carry it in. When he woke up he came down saying, they made as much noise as half a dozen young devils. I suppose, seeing me sitting there with the door open and was silent, he thought I helped them. I wanted him to split some chunks the man had left, but he said we could burn them, carried them in and laid them behind the stove.

We had supper, he went to Peter, got the six dollars, came and packed his carpet-bag, I gave him what I had left of the five dollars, and the fifty cents aunt gave Millie for Christmas. He



got up and started at four in the morning, and while I sat alone with my two little girls, and the three boys at school, I was thinking what to do for the best. Hope never left me, but many times it was hope against hope, and the wrongs of tribulation working experience, I had proved patient, faith gave hope, and hope maketh not ashamed. I knew we need not suffer want, always got if we needed, but with what reproof and unreasonable admonition! And if it were not for God's grace, how could I exist? I had resolved to go to uncle; knowing my parents would not leave me suffer if we could not help ourselves, and would only make it worse, than if I applied to them at once. In the midst of such thoughts Joss came in and made for the stairs. I asked, why he was back again? He said, are you afraid I won't go? He reached the top of the stairs and fell heavily on the bed. I felt sure the money was all spent, but I trusted, and as I had resolved to take things as they would come, somehow it doesn't seem that it was so hard for me to have trouble as most folks take it, therefore I thought God loved me more than any one, being better qualified to serve Him. When near time for the boys to come home I went up and awakened him, asked what I should do now that he was back ; I had given him all the money;

in the house. He said I could have it again; he hunted in his pockets, and could only find a twenty-two cent piece. He said, I must have taken it out while he slept. I asked him, if the six dollars were gone. He said no, that was in his pocket book.

The boys came, I sent for something, don't know what, but had the codfish to soak, cooked it and also potatoes, and had strong coffee for supper, that, I think, sobered him quite, as he and the children enjoyed themselves, while I cleared away the supper dishes, but solemn to me, and no doubt to him too, we had some of our old songs, in which every child that could, and the three boys could, as well as the little girl tried, sitting on her papa's lap; but the boys had their part and could sing, all joined for the last time in this world.

Joss being at home that night, there was happiness among the children, who always enjoyed his society when he felt disposed to be one among them. When the children were in bed and father had once more kissed them all good night, as he had something to do up stairs before they slept, I listened to good resolutions with as sound logic as could be. We sang some of our sentimental songs of yore, and truly felt that

“Although life’s zeal its discord flings  
O’er life’s enchanted strain,  
Let love but gently touch the strings,  
’T will all be sweet again,”

and my determination was firmer than ever to be faithful to the end, trusting and hoping, all would be well in the end.

Next morning at four o’clock he left us, I believe with a sincere determination to watch and pray. When he went to take the stage the day before, he met this gang that were going to Chicago with a load of beer next morning; they asked him to wait and go along, that caused him to stay and drink; the night before he was sorry he did not go with the stage, as the chance for drinking was good everywhere. They stopped to deliver beer, yet we both thought we would not have that evening to remember in our life, yet not thinking that that was the breaking up of our happy home, but hoped it to be the means of establishing it, though for a while we expected to venture and endure any hardships to accumulate enough to establish ourselves again, where we could be together again to enjoy the blessings of home and bring up our dear ones in the fear of the Lord.

While a thousand thoughts revolved in my breast, as one question after the another pre-

sented itself to my mind, yet after that last night, I could say, I can't subject myself and children to such as don't see the need of living for God, seek His kingdom and His righteousness, trusting for all else needful to be added, and as we had all the power of affection, been singing, "We have lived and loved together through many changing scenes," we both could speak of long love that time could never change. I saw as much misery among my own people, only of other descriptions, caused by drink, as I ever had, all the difference was, they prospered in business, and many accumulated wealth by toil and depriving themselves of the necessities of life, to have it said they were industrious and saving, had something to save for their children. I was past bothering about future gain, though we hoped there might be a turning point, trusting God to bless our endeavors and give the increase to our resolutions formed anew, to strive not for riches, only for a humble home and a way of making a living, and it devolved on me to put forth the right effort and in the right way. Already my faith in God was increased, as I did strive to think his coming back was for some purpose, which I had to await the result, till a suitable time; then to believe the money all gone, where could I turn to now in my condition,

how could I earn daily bread? But that last evening for the last time all together in what we called a home, though unknown to us, as we expected to gain a home, but like always when pleading and planning I was no wiser, only as I did all prayerfully below, the Lord led as well as comforted me.

That day nothing was done. I thought of a friend, he and his sons waited on the table at the American House, they were our neighbors in former days. I sent George to ask him if he could not come to see me. He came; I asked him, if he thought I could get some kind of work at the American House to bring home to do for them, and likely if I put a basket there to get scraps from the table. He said yes, but I could not do anything now; he said they could give me sewing when I was able to do it. He gave me three dollars, the price of making six shirts, for which his folks would bring the goods and I should take my time to make them. and if George came over he would speak to Mrs. Kane about clothing, they had a small room filled with clothing left there, some a long time, I could make clothes for the boys. George went right back with him, brought a bundle he could hardly carry of good cloth clothing; a boy living near us that went to school with our boys went with

him and helped him carry, he told his father, who came immediately, he was a Swiss and acquainted with the cousins there, said what the boy had said about us, and he thought if I wanted clothing he would make them for me. I said I would rip them, he said not, so long as I was not able, and they would do anything they could for me, I should only tell them.

He asked why I had those great chunks of wood there in the room. I told him; he carried them out and split them, so I could burn them. I could easily notice that he was a Christian, but thought, as he knew Peter and Fred, he too was a Methodist, as I had been to their meeting when we lived between the canal and river, and liked the people, but as I also was a Christian, I must not fall from the faith, and get too intimate with those people, or I might be led astray. In the evening a woman came to see me, introduced herself as Sister, saying she heard of me through their tailor, and she came, but "Silver and gold I have not, but such as I have I give," a word of consolation out of God's word is sometimes better than gold, and her own experience of God's leading her and hers, gave me a great increase of faith in God's ability to do for us if we could all be as good as that woman was, I thought; but my ignorance, I thought, excused

me in the sight of God, He knew me and would not require so much of me, but I wanted to do the best I could to follow Jesus.

'Tis not for riches nor for honor,  
Father, that I cry to Thee ;  
If I possessed each earthly charmer,  
Without God how poor I'd be !

That my days be passed in gladness,  
This is not my heart's desire ;  
Send me joy or send me sadness,  
So that I may never tire.

Striving to be more like Jesus,  
Meek and lowly, pure in heart,  
Joy to know in every station,  
We may here some good impart.

Who can fill this heart's desire ?  
None, our Father, none but Thee.  
For Jesus' sake still raise us higher,  
That we here may useful be.

## CHAPTER XIII.

GOD'S GRACE SUFFICIENT TO INSPIRE WITH  
TRUST AND HOPE.

I had a letter from one of my sisters at home, she censured me for leaving a home of plenty to stay with a man that cared not for his family, and I need not think they would turn a hand for me unless I agreed to leave him and come and stay with them, to share with them the joys and sorrows of life, and my children would be cared for. I told her I had been there, but my husband got hurt and I would not stay, that it never was my intention to stay always, as they all drank strong drink, and often got too much, and I feared to raise my children there. She asked me what kind of people mine were? Surely no Christians. I said, yes. Then they don't read their Bible or they would not want to separate man and wife, neither sword nor pestilence, nothing but the grave can separate them, and how can you tell if you are a Christian, unless you endure to the end? If he be willing to live with you, if you can gain him to come on the right side, she said, you are right, you must leave father and mother and cling to your hus-



band. She was with me till a late hour, prayed with me, the children had gone to bed. In the morning I felt like doing better than I had done, so we had prayer. After breakfast I opened the Testament where I read that God will hear if we call on him, and while we yet speak He will answer. It was Saturday, Will's shoes needed new soles, I sent him to the shoemaker who owed us, and to ask if he would make John a pair; his were too small. This Sister had noticed the boys talk of their shoes, she came in that morning with a basket, filled a small sack of flour and left some apples for the children, and said, she noticed the boys saying their shoes were torn, and that they had a good shoemaker to do their work, she would like to have them mended. I said we had a man that owed us, one boy was gone there, and the other one must have a new pair, as his were too small. Then she said, he will go with me and I get him a pair. Just then Will came in, saying the man was on a drunk and no telling when he would get them, and as he must have them he thought better to bring them again. She took both the boys with her, John got a new pair and Will got his soled. By this time the word was out that my husband had left me, but thank God, though uncle and aunt came to see, as well as others, I was glad

to tell them that he was gone to work on the railroad, and uncle told me to send over for anything I wanted. They were very good and often sent or brought something over, but I had no need to call on them.

Uncle was doing well while he had a wife to take care of things when he got on a spree, as he went wild; though she had much to endure she was well provided for, and she knew how to manage. With all the sprees and drinking he got to be a rich man, died and left his two sons established in a large watchmaking and jewelry establishment.

Peter Joss came to my house about that time with a barrel of flour and a large trout, handed me the letter he got from Joss's brother, who told him to appropriate the five dollars enclosed to something useful for us on Christmas, so he had brought a barrel of flour, though Fred did not know that John was gone, or he would have sent it to me, but that was all right. I thanked him all the same.

Mr. Deraff from the American House came to see if George could come there to be bell-boy, he was not eleven years old yet, but he went; the boy that was there carried a letter containing money and stole it, so he was discharged. They were getting him a new suit of clothes, shoes

and cap; they just fitted George, and they gave them to him, besides his wages and board. We put a basket there, got the nicest kind of victuals, and the tailor made splendid suits for the younger boys, and I fear I was at that time not grateful enough. One thing I know, I did not acknowledge the giver by coming out boldly on the Lord's side, though I believed with the heart, I did not make confession unto salvation.

The time was about up in that house and I could take the washing for the American House if I moved over there, it was very low and marshy where we moved to, but my health as well as the children's had been good during the Winter, and George had been there and did not get sick, so I moved.

I took the washing, it was quite an item in those days when people could not travel so fast and had often to lie over several days, and there were no laundries where the boarders could have their washing done. I had one woman all the time, and sometimes engaged two, and with George's help we got along nicely. Joss had not sent any money, and came to Milwaukee to get men to work, as I thought for some contractor; he asked me how we got along. We were making a living; he said he had some money but he was to fetch thirty men with him to work, and to get

them he had to hunt them up where they loafed, and that meant treat, but he would get it all back again and would send me money to live on, the work then went on nicely. He had one man with him, and I had to board him while they stayed.

I was in at uncle's after he was gone, when uncle was on a spree; he asked me how much money Joss left me. I said none, he had to have it to take the men along he got, and it was awful, if it was true, for Joss to spend so much money and have such a good time, while we were in such needy circumstances. But I did not believe it, and aunt said, you take it all very lightly, but if uncle is drunk he speaks the truth, and I tell you now, never to come to us for help, if you want to help such a fellow. How glad I was that he came back after he started. The memory of that evening enabled us all to feel as we should toward him, though he went astray and was breaking his resolution, I must be firm to claim the promises I often got, but I hoped, though my folks and even his cousins had no hope of his ever doing any better.

The children all got sick, George got sick and had to come home; I had to give up the washing. I wrote our condition to Joss, he wrote he would send money, but it came not. I could trade ar-

ticles of furniture for the rent, provisions we got enough from the American House, the people there were very kind to us, and I was far away from any of our former friends, except Deralfs, and they were not acquainted with our folks. But I had to get out of that house, we could not get well there. A woman that came to the owners' of the house where we lived, said, her husband was gone off to work and she had two rooms, she would let me have one and I could use her things.

But before we moved I wrote to Joss to advise me what to do. He said he would come and get us; so we stayed and got provisions enough from the American House and I could trade off some furniture for the rent, but all were sick except I. But neither Joss nor money came. At last a woman that lived up in the hilly part of the town and whose man was also gone to try to make money, and who had two rooms in a half story house, said she would let me have one room and the use of some furniture for my dishes, I don't know if we got board or not, but from there I wrote, and he came before our time was up. He could not find us the first day, but the next he came, saying, in half an hour we were to be on a propeller, to take us near to a real Yankee and temperance place. We had not

many things, got all on one dray. The baggage was on the pier when we got there, and they said the boat was not going out for an hour, so he and Schirr went back to the city. A flag of distress was hoisted out in the lake, when the whistle blew. George said, what will we do about our things on the pier? father is not here. He asked some dock hands to get the things on, which they did, when Joss came running and just got aboard with a package of crackers and a bottle of brandy. We started toward a wreck, that had the masts broken off by a storm, the riggings were floating around the ship all like tied together. Four men of the wrecked ship were drowned. Our men helped them get the riggings loose, which were then fastened to our boat and taken to the Michigan side, but for some reason did not land it, but took it to Chicago, which lasted a long while.

We were days and nights on the boat, not prepared for it, expecting to last only a few hours. But we landed safe. Joss left the boat in a hurry, all the people were leaving; he returned with two men, introduced them as my countrymen, as my father was a Wurtemberger. I said nothing. He said, that is the way with you Schwaben, you don't speak, if you don't want to. They went away, no one was in the

steerage but us, the hands came in to clean out, helped us on the bow of the boat with what we had, Joss came with an invitation to go to Wolf's for dinner, they asked if we were the people that moved from Milwaukee. I said no, I'll go to no grogshop. He said, then you can stay here. I said, give me money and I'll go to Aurora. He handed me his pocket-book and went away. I sent George to find out the depot we had to go to for to get the right car, it was not far, we got a dray, the drayman knew and took us there, and unloaded our things outside the tracks. We got our dinner at a hotel, went out, found Joss and three men, one my brother-in-law's brother, whom he met in Chicago penniless and most starved. He told me the baggage must be shipped as freight before we could start.

I gave him the pocket-book, we entered the second class car, I took a rocking chair with me, as there were only long benches to sit on, supposing all would be made right with the tickets, they all came on board, lay down and slept all the way. Not many, if any, were on that car, as I remember of plenty room in it, and when near the place, a distance of forty-five miles, the conductor came for the tickets, the three men had tickets, which I thought Joss got for them, and when he wanted to pay the conductor he

had not enough to pay by 25 cents, and was all confused out of such a sleep, as he had slept only a short time. I went and asked what the trouble was. He said, never mind, it is all right, and went on. We landed safe among hundreds of people.

There was not a place to stop in the town except the Empire House and the Temperance Hotel, but Joss went to a German employed at the station, whom he knew, who took us to the house where he boarded. They were crowded with regular boarders, but the woman took us into their room, where we made a bed of our own bedding on the floor. He told me he had a house, but because we were not there the day he said, it was rented to some one else. It lingered a few days, I told Joss's friend we could not impose upon these people, and I believed it was because he had no money that he did not get a place to go into, but he should not tell him what I said, but try to find out of him if that is not the reason. He did, and that Saturday evening we moved into a small house in a yard between the dwelling and store of the man that owned it; but the man said, it was only for our own use, and told Joss we could get anything we wanted till he came in from his work. I don't know where the men were at night, but



they had their meals where we did. On Sunday morning they came to our house for breakfast.

Our stove-pipe and pots had remained on the pier in Milwaukee in the hurry. I had the pans in the oven, the tea-kettle on top of the stove. We bought pipe, and thought the flue was on the pipe hole, as the up stairs was unfinished, so we could not make fire, when we found it not so, but a little away from the pipe.

The woman where we stopped gave me a large loaf of bread, a basket with potatoes and flour, and told me I must get what I wanted that evening, as I could not get in the next day, as one could not buy a smoke-pipe or a cigar in town on Sunday, every place had to be closed; if opened at all, they were fined. Drink was not sold at any place, except at the drug store, but only for medical purposes, and the druggist was one of the worst temperance fools. They had trouble to get the least bit of spirits, if they needed it ever so bad.

So my men were all sobered up and anxious to get to work out 30 miles on the prairie, where Joss had a contract, and where he took all the men that he picked up, more for company than for gain, as some of them never worked at such work as was there, and my sister's husband's brother, being the son of a rich brewer in Ger-

many, was only fit to boss at one time. But his father had died and they had their fortune, besides he married a widow of a brewer with wealth, but all was gone, and he was a sot, and not fit for anything but to loaf.

I got a bucket at a store Saturday night, some cups and saucers, coffee, sugar, butter, eggs and crackers, but when morning came I could make no fire, so we all ate of what we had with milk, as a milkman came around early in the morning. I told Joss to get off with these men, that I could get along with the children alone. I gave them the bread that we had left, the crackers we kept, but they were all and the children hungry by night. The boys had picked up some chips for fire in the morning. Will said he would watch the sparks at the pipe if I got something to eat; we had milk, eggs, flour and butter, so we soon had pancakes, which we all thought a good supper, made our beds on the floor on the carpet doubled up for a tick with feather-bed on, we had the crib-cradle for the baby, so we all rested and I can't think of being in much trouble, if any. Surely, God's grace was sufficient to inspire me with trust and hope.

As soon as we were up George went to where they gave out work, but they asked him some questions as to what his father did and where he

was, but had plenty help at present. He came back and said, he did not believe we would be trusted in this town, as they looked at rail-rovers like thieves, and we would not get any sewing to do. I went over to Mrs. Weirich and told her; she said, take boarders. I asked how, as I had no furniture. She said, when Pete came to dinner she would tell him. He and another man came over after dinner. Pete said, he had given Joss a twenty dollar piece, that he gave him five back when he left, that he had another whole dollar, which made six. Reber, the man with him, said that would just get chairs and table, then he could send me a load of straw to fill ticks to put upon the floor, where the men would be glad to sleep. I said, I had bedding enough with straw to make them good beds; they had to go. Pete said, in a few days will be pay-day, then I can give you more. I said, I would see it paid. He said he knew Joss well enough, if he had it I should have it. Now, he was to send me six men to board. I had told him that I could get provisions out of the store, George went and got table and chairs for five dollars, so I could get the pipe and some plates, the straw man was to wait for the pay he came and I got my beds made up on the floor, put down the carpet in the front room, where there

was a recess for a bed. I had no curtain for it, but set the big box our things were packed in, in sideways, put sheets around it, made a shelf inside, so we could pile all we needed out of the road, as our bed on the floor at night had to be packed away in the day-time, we could put it in below the shelf, with the curtain around and a table-cover on top, which looked well enough. My carpet was brussels and very thick, though it showed the wear, it was serviceable. I had curtains, so the room made a good appearance. The kitchen had a pantry under the stairs with shelves. I had a store-box for a kitchen table, got the loan of an iron pot from a woman that lived in the other little house in the same yard. I felt all right, expecting my men any time in the evening. Pete came to see if I was ready. As George took him through the house he was pleased, said he would send the right kind of men.

Early in the morning there came twelve men, I could not keep them all, the milkman lived not far from us, he said he would take six, so they divided themselves, my men came in, put what they had up stairs, and went to work. I went to the store to get some provisions, when the man told me straight out he did not want his house run down with railroaders, that it was un-

derstood between Mr. Joss and him it was only for his family. I asked him what harm it would do if the property was not injured. He did not think it necessary to explain anything, only he could not have it, and if I got a house he would pay me the rent due me; if not, he had to allow us there for the month, but no longer. I don't remember of despairing or even fretting, but had imagined the Yankees more accommodating. I did not ask for provisions, but went to Mrs. Weirich, who was ordering the meat she wanted for dinner, she told the butcher to give me what I wanted, then she gave me an English shilling (22 cents) to get bread. When I got home the boys had gathered wood and chips and a lot of mushred greens, had peeled the potatoes, the fire was soon lit and the roast of pork in the oven, water on in the pot to scald the greens, and the kettle filled with water, the boys picked the greens, while I mopped the floor in the only bucket we had, cleaned it out and got clean water in it to drink, in time put the potatoes in with the pork, scalded the greens, made some drop dumplings of wheat flour and the egg we had, and the greens seasoned with some of the pork drippings were splendid, the men came to their first meal and were much pleased with their boarding place, and I was no less disappointed

to think I could not keep them, than I knew they would be when I should tell them. I did not know how to get at it, but as my custom was to ask I did venture when they were about to rise from the table. I said, I must tell them something, and related it to them as it was. They all went out and talked in the yard; four went away, two of the oldest of them came in and said, if my case was as I said, I needed them as much as they me. They were Hollanders, came from Michigan to lay ties with their boss, they had no money, but came to earn some and send it to their families, and they could not be better suited, as they cared not to be mixed up in a tent along the road with every kind of people, but would tell the boss he must advance the pay if needed. He came and gave me twenty dollars, saying, just tell the boys when you need more.

I began to look out for a house, got one opposite the station, and before my month was half up we moved into two large rooms in the front of a house. George and I built a shanty for the stove, and what we needed to cook was in the corner of a little front yard, the fence served with a few boards nailed on for two sides and the house for the high side, so I had only to get boards for the roof. The one side was open, a bench along the fence inside for the men to wash,

which would be at the time the trains came in, all passed our door. As the board-sidewalk was on the outside, and I could get all the extra meals I could beside my regular ones, I had the street men to board and soon paid off the money from Peter in board; he and his brother stopped with us, and I never had to ask for help in Aurora again. I put five beds on the floor in one room, in the other with a recess, got a curtain to it, we put our beds, clothing and all in behind the curtain in the day, and at night put a bed out in the room on the floor.

The boys went to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, the teacher asked them if they had not just come, and where from; he told him. He asked if they had all the furniture they needed? George told him his father had a job out on the road, but we would get along till he got through. The man came to see us, I told him the same thing, but he looked at my beds on the floor and asked, if there was one behind the curtain. I said yes. He marked them down, six bedsteads. I told him I could not get them; he said I needed them, and they get them up cheap for such purposes, and would wait till the people could pay. The children came in, the baby was six months old. He said, I needed a cab for the baby and asked where we dealt. I told him; he

said, it would be handy for the boys to get things over there. He went away, came back with a dray loaded with bedsteads, a table, a stand, a set of chairs, and the cab, which was indeed useful. While we were fairly fixed up, I can't say how much, but all the cost I often thought was not worth doing without, when so much needed, as the man said. All went on well, but about the fourth of July, or rather the first, the work stopped for a week, many went home, or off on a spree, as they could take none there, our men laying ties had to go out along the road, too far to come in. For some reason, in June there was no pay. Some said, so the men would come again; others said, so they could not spend their money.

Well, my men were a month back. One German would not go till he got his pay; I could not get provisions, as I would not buy on credit, so took money for meals; the man stayed until we had nothing but bread and coffee with sugar in, when we had no sugar he left.



## CHAPTER XIV.

## A SCUFFLE WITH A BREWER.

We were not long in that State, only a few days after the men were moved further out on the road, all were laid off for a week, and for some reason were not paid. Some said the men would not all come again if they got their pay; others said it was for fear they would spend their money. No doubt if I had said I needed mine I should have got it, but I with the rest expected pay-day to come. The man that brought the straw when we first got to the place, never called for the pay till that fourth of July. His son was going to Chicago and would like to have it, and it made me feel so bad, that when the two oldest boys were gone out to where hundreds of boys were gathered at a place to shoot fire-crackers, which made me also feel worse, to think they could not be gratified with any for themselves. I sat down and cried. In a few moments Will rushed in, threw a one dollar bill in my lap, saying, he found it on the sidewalk, and ran off with it, or the big boys would have taken it from him. His oldest brother came running after him, not

knowing why he ran home; the boys said, when I said it is too late to pay the boy for the straw, but you can take people for meals when they come from the train; so we did, and it gave us a start. Thus we never missed our men's boarding that month unpaid, and we paid up their Sunday-school teacher for the furniture, for the men's pay came in all right. My husband came in from the prairie for the first time, found us getting along very comfortably by hard and steady work, he had six dollars, said it was all he had left after all was settled up, but when the job was finished he would get the whole estimate, and would have more for himself. We got a load of wood, which he sawed and split, till then the boys had gathered the wood we burned. We also got a barrel of flour, so we thought we were supplied. Joss stayed a few days and then returned to his work. The house we lived in was a large one, just opposite the station, the only board sidewalk passed our door to go into the town. Several families lived in the house besides ourselves, it belonged to the men that owned the livery stable, we often had of their men to board, they said, when I got ready to take the whole house I should tell them, as it certainly was, as they thought, a good place for a house to entertain strangers, there being none

in town but the two large hotels, and they were not near the station. We had talked it over, and Joss thought, when he got through out on the road we would see about it. So I had reason to hope again. We got along well enough until the job on the prairie was finished, when Joss came home, brought some of the older gentlemen loafers we knew in Milwaukee with him, one, a brewer, in particular wanted to have things his way, to which I did not agree. The brewer wanted us to turn off the Irishmen to make room for them, as he was going to re-establish a brewery that was disused then: I would not do it, so he told Joss he thought he was the man of the house. Joss said, what can you do with women. No doubt I had my say, and the brewer who came there for his meals, and probably slept in the brewery, was ever finding fault with me. Finally I told him to go. He said, when the man of the house says so he would go. I told him, if the man of the house wanted to keep him he too should go with him, they could not stay here, no telling what he told Joss about me; but the next morning after breakfast when other men were out, Joss was sitting opposite the room door with the baby, where the brewer was reading his paper, I on the side of the table where Joss was, eating my break-

fast, when the brewer lay down his paper, came to the door, asked Joss if their room in the Temperance hotel should be with a double bed or two single ones. I picked up my cup of coffee, threw it, but missed him, but I soon was in the other room, took up his paper, spectacles and pocket-book all together and threw it all out of the door. He went and picked them up again, but I had his small trunk and was pulling it to the door, he held it. I tried to get it from him, and in the scuffle tore his shirt bosom. I happened to look and saw Joss, who was combing his hair in front of the glass and could see us, as he smiled, I could see his face in the glass; I felt ashamed of myself. Just then Joss turned around, came and took the trunk, set it out in the shed, the gravel train whistled and he was off to work; but the brewer had his say, he was going to write to my father and tell him what a lady of a daughter he had out there, to tear his shirt bosom. He moved his trunk and boarded somewhere else. The brewery was re-established with a reading-room, and they could get beer by the quart to drink it there, so the Germans were only at our house for their meals. Sometimes when Joss first went out there to work, which was plenty, and there was no place to board, he was sent to a farmer, who said he was almost

crowded out himself. The woman that cooked in a shanty looked out as she thought the voice was familiar to her, and when she saw Joss she said, if she be crowded out herself, she would take him in. She was the Swiss woman and two little girls at Toledo I took in when they had no place to stay. She came to see me; I allowed the boys to go to see them and stay with them a while. Their father was farther out on the road from these people. I learned that a Frenchman who kept a grocery and good supply of drink of most anything that was called for, and moved along as the dump, was being finished out the road, and that Joss had a jolly set of men that he went and fetched there, surely more for company than work, as it was often said, ten regular ditchers and dumpers would have done more work in that time than the thirty he had to work for him.

While the boys were out there, the job was finished. The head contractor would meet his men at that house to do business with them. As he was coming to town one day Will rode with him in his buggy; George stayed, his father came also to settle with the contractor, who had scarcely anything left for himself. George sat behind the stove crying. When the man asked him what was the matter, he said he knew mother

expected father would have some money when he came home. The man told me also about them going off in the morning, taking George with them to go home. But before they got to the station they left George to stand there at the cross-roads till they came to go with him. If he went he would get lost on the prairie; he waited, as he thought, long, when a prairie wolf made his appearance. He was frightened, not knowing what it was, ran back the way he came. When he got to the house it was late in the afternoon; in the evening his father with his gentlemen came, and the brewer made a great fuss about the boy's disobedience.

In the morning they started again, left the boy sitting on a fence-post one of the farthest from the house, till they came, went back to the Frenchman's, George was sitting there. When the man went to turn his horses in the field, he said, George said he would not leave this time; but he made him go with him, said he was mad enough to fight had they been there. The contractor came and went to the station to where they sent George, he stayed at the tent where some of the men that were with us stayed, I don't know how long, but got home before his father did, and told me I need not expect any money. The man said when he came that even-

ing they commenced scolding about the boy, but he told them that they must take him now, as he had taken it in hands, he told them what he thought of them, but they made no fuss, and went the next morning, but Joss did not get home for some days and said nothing about money, and went to work on the gravel train. It was not very long till Sunday. One night the Germans came in from the beer room. Joss was not in yet, they had a fuss and fought, the watchman and a lot of men, who came and took the Irishman off. He had been boarding with me a long time, and was a sober, quiet man, and said all he did was to get a stick of stove wood to prop the door, as a hinge was broken, and the two Germans thought he intended to kill some one with it, as they just came in. They grabbed him, held him, one took his knife, held, as he thought, the Irishman's eye brow to cut a piece out to mark him as a murderer, but somehow cut a little piece of the skin of his forehead. The men had to tear the man from them, they appeared wild till the man was gone. I thought they went to bed after the fuss, but early in the morning the constable was after them and they were gone, they never went to bed. The men that remained in the room stayed in their beds all the while the fuss was, and said they thought

they all started together, as all was quiet thereafter.

Joss came home when all was over. After the men were to work in the morning the officers came and wrote down the names of all the men. They asked me how it came that we had such fusses now at our house? I told them, my husband had come home with some Germans, and those I had before they came; I could always get along with the Irish till now. The gravel pit was at Montgomery, four miles from there. Joss worked, went on the train and we could live out there as well as in Aurora, a man there wanted to move to town and would take our house and we his. Joss said, he felt as though everybody knew of the fuss at our house, and would like to make the change. My hopes of once more being established without drink in a tavern were gone, therefore I did not care, but the anxiety to make some money to get established again in a home of our own caused me to plan many ways and even thought to save and gain by sending the dear little boys off, young as they were, to take such a trip alone, thinking in their stead we could keep two men, for which I could get pay; but I told Joss it would be better for them there, and not be exposed to we knew not what, and I did not fear but they would get there all right.



He did not think as I did about sending the boys away, yet said not much against it, so when our men were going for ties, I got them ready and sent them to Chicago, the oldest not twelve, with his two younger brothers. It makes me shudder to think of such a mother for the sake of gaining a little of that, which if I had much, could never replace one of them if lost in that rash act. When they got to Chicago they wanted their tickets, the agent looked at them, asked them their names, and if they had a place to stop at, if any one was with them there; they told him of the men that boarded with us. He wished to see one. George brought one or two of them. He was satisfied, they were to go, he told them to come next day. They went in the morning, when he sent them with a free pass, gave them in charge of the conductor, said he was acquainted with their uncle who had clerked with him at Massillon, at a place they stopped for dinner. The conductor sent or took them in, and then went away, no one came to wait on them, the whistle blew, they took what they could catch and ran, one got a half chicken and one a big piece of honey comb, I don't know now if George took anything, but they got off with what they had and arrived at Cleveland, as far as the road was, from there they took a

canal boat that was going to Navarre, so they got through.

Not long after the boys were gone we moved to where the gravel pit was, there was a store and a few houses scattered along the public road, a schoolhouse not very far off, but we had a house to ourselves and the men that were with us in town that worked in the gravel pit, went with us and we soon had the house full, which were ten men. There was no public house there, nor any other place to loaf, so they stayed at home. As they kept brandy at the store to sell by the quart they would get it and loaf sugar, which I would make into a "sling" as they called it, that is, I would dissolve the sugar for them in hot water in a large pitcher and they put the brandy in to suit themselves. They would enjoy themselves by telling stories, singing songs and smoking their pipes; sometimes, if I had time, Joss and I would sing some songs for them, which they enjoyed, so would we if we had the dear boys with us. Though Joss became so reckless about providing for his family through drink, still he had a heart to feel and at times would break down with emotion, on account of the missing voices, yet he did not chide me. I had reason to believe he thought I meant it for the best, though he could not feel reconciled to it.

God only knows what I suffered, and could I not come to the Lord with all my iniquity, feeling assured? I asked Him for what I wanted and strove to trust Him. How good God always was to bear with me, a poor, erring child, and my pleadings were not in vain. He soothed my sorrows, quelled my fears. And on the other hand Joss likely had forebodings in his mind he never should hear or see his boys again in this world. We were not in the habit of brooding over past offences or losses, which is so often the case that one blames the other. In all my ignorance and egotistical notions he used to try to persuade me of what I can see now, and had it not been natural amiableness and being taught by his venerable father, being young when he came to this country, and had only the privilege of the parish school in Switzerland, of which his father was superintendent, and what English he could get after settling in Holmes county, Walnut Creek Township, Ohio, in 1831.

How glad I am to-day,  
That Jesus led me all the way  
Mid conflicts great, mid toil and strife,  
He is always near to quell our fear  
Through tempests in the darkest night,  
He is the life, the truth, the way,  
Then what more need we to say,  
If Jesus leads us all the way ?

We had been getting along comfortably, but not making anything more than a living. Joss settled every month and nothing was left. I went to the store, asked for all of the items of the last month, they said they would make a bill out for me; they sent it, I looked over it and found the brandy bill was the biggest, which Joss did not believe, saying they cheated. I thought he would be more careful if we had a pass book, but it seemed it had to be, and fifty cents daily would run up.

There came a missionary man who visited every house and left an appointment to preach in the schoolhouse. It was a log house with writing desks along two sides by the wall. When the men heard of it they said he was coming to convert them into Protestants. Joss said it was me who got him to come to convert him, and said, if the blackcoats should come around he would kick them out, and such like talk. I said nothing, engaged a woman to come out from Aurora to keep house for me that evening. The Sunday came and the storekeeper was at our house a long while, at length he got up, saying he must go home, they wanted to go to meeting. Oh yes, said Joss, I forgot that meeting. If he only was ready, but he had not shaved and it was too dark. I rolled up the

blinds and it was light, the woman had blackened his boots, he got ready as if he always intended to do so. I had supper ready, but the men were not in, so we had our supper and left the woman to take care of the house. It had thawed and rained, the black mud was so deep and no way of getting around it. There was a place where some stones had been put to step on, but they were far apart, most everybody drove to meeting, only the nearest ones, Joss carried me over the mud. I felt awful solemn about the whole affair, it seemed to me if only Joss could do without so much drink, of course after he had been with the temperance people and I knew it was good for him, I would rather he was one again, because we could never have anything while he drank so much, and since he was going to the meeting and carrying me over the mud, I prayed, I thought as I never did before, and hoped it would be so that something, when there, would affect him so that he could not help himself, but be as he sometimes was about the boys and think he could help soon to get them home again. We went on from one stone to another, it occurred to my mind, Thou art able to raise up of these stones children unto Abraham. We got to the schoolhouse, there were some persons sitting on the benches at the desks around the

wall, some were playing cards, others passed bottles around. It looked like anything but a Gospel meeting, as the place was filled with those lively fellows, some that I could not help seeing tried to put on a long face, groaned and sighed, to the amusement of others who could not help laughing out aloud, to their feeling mortified, while others looked as if they would like to put them out, but there had never been a religious meeting in that place; the few farmers around were members of church and went to town to meeting.

The preacher came, took his seat at the teacher's desk, all was quiet, a hymn was sung and prayer offered, a Scripture lesson read, then another hymn, and the text, which was, "Arise, O Lord, and plead Thine own cause." No doubt the dear brother knew and felt his insufficiency for that crowd, but the good behavior and the testimonies in the after-meeting, to which all stayed, showed that the Lord was pleading through his Spirit in behalf of His own cause. A Sunday-school was established, a class-leader, regular prayer and class meetings appointed, as well as preaching every four weeks. That was in the Winter of 1854, and my soul is drawn out in prayer lest I should, like the church in general, fall from my first love.

Blessed Jesus, now I pray,  
Guide me all this blessed day,  
Take whate'er there be of me,  
And be lost, my Lord, in Thee.

Father I stand whate'er may come,  
My weakness in Thy strength be one,  
Realizing Thou wilt say, "Well done!"  
For I am trusting in Thy Son.

O holy Spirit, guide and guard,  
I wait for Thy decision, Lord,  
My hopes are hovering round Thy word,  
And Him, who cleanseth with His blood.

Though be this heart with grief oppressed,  
A great commotion in my breast,  
I can but trust, my Lord, in Thee,  
For in the Rock Thou wilt shelter me.  
Amen, Hallelujah! Amen.

The next morning Joss was sick, said he had not slept, it must be fever, as though he was anxious about something he knew not what. I don't remember what the testimony of an old man was, but he repeated some of it, and said he could not doubt the words of a man who stood with one foot in the grave.

## CHAPTER XV.

## DISCOURAGING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Joss did not go to work in the morning, he said he was sick and could not see why we wanted to knock around among such a set, for the sake of a little that if we had much it could not make us contented or happy, and if we would go to Chicago, work at anything and be content with such a living as we got, save and get the boys home as soon as possible, and remember the old German proverb, "Not riches make happy, but contentment makes rich," and surely godliness with contentment is great gain.

When he was talking to me a neighbor woman came in, he talked to her a while, when I was busy about my work, then she came to me and said, she had better send her son out for Mr. English, the old man that was in church. I asked, what for? Why, said she, Mr. Joss is under conviction, and would like to have a talk with the man that spoke, said what he said, and she knew he would be pleased to come. I said, Joss was not so sick as to need a spiritual adviser, as we sent for them when people were



about to die, and would not have her send, as I knew nothing about being born again to live in this world, any more than through the ordinances of the church.

So I again with my selfishness stood even in the way of the penitent sinner. I was in favor of his resolutions and that night talked it all over. He had just got a new suit of clothes and a pair of boots measured at Aurora, which he could get when he got there to take the train, it was not long till pay day. I don't know how much money we had on hand, but borrowed some more from the neighbor woman, so he should not be short till he could find employment. He started. As I got no letter from Joss for a while and one of the Germans that worked for him came to our house and asked me if I had heard from him lately, I told him no. He said, they had a grand social evening at the reading room in Aurora; as he had to wait for the one o'clock train, his boots being unfinished when he expected to start. That satisfied me that all his good resolutions were drowned in the bowl, and more so when for six weeks I received no letter.

A man wanted to take most of what I had at my own price, rent the house and keep the boarders also; I think I never was so discour-

aged as that time. I sold out and went to board at a place till I could get ready to go to Ohio to where my boys were, for myself I would rather have died, and had it not been for my children, no telling what would have become of me.

After the man took possession of the place a man came from town who brought me three letters that had been lying somewhere. I had often sent to the post-office and could not account for the delay; however, the letters were all sent at different times, telling me I was to come where he was with all I had to keep house with, as nothing could be had there, neither could we come until May, as we could find no place to go, there being but one house in Warren, a stone farm-house, which was turned into a hotel and could not accommodate half the travelers that came that way. There were two roads one mile apart, one in Illinois, the other in Wisconsin, from Warren to Galena and Mineral Point, the road from Chicago to Warren was not yet finished, though the trains ran to Warren. Then travelers had to travel by stage, so that many had to lay over. There was another chance for a hotel, had I continued but three months longer I could have made some money and kept my things to take to furnish our house, which was to be as they were there, light frames

with floor and roof, a few doors and windows; but it was too late, so I started with what I yet had, a stove and a few kitchen utensils.

The coach I was in was crowded, a man sitting by me asked me if I knew what kind of a place I was going to. I had an idea of the place from what my husband wrote about it. He said, there was no place to stop, only shanties, and he thought the stage office the best place for me, and as the contractors boarded there, I could find out which road my man was on, but we must stay out in a building going up until the stages were gone, which would likely be after midnight. If I wished he would speak to the landlord for me. I was much obliged to him, for there is no telling what I would have done. He placed me in the new building on a carpenter's bench with my two children, where I waited. The place was all open, and it was cold, but we had to stand it. At last the landlord came and took us into his family's sleeping place, it was a shanty with two bunks as big as they could be made to leave a place between to put a chair, on which we stepped to get into the bunks. The hired girl, myself and two children slept in the other; the landlady, her mother and two children were all in bed when we came in, and up before we got awake in the morning. We had break-

fast and dinner, when some one came with a team from the direction where Joss was; we got on the wagon and drove perhaps three miles, where men were working. All at once our youngest child said "Papa," we were startled as well as he, who dropped whatever he was working with, jumped on the wagon, and went with us a mile or two farther to a farm-house, where he boarded. We were crowded there too, but soon got a place, and the only one for some miles that was empty just then; it was one of the description given in a letter from Joss, built on the prairie of light scantling, a floor on the bottom, one window, a door, weather-boarded and a pine shingle roof without sheeting. It was furnished with a wide family bunk in the corner, made like a box, so it would hold straw in the bottom; in the corner by the window was a board fastened to the wall for a seat behind the table; the table in the same way was stationary.

The farmer had several teams on the road to work, but a team of oxen on the farm, which he took to go to town to get what we had there and would have to get, so we could live, as there was no neighbor nigh. Simon was the farmer's name, they were English people that settled there right from the old country when it was wild rolling prairie. There were some little hills

with woods. They had a log cabin raised of small or thin timber, but just like the first ones in Ohio, also a stable; the house was a double one, they had the half-story, which was thinly covered with shingles, for the men's beds, as they kept boarders, and my husband got there to board. When they had the whooping-cough in the family, the boss said he hoped some one would volunteer to go there to tend to their stock and cut wood, but no one seemed disposed to go. Joss had not been there long in the shanty and did not like to stay, but was anxious to go, and told the boss so, and went, so got away from a shanty where twenty men boarded, all slept on the loft with loose boards laid on for a floor, straw filled in to sleep on, with what they had of clothing or boots was kept under the head of the spot; they lay with blanket at top and bottom for bedding. He said they put on a boiler in the morning with pickled pork, once in a while corned beef; that and potatoes was put on the table as long as it lasted, then another lot was cooked; only Tuesdays and Fridays they had salt fish, as they were mostly Catholics. The bread they baked was not good, mostly sour; strong butter, if any, but always New Orleans molasses. The coffee was also made in a boiler and sweetened with molasses when made. So

all had to have it sweetened, as there was no milk to be had for so many men, about 500 on that patch, they called it New Dublin, and contained about 50 shanties.

When Joss first went to the shanty to board, he thought he would get up early and be at the table in time to get his meals warm, as only ten could be seated at a time; but the others tumbled around, and the short straw as well as the dust came down on the table, and when he knew of the multitudes of graybacks, as these small noxious animals invested the barracks, he could not but think it being said in Switzerland of an old woman living uncouth, she thought it better to have a louse in the cabbage than no meat at all, but so preferred waiting till they were all down, and was glad when he could get off the patch, and could stay at Simon's till we got there, which was sooner than he expected, not knowing I did not get his letters; but when I got them, being ready except to sell what I had of my household goods, mostly the kitchen furniture, which I packed, and started, remembering I intended, if I lived, to see the end of the beginning of our roving life, also knowing if I went back to Ohio their prophecy would be fulfilled and I with my children bound for life, if not for eternity, to be the subjects of what I believed to

have been the cause of our financial destruction, and perhaps the ruin of my sons whom I expected to get with us and settle before long, as prospects for successful money-making out there were good.

The people were good to us, I said we should have to make a comfort to cover with that night, they lent me one, for fear I should not get it done, the men took a bundle of straw along, which we put into the house, as it was on the way to Warren. Simon took a large jug with him to get whiskey in, some was in it, which they emptied on the way, and at Lawrence they got beer, that made my man unfit for anything but what he was asked to do. They got the stove and other things at the station on the wagon, the first they did after leaving me at the store, so when they came there I had got most of what I wanted, told Joss to take out on the wagon what I had, but found he was not fit for that, I put the youngest child on a store box outside the store door, and told him to stay with the children, Simon and I finished up and we drove to the house again. Joss slept all the way. When there, Simon unloaded all but the stove, Joss and he lifted it off the wagon, got it in the house and set it up. Simon had an axe with him, may have known of the chunks of wood

lying there, he cut it up into stove wood and made fire for us, then drove home. I still have an old record that I commenced and intended to keep up, but found it impossible. But I thank God for all these things, being as clear in my mind to-day as they were, and could give a minute account of every little thing that occurred then.

On the 15th day of March, 1854, we moved into a house on the road then building, then dumping the road in Illinois. I sat down to make a straw tick to get our bed in order to sleep in, while Joss threw himself on the straw we had for the tick and went to sleep. I sewed the muslin together in one long seam, then it was near night. I made coffee, woke Joss up and we had our supper on something from the bakery in town. I made the bed by leveling the straw, spreading the muslin double over it, and using the batting for the comfort as pillows, also covered with muslin. The bed was all right, but it got so cold in the night that it took all we could get to spread over the comfort of our own, besides an overcoat that hung in the house, no one knew whose it was.

Next day we got straightened up, the second day Joss went to work and worked some time; things went well enough, pay-day came, and Joss



went to Grashet, a town sixteen miles off, and got provisions to last us a while; but somehow I felt very sad and could not account for it, I thought of the boys, as it seemed so far off, yet, what would we do with them there? Sometimes I thought it would have been better, as I feared it caused their father to be unsettled anywhere; our smallest girl that nursed would not take the breast any more, I did not know what to do, as we could get no fresh meat, no milk nor bread fit to eat, and no eggs. The child being delicate I thought she could not live. There was a cold spell and was cloudy when we went to bed; we got and kept quite warm through the night, often feeling that it snowed through, but did not mind it much; in the morning the bed was covered with snow and in some places it was quite thick. We shook the top cover off, swept the snow out of the house, had a good fire, and could hang the cover up on a scantling to dry. It cleared off and was pleasant, the snow was soon all gone, but after a while there came a rain. In one corner of the bunk was a spot where we could pile up our bedding to keep dry, and the table and bench was the only place for the children to keep dry, but that did not last long.

Before the month was quite up, Joss came

home swearing at the contractor, and said he would not work for him any more, that he worked mostly in the shop to repair wagons or tools, and often it did not take him long to finish up something, and they gave him a day or a half day, as it might be. Some one reported it to the contractor and he informed the boss what to do, which Joss thought was none of his business and quit.

That made me feel worse than ever. Joss said he had heard of a man on the other road that wanted to sell out his contract, he wished I could find out. I did not like the idea of him taking the job, but went and found out they did; some one of them was sick and they wanted to move. I stopped at Simon's on the way home, Mr. Simon was not there, but his wife and father; they said they knew of it, and Mr. Simon said if he could get a man to boss that he could depend upon, he would take it. I said he should ask Joss, but not say anything about me in it. I told Joss it was so, they wanted to leave as soon as they could, he should go to see the man. He did, but went to Simon's that evening, Simon told him what he would like to do. He went over to Teagardener's. Simon made a bargain for the job and shanty, Simon agreed to furnish the needful lumber to make it comfortable. The

shanty stood close to the railroad dump, so close that part of it made a wall under our bunks like a foundation. Then another side; the little hill back of us was dug down straight to save three or four boards at that side, and the sod cut out of the prairie served to pile up around the outside of all sides, which made it warm, but not any light, except through the door, and no bunks, only on the ground in the corners, no floor, only a few boards laid on the ground; no doubt lumber was very scarce when it was built, as it was even when we were there, but Joss soon made it look different, they got a load of lumber from Warren, he laid a floor up from the ground, made two bunks, on one side for us, on the side of the dump on the front he took down the sod, and made a window above what we called our kitchen table, a short piece of a broad board, fastened to the wall right by the children's bunk; then came the stove with shelves behind it, for pots and pans, on the other side we nailed up a wooden chest from the old country, ironed and made strong, with shelves like a cupboard, as that was what it served for. The flour barrel as a stand by our bunk was all on that side of the house, only boards were laid above that part to keep our groceries or anything on to have it out of the way. On the other side were two of our

bunks, one above the other, in front of them a bench and a table, on the front side of the table a bench and two three-legged stools, at each end we could seat twelve men, the door was on that side, a curtain drawn across at night between the men and us, then we had a shed big enough to have a platform to put two beds on, underneath we kept potatoes and the meat barrels with pickled pork and corned beef, so we arranged to keep twelve men and us four, being sixteen in a shanty eighteen feet long and twelve feet wide, with a shed about eight feet, and we were visited by the prairie rats digging through the ground where there were no boards.

There was a change ; four men went away and four came. They were Germans from somewhere between Mount Eaton and Wooster, Ohio. They were nice men, and so were all the Irish we had, but I never thought a man could drink so much whiskey and not be drunk as those Irish did. They would keep their bottles back of the house in holes made in the sod, and would get their quart flasks filled twice a day at the shanty where it was sold. The Germans got bottles half full of whiskey, made a hole by an ant hill and in a short time the bottles would be full; they took them out and drank the whiskey off and then would fill them again. It is only in

June that they are good. I tasted of it, it did not taste like whiskey, and they said it was healthy. They did not drink so much, but would go to Warren to get beer on rainy days. Joss did not like the strychnine whiskey, he said, but he drank it. At one time he thought he would go to Chicago and get his valise and what he had left there; he took twenty-two dollars with him. I asked if he could not write for it. He said he had written, but they did not send it, and he must have his watch that he had loaned long enough. He started and passed where the men were blasting rock, and borrowed eleven dollars from the German men. When he came home he had a great jug of what he called real whiskey. How much he drank I do not know, but he was asleep most of the time, when he should have been with the men at work, and the Germans were going to leave before pay-day, they said they had to go home. He settled with them, and rather than tell me he had got the money from them, he made out settling for board and all, to have them short of the eleven dollars. I heard the men over in the shed figure and talk about something not right and asked them what it was. They explained it to me. I can't say how it was, but it was not right anyway, and I told him when he came home, thinking the men

were gone, and of course he had been drinking and laid down to sleep. Next day he made it all right; whether he intended to cheat or not, I never knew him to do such a thing, he would rather give than take. Honesty was a principle with him.

At a time in Milwaukee a man came from Chickaborigon who wanted to give him a hundred dollars in silver for thirty dollars good paper money. I said, if one need not be afraid of being detected, it could be easily done. He looked at me, saying, "And would you do such a thing?" I never forgot these words, and when tempted to do anything wrong, even to this day, it comes to my mind: "And would you do such a thing?" and often have to sigh: "God, help me and keep me!"

Here on earth where we must part,  
And all things have an end,  
I pray Thee, Lord, to cheer our hearts,  
And streams of mercy send,

That we with patience may endure,  
Till we our course have run,  
Each moment of our life be sure  
With God to be well done.

Then shall our days on earth be passed  
In sacred hours of bliss,  
And we shall wear a crown at last  
In a fairer world than this.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## BEGGING FOR VICTUALS.

About this time I began to think of taking the settling of the board money and planning to have something to get the boys home and settle for Winter somewhere, in the Fall. But like all my plans it was soon developed, as nothing could be done but to get away as soon as possible, as the cholera broke out in the shanties and the works stopped. They set a time to pay in a few days, but Joss being afraid would not stay another day, he said I could get ready by Saturday to come on a certain train, when he would meet me at the depot. He settled with Simon and went. I commenced to sell off what I had and soon got rid of all; on pay-day I got what was coming to me, went to the store, got what clothes we needed to wear on the way, not wanting to take anything with us that might have lice in it; a few books, a tin cup, two or three knives and forks and spoons, all packed in a new barrel with a small tub that went into the barrel, and a few underclothes. The barrel was not quite full. I stayed at Simon's, where I had

some help to get ready. I did not get off on the train I expected to, and did not get there till Sunday morning. No one was there to meet me.

I went with my children to the Farmers and Merchants Hotel, and strange to say, yet it is true, I saw a man that had boarded with us coming toward the hotel; as I got into the room they gave me from the window, I ran down stairs out on the street, met the man and asked him, if he knew where Joss boarded. He did, and said he would tell him. He soon came to the hotel after he had rested, for he was sick; he told me he had a room in view, after dinner we went to see it, came again, stayed at the hotel all night, next morning Joss went to where he boarded, to get his breakfast and valise, and then go to the depot to meet us, when the hack would come to the next train. But again no one was there, I saw my barrel standing near the door of the baggage room, it was not checked, and I feared I should not see it again. I waited a while, then got a dray to take us with the barrel as I supposed right to the place the room was. We rode around on the dray so long that the drayage, which was to be twenty-five cents, as he told me, got to be seventy-five cents; every time he raised I thought of the lake brew-



ery, that it was right there, I told him, and we were soon there, but found the room empty.

I don't remember how much I paid at the hotel, but it was a big price, and now seventy-five cents for twenty-five, together with the fare, made me think my money was going fast without having anything for it; but the wonder where Joss was, was more than all. We had the room from a German woman down stairs that had to take that room with hers, though she did not need it. She went out to work and her husband was gone to work. She was home and I asked her to keep my things till I came, she did, I threw my shawl and some few things on the floor and started in search of Joss, going from one German tavern to another, asking for a sick man; they most all had them sick and knew not the names of many of them, so I had to be taken to where they were. I never thought anybody could entertain strangers in such places, and some so sick and without care.

I did not want to give up the search, was feeling desperate running the streets and my children alone with a strange woman; I thought of Wolf who moved from Milwaukee there, looked at the signs and found the name, went in, found Mrs. Wolf in the bar-room, I asked if Joss was there, she said it was there where he

stopped and had been sick since he came. That morning when he came in he went to bed, took a chill, and as soon as he could went to the room he showed me, thinking I would be there, that he was not able to carry his valise, walked with a cane, I hastened to the place and found him on the floor on what lay there, very sick. I went to a restaurant, got something to eat for us, after which I got muslin, made straw ticks, took them off, got them filled and brought home, had cotton batting for pillows, made cases for them, a straw bolster, our barrel did for a table, the tub for a seat, the window was low so the children could sit by the window on the floor, but it was not long till the youngest could not sit up, when I did not hold her she was in bed.

Joss told me to hold on to the money, as he did not expect to live long and I would want to go to my folks and to the boys. That seemed to pierce through my heart every time he mentioned them, for my conscience condemned me for not at least waiting until he saw them before they went, to have a word with them; yet what would we all have had as it was there after Joss came home with his chums? I cannot think how much money I got when all was paid, but don't think it was a hundred dollars, or I would remember, but it was for what I sold, which was

not worth much, and the board money, for Joss got his pay from Simon, and the eleven dollars from the German men was also gone for me, however it was all gone in two months, and I had to pledge anything that would fetch something. We doctored and paid the doctor one dollar every time he came as long as I could raise it, at last when I was making shirts at a shilling a piece, and I thought both father and child would die, I thought it would be such a satisfaction to hear the opinion of the doctor that I pledged the last garment, which cost five dollars, for one dollar and seventy cents. I went to the doctor, he had evidently just seated himself to rest, was puffing away at a cigar, when I told him my sick people were no better, I wished he would come, I feared they would not live till morning. I handed him the dollar, but he did not take it, he said, "Madam, you will not get a doctor in the city after the nine o'clock bells ring, for less than two dollars."

The bells were ringing, I went home, sat down on my only seat, the little tub turned upside down, watched to see which would draw their last breath first, for I believed they would both die that night. I felt awful not to be able to do anything for them, but had nothing to do anything with, or perhaps I should have tortured

them, when apparently quiet rest was just what they needed most. That was a time without human help, no eye to pity, no arm to save, only God was near; it was natural to think of father's house where our dear boys were; how glad I should have been to have them with us to hear him speak his last words to them, knowing nothing on earth could be of more satisfaction to him; yet for their sake I was thankful they were in father's house with bread enough and to spare. That night I could say as never before, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Surely there they do his bidding. Thus in poverty I became richer than ever before, leaning on the strong arm of Jehovah, I could realize what I learned to sing when young:

"Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty :  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand,"

and trust the powerful hand to hold us, though we walk through the valley and shadow of death, I shall fear no evil. I am thankful for such rays of light from the Sun of righteousness: I will bless the Lord who hath given me counsel, my reins also instruct me in the night season, I have set the Lord always before me.

In the morning we all seemed revived, when I

could sit no longer quietly I put out the light and laid down, not daring to disturb them. I listened to their breathing, and recalling my experience about that time, if I had known it, I think I could have said, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." I could go and get something for us to nourish our bodies, and the dollar was perhaps spent better than if the doctor had come. One thing I am sure of, judging from past experience, unless divested by the power of God of everything, I could not have been clothed upon by myself, so as to taste of the heavenly bliss of that dark night, to prepare me for more pruning, for notwithstanding all the Lord had done for his vineyard, it brought nothing but sour grapes till then, but even that was as the early dew and morning cloud, it passed away and could not be comprehended by me at its value, yet I was not left to myself, but received grace upon grace, and in a few days Joss became so that he could walk around some, but our little girl did not mend fast, if any at all, she was like a skeleton.

The steamer burned in the harbor, it was plainly seen from our window. As Joss was up, he walked down to see the sight. There were many gathering up fragments, and Joss seeing a box floating close to the wharf, where he stood, exerted himself to get it, he succeeded and

carried it home, it was all charred, in some places it was burned through into the candles, as it was a box with candles. The wood of the box served to get us something warm to eat, as the German woman was home. The outside candles were spoiled, only the ends of them were fit to use. Then there were some all good, but did not look nice. In the middle were several pounds quite good, which I wrapped up in paper, put them in a little dark cupboard at the end of the hall, nicely wrapped up in paper, the others were also kept there.

One morning when I arose early to take my work home and expected to get the pay, for which I intended to buy something to eat, the lady had gone out to take a morning walk. I got six more shirts to make, but no pay.

As I was walking along (for I had a long walk, nine squares from the wharf to Ninth street on that side, and over the river two or three more), I saw the workingmen take down the boards that were used to encase an addition to a hotel that was being built, with the front all open, only as they closed it for the night. They seemed to be doing the work for the house, there I stepped in, and seeing a woman ironing in a corner, I asked if I could not get some pieces of bread or anything that was eatable, as the

girl was scraping an abundance of victuals into swill-pails. She told me to go to the cook. I went and asked him, saying I knew they gave beggars nothing at hotels, but I would not trouble them again. But his answer was no.

I turned and went out close by the girl that was clearing off the dishes and who had some pieces, I thought, perhaps for me; but before I reached her I heard the assistant cook say: "Did you not hear the cook's order? why don't you obey?" I did not go near the girl, but when I got to where the pieces were I went out, thinking I can't beg. But what was I to do?

As the stores were just being opened and the sidewalks swept off—they were all of boards then and raised from the ground, the main streets I think were also laid with planks, a kind of an aqueduct to drive in,—so there would not be much chance to find money, yet I trusted, though it come as mysterious as out of the fishes' mouth. I often resolved to ask when I reached this or that, and I looked for a few cents to get bread with; but my courage failed till the harbor was reached. A ferry was there at that street, it was on the other side. As I stood waiting I noticed the wharf on the other side where the boat burned not long before, which put me in mind of the candles; but, thought I, we are all sick,

we want light. — The ends that we could not use were sold to the soap boilers ; it is true, there were some nice ones that would sell.

By that time the boat came, I stepped on and thought of the women that gathered manna to save, and may be before the poor candles are burned worms may be destroying these bodies, and think I learned to ask for daily bread, felt thankful I had them to sell. When I got home I listened at the door, all was quiet. I went to the cupboard, got the candles, put them in the basket with the work, then went to the nearest German tavern, a young girl was clearing up the bar to clean out the room, which looked as if it had been filled with customers the night before. I asked for the landlady, she took me to the dining-room. I told her what I wanted. She asked me many questions. I did not wonder at that, knowing how women came to our house often with stolen things to trade for whiskey. I told her my story and how I got the candles. As she was clearing off the tables, I thought she might give me something, but did not offer, and I did not ask, finally she said she did not know if they would burn, having been in the water, but she would give me twenty-five cents, and there were several pounds. I thought it hard to let them go, but having been away so



long already, I was anxious to get home. I did, and with something to eat. Joss kept gaining a little, and where we got our provisions we got the loan of their paper every morning. I was working at my shirts when Joss read of some one wanting a teamster, he thought he could try it, may be he could stand it, if he had one dollar may be he could get employment. I said, can't you find something to do without paying for getting the work? He said he would not know where to go, that was what these places were for. I got my shirts done, and as I had the pay due me for the other six shirts I got one dollar and fifty cents. I knew we would have to pay the rent and were counting on the dollar toward it, but I thought if he could pay the rent it would be better that to save it, so I let him have it. He got the place, drove two days, the third he started out and was brought home on a dray unconscious, they said he took the spell with cramps in his arms, then he was sick again for a few days, but I got along with my work to make up, besides living, two dollars and fifty cents, what a woman charged for a little house moved on a corner of her lot, it stood on blocks, had a good sized room, but the chimney was taken down, and the plastering mostly fallen off, no windows in, only a small bedroom also without

windows, but she put frames with mosquito bars in them to keep out the lake mosquitos, it did not rain down there, but in the big room it did. She gave me a frame such as they use on canal boats to sleep on, the bottom was sail cloth tacked on and sticks stuck in the frame to make it the height of a lounge. That did for Joss' bed with cotton batting pillows, all I had for him to cover was a quilted skirt. I ripped the band off, as they were straight in those days, then I took the straw out of one straw tick and put it in the other for our bed behind the door on the floor, having the other to cover with, and a pieced quilt, but not quilted or lined, we had a straw bolster, then I got a square door of an old pig pen in the yard to put on a barrel for a table, one chair without a back was all the furniture we had, I had the muslin we used for table cloths out on the road, I made for myself a sack dress of it to have when I should be sick, I made a few duds out of some old shirts of Joss' clothes in his valise.

When I think of that time it is like a dream to me, I know I had no clothes but a change, the brown calico and the coarse muslin one were all, a coarse muslin skirt and a flannel one. When I pledged my good shawl I got some money, the usual ticket with an old faded Delaine shawl was

all I had to wear, a brown brayes bonnet, a shade lighter than my face, after running all Summer on the prairie without a bonnet or even a looking glass to see my face, so I was frightened when I saw myself in the light. I think the first Sunday we were in that house Joss went over to a Scotch grocery where he saw the man he teamed for, he gave him three dollars, one dollar more than he expected, so he stayed there with the men a while and when he came home had candy and cakes for the children. I said he had better got something we all could eat. What do you want? he said. I told him there is nothing in particular, only I thought that money could have got something useful. He went over again, stayed quite a while, came with some strong butter, eggs, and flour enough to make a good meal.

A family of a man, woman and child came in the room next to us to stay till they could get out in the country, and he said, the woman would allow me to make anything on her stove; we got milk, I made up the batter for some fritters he took a notion for, as he saw some bean stalks in the lot he wanted some dipped in the butter and fried. I picked some cucumber leaves which the Germans used in the same way. Some were fried without anything in them, when

done, as they were on the woman's plate, I set them on the table made of a board, he took his seat on the old chair, ate some of the fritters, making remarks about them not being as good as they should be. I said they could not be fried in a little strong butter. At such times when I would say anything it was not right, and if I did not, it was because I thought him not worth an answer.

He tasted one cucumber, and said, if I wanted to poison him, to do it in some other way that would not be so lingering. I said nothing, he became abusive and said, any man to be treated as he was by me and so religious as I was, too, he did not want to go to heaven, if I got there. I cried, but said nothing. I am sure his talk did not affect me so as to make me cry, but the idea of our condition under such circumstances as we were in and to think I had to give him the dollar to get the place, then not to put it to better use. The first he had earned in the place we were going to save and get the boys from Ohio, altogether his talk was the least to make me cry, and because I did not talk about the poison fritters, he took the plate and emptied it in a pig-pen at the bottom of the lot. When he came in I talked, for I felt for the children who were waiting to be served with some of the fritters,

and told him so; he said, oh, you go to hell! I told him in quite a different humor that surprised myself, "well, I thought you had some sound sense, but it don't look like it when you say you don't want to go to heaven if I be there, then right after you send me to hell, which must be the place you must expect to go as there are only two places." He laughed and said, you wont be in any place when you get on the board to cross the gulf, you'll be shoved off. This talk was all in German, our children understood none of it. He went off and soon came with something cooked for the children like meat or oyster pie, I don't remember, and told them the fritters were not good, because the butter was strong.

The next week he took the place of a clerk that left in a warehouse office, the man and woman both were very good people, he boarded with them and when he had his regular living got better soon, I worked all I could that week, till Friday got out a good many shirts, went to the shirt factory, got my pay and took no more. Saturday I straightened all up around our place to make it as comfortable as possible. The other family had gone out of the other room.

Saturday afternoon I met the young married woman in the big house on the lot at the cistern, I asked her if she could tell me where I could

find a woman if I should need one, that I was not acquainted with any one in the city. She said her mother lived near, she would bring her over that afternoon. She did, they were both very friendly, told me not to be backward about letting them know if they could do anything for me, and to send any time. So next morning I sent Joss for her, she came, told Joss where to go for a doctor, said she would go home, get her man's breakfast and then come over. Joss and her both were gone, the oldest little girl was yet asleep on her father's bed, the younger one, who was very sick, was asleep in the back part of my bed on the floor behind the door. I got on my knees, in the bed, bore and prayed, Joss came, but did not find a doctor, I could not move, told him to call the woman quick, he did, they both came, laid me up in the bed, no one else was needed, the young woman waited on her mother, and myself and young daughter were comfortable in bed. For a few hours the baby slept and was no trouble, but the sick child had to be waited on. Joss being there, it was Sunday and the women both were very kind, the young woman had company from the country, said she had a country dinner, it was roast beef and potatoes, apple dumplings and a large bowl of tea. She brought all in she had left and we ate

heartily. I had not had a warm meal for six weeks, it tasted good and did me no harm. Surely, those merciful Samaritans will not remain unrewarded, for Jesus says, "What ye do unto the least of these my little ones ye do unto me." Though I was only one of God's would-be Christians, He owned me as His creature, and never forsook my honest endeavors till He owned me for His child through the loving kindness of His Son, who overcame and won my heart. God grant that the one thing be not lacking,

No matter how sad the condition,  
No matter how humble the home,  
Our prayer comes nearest fruition,  
When the babe that is looked for has come.

Come to these low grounds of sorrow,  
Its birthplace and name most unknown,  
It is said, care not for to-morrow,  
Believe, and all things are your own.

To-night I am comfortably seated in that child's house in the midst of plenty, and they can say like the righteous youth, "All these have we kept."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## AT THE HOME OF MY PARENTS.

I could not find relief to think it best than for my sons to be exposed to the same bringing up I had, though in a worldly point of view I could wish no better, but began to think godliness was profitable to all things, and in my selfrighteousness, believed I had it and thought because I had learned to hold my tongue when it was better for me to bear patiently what I thought was the cross laid on me, because I must if I would wear the crown. I felt sorry for anything wrong detected in myself, asked forgiveness, which I believed I had when I came with a broken and contrite heart, could go in peace watching and yet do something I would not, or leave that undone that I would do till a more favorable circumstance, and often saw the fruit of it, I could easily give a chapter of such like religion, it lasted for years, as God don't easily leave them he loves, and that is what my salvation consists in. Jesus loved me, He lives and loves me still. Glory to His name.



Oh, this useless life, dear Jesus,  
Hear me, Lord, and bid me go,  
Tell poor sinners Thou canst free us,  
Give us pure hearts here below.

On these low grounds of sin and sorrow  
I'll hearken to Thy loving voice,  
Saying, "Don't wait until to-morrow,  
While to-day you may rejoice.

Only give yourself to Jesus;  
A full surrender let it be,  
He shed His blood for to redeem us,  
And gives us perfect liberty."

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Oh the joy of knowing Jesus  
As such a faithful Friend,  
From all our sins He doth relieve us,  
And keeps us to the end.

If we follow in His footsteps,  
Wherever He may lead,  
He will lead us on to glory,  
And we'll crown Him Lord indeed.

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"I rest in hope. Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt Thou suffer Thy holy one to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life, in Thy presence is fullness of joy, and at Thy right hand are pleasures evermore."

And to have the dear little ones exposed to such as human nature in the tender bud of life could not endure in such weather as apparently threatened us then. I told Joss of the impres-

sion I had of our returning to be with the boys at home. He at once said, "No, I'll die outdoors first," little thinking it should occur, nor I, at that time, when health and strength was returning and hope, as we were among another class of people, among whom we expected to make our living.

But the weather got cold, the lake winds blew in through our mosquito bars, without fire and no warm victuals, with a sick child, apparently dying, and a babe only a few days old, without comfortable clothing or bedding; there was nothing left for me but to try to get to where we could be taken care of. I told him I should write for money to go; he said he was working and getting well, and there would be a way for us to live. I told him he got seven dollars a week and board, which was as good as could be expected in those days; we must pay eight dollars rent a month, eight dollars for wood or coal a month, and nothing to keep house with; how could we make it reach, when the Winter was so near? He said, that's the way with you good Christians, that trust God when prospects are good for plenty, but now you can't see, your faith fails; but, said he, you can write for money, and when it comes you can go, but they shall never have it to say when I had all spent they took me

home; and when he could, would send for or get us.

I wrote, but felt I could not stay there, as we were all sick, and concluded to go to Milwaukee. I asked the brewer's wife, where we got our milk, if she would take what I had to keep house with, so I could go to stay with my friends till the money came to go home to my parents. She said, I should set a price on what I had, and she would take it and give it to her girl that was going to be married. All I had to keep house with I could only charge one dollar and fifty cents for, I thought the fare, deck passage, would be one dollar, all the clothes we had were on our backs, a few duds tied in a handkerchief for the baby. I had but a shabby calico dress and a night-gown of coarse muslin, everything that would fetch anything at the pawn broker's was gone.

That morning I went to the house of the man for whom Joss worked, asked the woman if she could not let my husband know I was ready to start to the boat when time; she was very friendly, asked where I was going; I told her; she was surprised; "why," said she, "your husband is not well yet." I said I know, but we can't stay. She knew not our circumstances; said, not the best parents or friends could per-

suade her to leave her sick husband. I burst into tears and went out. Joss sent an express wagon to take us to the wharf, said he could not come. We went and were helped off the wagon, he drove off, there I stood with two babes, one on each arm, a little girl between three and four years holding to my dress, with the little bundle in her hand. The boat I was to go on was starting as we got there, the dock was crowded with emigrants as well as others, but to whom could I look to help me? Surely, with my three helpless children I was there alone, as we used to sing in a song:

“The world so great, and I so small,  
The world so full, and I alone ;  
Yet I have none on whom to call,  
Surely we are without a home.  
These loved ones here would make me glad,  
Yet this condition, oh how sad !”

But there was a must in that case; another boat lay there, some one said, it would start for Milwaukee. A German woman was sitting on what I took to be a bundle of bedding. I asked her if she would take care of my two children till I could go on the boat to find out if and when it was going out. I went to the clerk's office, he said, in ten minutes. I hurried, left my baby, a few days old, with another woman,

forced myself along through the deck hands working, when I saw the plank drawn in. I screamed, but in that confusion was not noticed, but I saw the sailors on the dock throwing my children to the sailors on board, the water was splashing, one turn of the wheel would have put me beyond the reach of my children. Almost frantic with grief, and that instant the overwhelming joy and yet fear of them being hurt, altogether must be experienced to feel, or realized. By that time the boat was going, I forced my way through the crowd to one who seemed to have command of things; he said: "Are you the mother of these children?" I said "yes." He saluted me with "a hell of a pretty mother you are," and gave them to me, while a torrent of curses came upon me with "they just got them in time or I would have been off." I knew they were blaming me for wanting to go and leave the children behind, but if ever I loved and felt under obligations to anybody, it was those sailors, and I think I learned how to bless them that curse me.

When I got to where the woman sat with the baby, the woman talked to me. I asked her pardon, as I felt sick and faint, yet did not become unconscious. I leaned against something and got better. The same man that gave me

my children came to me for fare or ticket. I asked what the fare was. He said, three dollars. I said I never knew deck passage to be but one dollar. He passed on and came back, asked how much I had, and took the one dollar and fifty cents. We never stopped till we got to Milwaukee. Had I known that the boat was chartered to take emigrants, as the other boat was full, I could have got through without pay; yet I am glad I gave my all, and felt as though I should like to have had something to show my good will to the sailors. I thought when I got to Milwaukee I would be all right, and so I would, had I not been too proud.

The first man I saw that I knew was the harbor master, who would have welcomed me to his house, but I could not make myself known, but feeling ashamed to appear as I was before one of my old associates. I went on, after coming near having my little four year old girl crushed between a backing dray and some timber along the side of the pier, down through Huron street up Water to Market, to where I was obliged to stop. I went to the side door and rang the bell, when the landlady came to the door, took one of my babies and welcomed us to her sitting-room, where every comfort was bestowed on us, and so it would have been all along, could I have hum-

bled myself, but I thought to be able to reach my own relatives without exposing my poverty to strangers. Our supper was brought in the room for us, and we could have stayed for the night or longer, but I asked to be taken to one of the Joss cousins, as I feared we should all be ill after that day. So they had their man hitch up and take us to where we were nursed a few days with tender care, and when able went to uncle's, where both he and aunt were sick. Then I was taken to a cousin of mine, where we stayed two weeks till the money got to Chicago and I got a letter from Joss. Uncle took us to the boat, put us in a state-room, got our ticket for cabin passage, and cousin clothed us fit to travel.

We got to Chicago, found Joss waiting for us and took us to the woman that kept boarders and was with me when sick. She and her daughter were very kind to me. Joss also had got a letter, written in behalf of his mother from his brother and sister, pleading for him to come home, but he would not, and as soon as possible I started; though I had made the trip five times by water, it was the first to go by railroad, and as Joss stayed with us in the coach, expecting it to start, I hoped his intention was to go with us. It seemed as though he could not stay behind.

But he went outside after saying good-by to us, stood at the window and assured us if he kept well it would not be long till he should have us with him again.

We started, and for the last time separated, but not without a hope to meet again on earth, and my expectation was that God, with whom all things are possible, would in due time establish a home for us on earth, where the joy of righteousness should prevail, in making our moral home yet bright and attractive, with our promising boys to show forth His praise, in showing our enemies what He will do if we are faithful in striving to keep His commandments and trust Him under all circumstances.

My boys had been there one year without expense to any one to take them there. I sent them, and had no fear for them of not earning their living, as everybody worked and the boys were praised to me for their industry. I with the little ones were of course a charge to them, and I had to hear it often, for we were sick, the children had the scarlet rash, and Ettie, the sick little girl, remained poorly all Winter, so that had I been strong could not have done anything for any one. My brother who had furnished the means for me to come home had a room one side of mine, he taught school in the Winter



and clerked in the Summer. On the other side of my room was the room of my two sisters; the oldest one withstood me to my face that I cared not how much trouble I caused our parents, that I should have stayed when I was there before, then I should not have the two youngest children for them to care for in their old days, when they have raised their own children. Many such things I had to hear, which was not pleasant, yet I could endure it much better than I could have done if I could have helped myself any other way to keep the children from suffering and dying, as I thought.

I endured silently, till this sister had been away a few months on a visit to Columbus, and when she came home, as my room always had fire and was warm, we would generally be in bed and often asleep when she came through to her room. She often sat silent, as I supposed to warm, but sometimes would cry, lie down and roll on the floor, sob and cry. At last I told her I could not stand that, if it was my being there that caused such trouble, I should try to find a way to make a change. She said it was not me, yet it distressed me, and next evening when brother was in his room I went in and asked him what he thought was the matter with sister; I told him what I thought, that my presence was

the cause. He said, nonsense, she has too many strings to her bow, she can't make up her mind what to do, and I should not mind her.

Sometimes things occurred among the work hands who I believed never to be right sober, as they drank all the while, and my boys worked under them; if I said anything about dislikes, I would receive a sudden rebuff, like "shut your children up in a glass case or band box," or "all went well enough till you came." So I was most unhappy I thought when there, fearing that my sons would learn to drink and should have to go through with what we had to. I shall not try to describe the scenes of sorrow and suffering I saw through drink among well-to-do people, as much of it comes too near home where many to this day shut their eyes to its effects, because they like it, and think we should hide the faults we see.

All the way I had to travel with my sick child to keep her asleep wrapped in a shawl, lying on the seat opposite me, when she stirred and I feared she would wake up, I repeated her dose of laudanum. How many times this was done I cannot tell, but every time I thought it would be her last dose. She had had the Summer complaint nearly all Summer, and it seemed nothing remained of her but her skeleton. I expected to

bury her when we would come to our journey's end. We had something with us to eat, so we never got out of the coach till we reached Massillon. A man came in at the hotel, took my and my two children's names, I had laid the sick one in the corner of a sofa where our wraps were lying, she was not noticed by him and I was so exhausted that I did not care to say any more than I had to. My brother, who was in the place, got a conveyance, I can't say for certain if he or a cousin that was there took me home, but I do know that brother had a friend in Chicago, to whom he wrote to supply my wants. He came and gave me the necessary money to go with, and that brother paid it out of his salary he was getting at Massillon, and I never could recompense him for that and much less for what he has done for me since. As I am one of God's little ones, I trust he will have his reward.

I went home that time because I had to, and for the time was thankful for the children's sake, and was willing to suffer any blame for my ungratefulness in leaving when I was brought there before by my parents and established in a way to make my own living, and as I myself expected to pay the expense of bringing us to the place to take charge of the work, which was labor there as well as elsewhere, and my boys were deprived

of the schooling they received at other places, and think they too earned their living, which was all well enough, yet I had not abandoned the hope that fortune would smile on us as a family, all to be united again under more favorable circumstances than we had been previous to my taking charge of the work I did, which I expected would help Joss to realize something to start us in the world when we should know how to manage better. But I have long since seen that life as it was then at that place could not afford a congenial abode for any of us to spend our days through life; yet had the accident not happened to Joss by the falling of the pole of the machine on his back, I should have been glad to stay, for the sake of the prospects of gain, longer than we did; but duty called and I obeyed, and aside from what it cost to take me there with my children, we paid our way as long as we were there, and I was always and am yet glad I went when prompted by conscience, though we were compelled to return again in the Spring.

I asked father for a log kitchen to live in that was attached to the glue shop, which he allowed me to have. As there was a fire-place in it, I could soon gather up a few things to keep house with, the bed the boys had at mother's I put on the loft where we were, it being Summer it did

not take many bed clothes, but I was supplied with one, most likely by mother, and my sister-in-law was not backward in supplying me with anything she thought of that I needed. I remember I had a large store box for a cupboard and kitchen table, when John Smith came and gave me his sink; but it must have been when they broke up house-keeping after sister died. It was little I had, but content made little plenty, and to an extent was much more comfortable to be alone, ever hoping to hear and get help from Joss, but there was always some reason why he could not send us help. The boys boarded and worked for father, the oldest and youngest, who was to fetch the cows and take them to the field, and then go to school. But the school going was not much, as there was always something to do.

I visited a sick woman whose husband had been an awful drinker, they had four children, one a smart young man, but also drinking, one son was almost like a wild man. They could not make him wear a hat, not even at his father's funeral. Then there was Annie, who once was a smart little girl, her mother said; but the beating and ill treatment of her father stupefied her, the blows she got on her head were the cause of her deafness. She was the only one to care for

her mother; they were not so poor, had some land, but it was poorly worked by the boys, most that was done the deaf and dumb boy did. The mother worked almost constantly at our house. I was not there when the smallpox were in our family, but heard of her faithfulness in attending to the sick. But at last the poor soul, that came from a wealthy family in Switzerland, was often driven out by a drunken husband and had to sleep in the chicken coop, and then work to help to support her children, was laid low with the dropsy. I found her in an awful condition, the ropes in the bedstead were so loose that her bed was most uncomfortable, to say nothing of the filthy condition of everything about the place. I went home and asked what could be done for her. They said, nothing; they had tried everything they could think of, cleaned the house and provided all necessary things for Anna to wait on her, but in a short time it was the same as before. But, said I, she is dying, and can we see her die in that condition? True, she worked for the pay, but she was a faithful servant, and I'll take her in with me and leave them to themselves that are there. Mother opposed it, saying I was crazy. Father came over to talk with me about it, they all seemed to like the idea of her being made comfortable, but thought I

could not do it. I wanted to try, and father said no more.

I don't remember how I got her up, but she was brought, may be my own folks got her up for me. She told me she would be glad to come. Her own bedding, which was good when in order and which she kept locked up in a chest at home, she had with her. She had also good linen sheets and cases for the feather beds. I got underclothes from mother, Joss's night-gowns and caps came in handy, and when she was washed and dressed and in her comfortable bed, all were glad to see her, and her two poor children that could not speak to her for us to understand, were glad to see her, and they often shed tears. She said, they were tears of gratitude, that they were glad to see her so cared for. But she was not long for this world. The doctor did all he could, everybody was kind to her, and they are very charitable people, and I often thought if it were not for drink, and in some cases avariciousness, there would not be so much misery.

There was no county house then, and when I had to get help I applied for it to the trustees, who secured a widow not long from Germany; she was a Christian, and as the sick woman complained about everybody having been to blame

for her sickness and trouble, the hired woman could talk to her about Jesus suffering for us, while we rebelled against Him by not bearing the ills of others, as He bore ours. She read to her from the Scriptures and prayed with her, and the dear woman forgot her troubles and the wrongs which were done to her, and when the doctor said she would at some time, perhaps very soon, go off like going to sleep, she requested calmly the minister to administer the sacrament to her. He was surprised to find her in calmness and fixed so firm on her Redeemer, in whom she trusted, that she quietly passed away.

The trustees wished me to take Annie until they could write to their uncle; the deaf and dumb boy stayed at father's until they were taken away by their uncle, who lived near the Ohio river. It was my privilege to be at Clarington; I sought and found them there, well and glad to see me. I thought, if our fellowship below in Jesus is so sweet, what will it be when in heaven we meet.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## DEATH OF MR. JOHN JOSS.

In the latter part of July, 1855, word came from Millersburgh, that a Joss was found dead on the prairie near Chicago, it was published in the paper there, but we received the mail only once a week and it would not be the day for a few days yet, but the clerk from my brother-in-law's store was on his way to Millersburgh some time. When my sister-in-law went over to the store for her son, she found him alone and asked where the clerk was. They told her, some family that owed them were moving and going that way, and he wanted to get to Millersburgh first, so as to stop his goods to make him pay the debt. She went over to the house again, everybody in town knew it, and all thought it was Fred Joss, because he was off with a gentleman on a pleasure and speculating trip; all thought he had been murdered and robbed, as we knew not the particulars of the case.

The next day a handsome silk flag sent from Switzerland, presented to the Sonnenberg Glee Singers, which they were going to dedicate at Weinsberg. They were wondering and waiting

for the news. If it be Fred, a man was to be dispatched to tell them not to come. No doubt the town would be draped in crape if it were true that he was dead. My mother-in-law knew it was one of her sons, if true, but dare not say a word that the family be not excited, for some of them were not well and very nervous. I went in and out, knowing as much as any, but it never struck me. In the afternoon their washwoman came in, sympathizing with them, as she thought they all knew it. She said a few words, which roused sister's suspicion, and in a moment all was in an uproar, even the washwoman fainted to see them and to think she was the cause. It makes me rejoice in the God of our salvation to think of that time, how my table was spread in the presence of my spiritual enemies. I stood and sometimes said a word, but it was of no use, they wanted none of my consolation, not knowing I had none to give, but would have liked to recommend my consoler, and I felt if I could bear the shock for them, I could endure it better. I engaged in prayer for God to comfort those sisters-in-law. Brother came in from a neighboring town, she flew at him and asked, "tell me the truth, is Fred dead?" He said "no." But they would not believe it, and it was worse among them than before. I stood there feeling

calm but sorry for them bearing trouble, I had heard the "no," and "wait I will tell you all," but they would not listen to him, and he wanted to bring it about so as not to shock me, but I never thought anything of self, only that I was thankful I could endure by God's grace. As soon as he could he asked me, if I had written a letter to John, dated somewhere in the beginning of July. I have forgotten the date, and said, "that is for me, what is it?" The calm it afforded so many, only mother Joss, who was seated on the lounge and had hitherto been silent, gave way to grief. We listened to the few words stating that he was found nine miles from Chicago with a letter and certificate from Holmes county, that he had served seven years as regiment bugler. I said I was glad, as I knew I could bear it better than they could, if it was them. Mother Joss told me afterwards when she saw how I took it, she could cry no more. I was told others made remarks as well. I walked out, went down street, passed their store, got to the other store, both men were at the door, they asked if they got the news? I said, "yes, it was John Joss, not Fred," and walked on till I came to father's. My sister sat on the door-step; I said, "it is John that is dead." She jumped up and ran into the house, I went in to my place, lay on the lounge,

and when I was alone I began to weep, but not for him nor myself, but my children. From the first moment my trouble was: Must my children be exposed to the same life we have had? My eyes were opened as never before. I could only see the good there was in him, and my horrible self, when the friends that meant it good came in; all meant it well, and were right in their way of thinking; but if they had known how I felt against myself for defending in my ignorance the social glass, only condemning drinking too much and getting drunk, and how often I had not only not encouraged when he had got a heart to feel and a mind to think, and endeavored to persuade me that our way of living would not do to live, much less to die by; he had had many times rebuff or chide, I had been blamed by my own and his people for many things I was not guilty of; but oh, how the sword of the Spirit cut like a two-edged sword indeed. The axe was at the root of the tree, and though I could not define even in my own mind, yet the struggle was there, and I thank God who giveth us the victory.

The next day arrangements were being made for the reception of the singers that were coming to dedicate a handsome silk flag, sent to them from Switzerland as a token of honor for

helping to propagate the cultivation of singing in their new home, to smooth their rugged pathway of toil and privation. May they so cheer with song and smooth with hope, so as to make the wilderness bloom like the rose with joy, and instigate its onward march till we have heaven on earth. Something like this was the substance of the speech made by a great speaker, when the Swiss Alpine Glee Singers were organized, it being my privilege to be there then, and in the church at that time. He also spoke of enjoying the God-given privileges, to use His gifts moderately, as there was nothing that went into the mouth that defileth, therefore we must use, not abuse. And after the meeting in the church, the day was spent in eating, drinking, dancing and singing, and not without many getting drunk.

How many sprees the singers had I cannot say, as I was not there except when organized, and again at the reception of the flag. Some kegs of beer were tapped and placed on a high bench under the large arbor in the wine garden, also buckets of wine with dippers in them, to fill the glasses on the table, all was free. My mother and mother-in-law, sisters and sister-in-law came to sit with me in the hall where I lived, opposite the wide gate that was thrown open, it was a bright moonlight night, the wagons stopped out-

side the village, and they marched in with flag unfurled and floating to the breeze, the band playing, which seemed to tear me to pieces. How I would have liked to crawl away out of sight and hearing of it all, but did not dare to say a word of what I felt and feared, with my sons so young in the midst of it, such rejoicing and pleasure to all, to see the enjoyment of others. But I could see no joy in it. Some were there who had perhaps taken the social glass for the first time with my husband and not knowing but what he had been drinking when he died, as at that time we had heard none of the particulars; yet it appeared to be a consolation to all those that were near and dear to me and meaning it well with me in their way, but I had got over their way of thinking, and in the place of joy on the heads of them that enjoyed such pleasure I could only imagine of hearing my husband say, when alone on the prairie in the agonies of death, and in the presence of God, to whom we all must give an account of the deeds done in the body, and how should I stand it if it were not for the precious blood of Jesus, as I felt he would be justified in saying,

A thousand curses on his head,

Who gave me first the poisonous bowl,

Caused me the cursed bane to drink,

Drink death and ruin to my soul.

In a few weeks by writing I got all the information I could, was informed by his employer that he remained with them as one of the family till he took the smallpox, when he went to the hospital. After that they never heard of him. They spoke well of him, and I am in hopes, knowing his employer and wife to be in good standing in the Baptist church, that he had encouragement to persevere in doing good, as he often resolved to do, and I believe I stood in his way. From his last letter we learned that he had been sick eight weeks, but was better and expected to be with us in two weeks, about the time the news came of his death.

The landlord stated in his letter that Joss came to his house sick, had had the smallpox but was over them, but got very sick, lay two weeks, got up and settled with him, saying he was going to the station. This was at Blue Island, nine miles from Chicago. The landlord told him he looked more like going to his grave than to travel, but he said he must go, and when they found him with thirty-eight cents in his pocket, they thought perhaps it was because he had no money and started out to go to the city again. There was nothing left at that tavern, as the landlord said he came there without any baggage.

The commissioner wrote, in answer to my in-

quiry, that a boy who went for his cows two days after Joss leaving Blue Island, found him two and a half miles from the place from where he started, that he had taken a straight course across the prairie toward the station, dropped his coat which he evidently carried, went a few steps and fell on his back, and had not moved, as they could have seen in the high grass. He lay with his face upward, and was black in the face, his hat on his head, arms stretched out, and the long grass clinched tight in each hand. A letter from me, the answer to the last one he wrote, dated the first of July, also a certificate from Holmes county that he served as regiment bugler seven years, which the coroner took with him and was published in the papers, and that they buried him near the place where he died, as they believed in a fit or spasm, is all the information I got of his death, no one tried to find out anything about him, and I could do no more than I did.

Thus was ended the life of my husband in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was by no means a drunkard beyond the average drinkers, but not so lucky as some to gain wealth, nor was he adapted for it, for which I am thankful, knowing he would rather give than take, and my conscience has never been cumbered with guilt in



that respect, though no doubt we have been deprived of what the world and myself would have called blessings, had he been a shrewd business man, in the many opportunities we had to make money, and did make money, but somehow could not keep it, for which I am glad, having the assurance that God's ways are best.

To think of the time between August, 1839 and August, 1890, what space, fifty-one years, has been covered with changes of scenes in various places, and in different circumstances, yet this last fifteenth of August, the first that brought to my mind that it was the day I was married, with its realities laid open before my mind and am forced to exclaim from the depth of my soul, with tears of gratitude streaming from these old eyes, that for years have hardly shed a tear at any earthly woe, and can only say, "What am I that Thou art mindful of me?" Though it has been my aim not to squander time, but to redeem it, believing that few and evil are the days thereof, with the best of my doing, which it must be, if I would hear that "well done," or that "she hath done what she could." Yet had not the Master allowed us to feel our shortcoming and unprofitableness when we have done all and the very best we can, I for one could not stand in the presence of Him who searcheth the heart and

trieth the reins of the children of men. But glory to His name provision is made for all who will may come to the fountain that is open for sin and uncleanness. How glad I am that I have entered in, there Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, and I find every promise true, and see the commands with them which He enables me to see plainer, as the light shines more and more, and gives grace for grace, all-sufficient grace humbles and makes me strong, ever to tell the story of Him who has before us gone. Hallelujah !

I have been a widow more than thirty-five years, a mother with six live children and two dead, buried a boy and a girl, raised six to men and women, three boys and three girls, by God's grace, to be blessed with them all to this day more than many mothers, with time and opportunities, with all to supply their wants, and better qualified for raising a family than I, and all motherly affection and loving kindness bestowed on them, and yet anxious care, and at last grief brought many to an untimely grave, seemingly while as for the present, and have been all of them comfortably settled, employed industriously in honest employment in business, without being educated especially for the calling wherein they stand, but by honesty and industriously endeavor-

oring to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, though in the latter I fear not all are zealously engaged, but thank God, for the hope I have of them that are gone, continuing to trust and believe each one of them that God gave me will not only give unto me rejoicing here, being thankful that we are what we are, but hope we will form an unbroken family in heaven, to praise Him forever.

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My father's lonely grave shall give  
Warning to me while on earth I live,  
To show the course he on earth did run,  
For fear my soul and body be undone.

He mingled once in youth's gay train,  
Every idle pleasure made him vain.  
The social glass that used to overflow,  
Caused us its fruits and bitterness to know.

No place he had whereon to lay his head,  
The wide wild prairie was his dying-bed,  
But God alone was all to see him die.  
We loved him, but we were not nigh,

To hear the words of warning he might give ;  
Yet I am resolved, ever so to live  
And shun the glass, as though I heard him say:  
Take warning, O my son, and come away !

## CHAPTER XIX.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE PAST.

To get back where the news of my husband's death came. I was at home in the place where loving hearts and willing hands were able and willing to render any aid to support us, and expected to do so, as I had nothing to depend on, and it would naturally look like folly to them all in their way of living for me to desire to subject myself and children to want, when I had not long come out of it and to them for support. There was a time when I sided with the necessary evil of the drink element, which was acknowledged an evil because men ran drinking to excess, yet we that were in the business ourselves were moderators in not giving a man when we saw he had too much, and each man thought he could moderate himself; but withal they were generally honest and industrious, and a oneness and union existed among them as not to be found elsewhere. Ignorant of the wickedness of the business I urged my husband into it, thinking it profitable nor thinking it wrong that caused me to give it up, but believing it not

a suitable business for my husband, as drink made him slothful in the business, which I blamed for our not getting along financially better than we did, and therefore could send our boys to the place where they would be among respectable people, while we expected to follow railroad building and be exposed to we knew not what, for the sake of replacing what we had lost, to settle ourselves again, which we thought would not take long. But the dear Lord willed it otherwise. I too had to return again, not of choice, but a must was then in the case to save our dear little ones, and perhaps self first to be taken by death, and it seemed to myself as they told me, It was outrageous, to see where I was brought to with my whims, when I was with them before. I did not enjoy the things I once did, but for the sake of my children to have a comfortable living at the time, always hoping for the change to come when we should be able to resume our position in life again, but saw plainly when my soul became exceedingly sorrowful, because all my earthly hopes were blasted, and patching new patches on an old garment would not do, but as I had been advised by my husband that our way of living would not carry us through this life, and help us less in death. I feared he had stumbled along over me,

wanting to keep up the old traditions of the fathers to the ruin of his and perhaps my own soul, not being able to lift my eyes to my Redeemer, myself so vile as I appeared even to myself, that I feared to ask the Lord to have mercy, but pleaded for my children to be spared and not impute my sins on them, for we are told our God is a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Him and keep His commandments.

I knew the hour we were left and were levied upon as in their possession now, in all good-will to us. My oldest and youngest sons were to stay with father, the second son had been and was to stay with his father's brother, the three little girls were to stay with me, which was all well enough so far as living and working was concerned; but there seemed not much time for schooling, nor was I reconciled to have them brought up in their way in only a form of religion, as it had never profited me any, only that I imagined I was a Christian and hoped to be saved somehow when I came to die, if I committed no willful sin that the law would condemn.

But my eyes had begun to open, and I could

already see many things in a different light, I could not subject myself and children to such as don't see as I do the need of living for God, and seek His righteousness first, in order to have the things of this world added, then I saw as much misery caused by getting drunk as elsewhere; all the difference was, they prospered in business, as I supposed, some in their mode of living and hard work accumulated wealth to leave for their children, to enjoy perhaps with no more comfort than the toilers that deprived themselves of the comforts of life, to have it said they were industrious and saving. I think in the long run I have gained more than I ever heard any say they had, the peace of God abiding with them and have enjoyed it so many years that I have not a shadow of doubt if I am faithful that the grace already given shall continue to have this satisfying portion that comes over my soul like a wave, the power of His beautiful might, He taketh my sins all away and turns all my darkness into light.

Could I have had my eyes open in those days, with the good will and understanding in that line that my husband naturally possessed, what victories might have been won for the Master! It is still to-day as it has been right down through the ages since the days of the apostles, when-

ever the children of the Lord are properly united in singleness of heart, the Holy Ghost is sure to work, and souls are saved and made to rejoice in His love.

I can think of times when I was singing while nursing and putting the baby to sleep, that Joss joined me in singing. At one time as I was singing, "Fuer alle Guete sei gepreist," a German evening hymn, when we came to the line of "Ein ruhiges Gemuethe," meaning in English, a tranquil human will or peace of mind, as near as I can get at it, he stopped; I asked why he did? He said, because he did not want to lie to God in thanking Him for what he had not. I thought that and such like at other times nonsense. How different it would have been, could I have heard the mighty One of Israel say, "Speak unto your souls in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," as it were a new song before the throne; there is a beauty in nature to charm, even though we be in carnal security, trusting in a form of godliness without the power.

It was for me a custom I had of singing out a line or verse of anything that presented itself to my mind, which has many times dispelled every care, and often while despairing of some cherished desires, hope would take the place of pain, and anticipated joy breathe temporarily peace



again. How often have the memories of the dear old songs revived my drooping spirit! There is power in song, but it alone will never produce anything like heaven on earth, and the kind of enjoyment the singers had with their drinking only augmented my grief and I longed for something I knew not what, and had to get rid of something, also ignorant of what it was; but the weight often became too intolerable to be borne, along in the first days after the sad news came to me. Mother came in from the store with an armful of goods and told me to brace up, that I was better off than thousands of others, and as all told me I should be thankful I was there, which I was for the sake of my children being provided for. I knew we should not want food and raiment, or house and home, but how to improve the future to save my children from drink and its consequences to stay there, and how to get away, I knew not. I told mother, if they wanted the children dressed in black and at church, they must see to it, I could not and did see no use in it. She thought there would be something said about Joss' death, and it would be becoming for us to be there. She urged me to be reconciled, they would take care of us. I told her I was trying to trust Him who was the widow's Friend and the Father of the fatherless,

when I received abuse for being a Methodist fool, a head-hanger, mouth Christian and such like, and that I must live so they need not be ashamed of me, give up my beggarly way of living, and all would be right. It was my mother, and a good mother too, as all my friends and relatives, but they had never known anything of conviction, nor did I, much less of being saved in this life.

I cried; she took hold of me and shook me. I was constrained to cry out to God to stand by me. I was too weak to resist all this temptation, the noise was heard, and my brother in his store, which was next to me, came in, spoke to mother, and sat down by me as mother had said we must put our trust in God and good people, that God would not come from heaven to help us, good people must do it. I told brother that mother said it was right to be religious, but not a fool.

Brother said, I knew in whom to trust, and it consoled me to think I had one on my side, and think after that my timidness was gone, and when I got among professors of religion, it never was a cross for me, but loved to talk of God's goodness, and prayed to Him in public, and often was powerfully blessed under trying circumstances, but I never expected to have the assurance in this world that I was saved from

sin, thinking death was the wages of sin, and I had a hope to be saved when I died. But somehow I got the woe upon me, if I was at ease in Zion. I thought that meant to do everything in accordance with God's word among His people of any denomination that were Christians.

I had lost confidence in our own church on account of drink, which by that time I hated, and there was no other near, but I went to visit some good people, they were Weinbrennarians, there was a big meeting there, but I knew nothing of it; they washed feet, I had mine washed, next day they had experience meeting, I enjoyed it, at the close an invitation was given to candidates for baptism to come forward, I was one of them, I wanted to be buried with Christ. A sister said, I should go with her to change my clothes; when we were in the bed-room she said, now the water is cold yet, and if you have not faith it may injure you. I said, no matter, I want to be baptized. She said she would be honest with me, I must not be offended. I told her I was glad for that, as it was my principle to be honest and liked honest people. She said, let us call on God to witness, as it seemed to her no good could come out of Weinsberg. She led in prayer. When we rose she said, let us go, you are all right. When we got to the creek they

were on the bank, some had been baptized, they soon took me in, I got happy and sang, walking out of the water, as they lined the hymn; it was:

“ On the wings of His love  
I was carried above,  
O'er sin and temptation and pain ;  
I could not believe  
That I ever should grieve,  
Or I ever should suffer again.”

It was just the way I felt then, but did not believe it could last, such joy as I realized. I had not heard a sermon at that meeting or anywhere on baptism, but always thought I wanted to know I am baptized. I had my children with me, my oldest son was working for a man not far off. I sent his brother for him, the man where I stopped took me home in the afternoon. When I got in the house with my children, as it was election day, many were spreeing, my brother was on a spree; when I saw him come toward the house I bolted the door, he kicked against it, some one came to take him away, when he cried out, “Rebaptized ! hear she goes down to the Weinbrennarians and is baptized.”

His wife and I had done some acts of kindness to sick people, I must give the account of one especially, and we got several votes as overseers of the poor. Not far from the village some

people moved on farms, they were so-called New Lutherans, but when an Albright missionary came around they opened their houses for him to preach in; but my folks made such a fuss about me being a fool and likely feeling under obligation to them I did not go down often, but I was in harmony with them and would take all kinds of excuses to go down to one of the houses early in the morning before my children were awake, to get to family worship, when all the family and work-hands were seated and the man of the house read a Gospel lesson, they sang and prayed, some one would lead, man or woman of the house mostly.

At first no one would work for them, because they kept nothing strong to drink, but their treatment in kindness, good pay and good board won the workers, so they had plenty of them. They rented a room in the village and had the missionary preach there; it was not to be allowed, as all the people belonged to the one church, the parents had their children confirmed at the right age, it was tried in every way to break up the meetings.

One night a rich and generally respectable man came in, stood in the aisle swearing, the preacher stopped until he got through and went out, then he continued. There were many out-

side, most likely expected him to be put out, then they would fight. Some of that man's children were converted. I was once at one of their houses, when he came in we were on our knees, his son was leading in prayer, he cursed us, said we were fools, slammed the door shut and was gone. His children were all converted but one that I know of, he died I think a drunkard, when all had fallen from the faith but one, the youngest daughter, whom he tried to bribe by talking much of what would be her gain not to do as the others did in taking a new religion. In a while there came German Methodists to preach, they managed between the two to have preaching often. Many were awakened and seeking silently, being afraid to come out boldly; many were saved. Among them was the woman that kept the sick man in the stable, she lived a long time after her husband's death in poor health, but a consistent Christian and a distant relative that was with her and has her property, told me recently, that reading the good books and the Bible for auntie, and her clear testimony of Jesus' power to save here in this world, induced her to seek and find the Saviour to the joy and comfort of her heart, but she dare not tell everybody, as her man is so ugly when he drinks a little too much, and her son-in-law.

whose child she has since her daughter died, is also ugly. I know him to drink awfully, and fear her only child left, a son, often takes too much, as she says. She keeps all between herself and her Saviour, who is always with her and comforts her when she has to be abused for righteousness' sake.

But the man's daughter was saved, and at a prayer-meeting she prayed for her father; some young men were there who went straight to a drinking place where her father was, and told him how his daughter prayed for him; he arose, went out and home, asked for her, the mother said she had just gone up stairs, he called, she answered saying, she was not in bed, if he wanted anything? He went up, said he heard she prayed so nice for him. She told him she felt for him and believed God wanted him to turn. But he did not listen to her. She had just let her braid down, he caught hold of it and dragged her over the floor, gave her some slight kicks and scolded her, and threatened to put her out of the house if he heard any more of it. But he did hear, and some of his sons and sons-in-law have been preachers, and that daughter was a great worker in church and Sunday-school, till stricken down with disease. After lingering long the Lord took her to be

forever with Him. She was very dear to me, being my daughter-in-law.

I had a sister who had been suffering with bronchitis a long time, I was not allowed to be with her much alone, because as mother said I was always talking about getting ready to die, and was excused on account of my little children, when there were plenty to sit up with her at night; yet we could converse at times, mostly if she felt able to be led across the street to me, or when I went over to her house for water from their well, a few words that we were living and striving to enter in at the strait gate was cheering to us, and one time I went in as usual, set my bucket in the hall, went into her room, her husband was in the act of taking her out of the chair and putting her in bed, it was all ready, he lifted her in and went out. I stepped close to her and asked how she felt. She said something about sleep, and her eyes were closed, but I noticed a twitching that drew her one eye open and one corner of her mouth, and all was in place again; as I thought she slept I stood in silent prayer and felt as though I saw her spirit take its flight, and was blessed wonderfully. I don't know of any outward demonstration, only as they that came in from the kitchen told me afterwards, but I was on my knees when mother



came and pushed me away, I got up, went home, as children and all ran over I was alone in my home singing: "I am going to Jerusalem, and am going alone." Why or where I got that I know not, but I was happy, yet could not tell it, and when at the grave all wept so bitterly, I could not, but held my handkerchief under my veil to my face so they would not mistake my peace of mind for hard-heartedness, and soon got in the dark and felt to be a penitent sinner again, which I had not got over thinking was the safest way. Not very long after another sister died very suddenly. I am glad I could take her on my arm and recommend the sinner's Friend to her. She gazed at me with staring eyes, most likely unconscious of anything; soon threw herself away in another part of the bed and died.

## CHAPTER XX.

## TEARS OF GRATITUDE.

Before going any further I will give an instance of a young man not very bright, but industrious, and who could do most any kind of work about the farm. His sister, who was married, got what was coming to him of his parents to keep him while he lived. They had a small farm and got along nicely, as Michael was always busy at keeping everything in order; but his sister died, and in time his brother-in-law married again. The next wife had him go out at day's work and applied to the trustees for their help, which was in those days to sell him to the lowest bidder. There being no county house yet, the woman bought him, so she had double gain, got pay for keeping him and his wages. When he worked out he slept on the loft, there being only one room in the house. He took sick, and as long as he could go up and down the ladder he did so, but at last he took up his abode in the cow stable, as they could not tend to cattle after Michael was sick, and disposed of them; both being old people, when they could not get

along to change him one day, they called on a hired man of my father's to help, which he told when he came to dinner; mother, who wanted the woman to hear, went out on the porch to scold, when the woman came out of her house, saying, "What does Mrs. Smith want to make a fuss about Michael for? He is no better than the virgin Mary, when the birth-place of the Saviour was a stable."

Sister-in-law and I went to see him, they did not like it, but we went and found the bed made in a drop hole in the hay, a good bed of all feathers, top and bottom, with a straw tick laid across, was on the hay, so as to leave him room to move and turn, and was warm, though it was dreadful cold weather. We reported to the squire, he sent for another influential man, they went to see, and concluded he was comfortable and warm, but would not live long. When the trustees came in they told them; but when the only Yankee in the place saw that, he was taken out of that and put on a bed in the room, where the doctor and we did all we could for him, but he died in a few hours. For such acts we were receiving censure and were considered such as had fallen from the faith. We sang and prayed with the dying man, who had not spoken, as they said, for many days. We asked him, if he

prayed? He said, "yes." "Shall we pray?" "Yes." "Are you trusting Jesus?" "Yes," and soon he passed away in peace.

At night the old grave-digger, a drunkard, and who afterwards hung himself in his own house, was placed there to watch with the dead, with a tobacco box and pipe, a mug of beer with the brewery next door, a bottle of wine, a loaf of rye bread, cheese and bologna sausage, so we found him when we went there in the evening. The woman was fearful and knew not why we sang and prayed with her. She was the woman that was afterwards converted. The grave-digger said, the best faith was a mug of beer and a good sausage.

I attended a quarterly meeting at Canal Dover, where I joined church, and am sure I consecrated all to God that day, my children, more than life to me, I gave up, if it be God's will to stay in Weinsberg, He could protect us there. But if it be His will, I begged to be spared till they could help themselves, but was determined nothing should separate me from the love of God, and as His work was commenced in Weinsberg I hoped it would prosper, and let me feel that resignation to God's will He gave me in Chicago, therefore I believed He accepted the gift, and according to His righteousness has kept that which was entrusted to Him, and will con-

tinue to do so if they will let Him have His way. I went back feeling reconciled to take what came as from the hand of God our loving Father, and before long there came a letter to father that they wanted some one to keep a boarding house for the furnace men, which must be soon; father asked me what I thought. As I was dissatisfied there, if I wanted to undertake it, he would establish me, but mother must go down and see what the prospects were. I drove and prayed all the way that not my but His will be done. Mother thought the prospects were good for making money, we could get a suitable house that belonged to a man that got in debt building it, and left it in the hands of an agent to settle his business. Father had a claim against the owner of the house, more than the rent, which he thought to put in, but they would not take it when presented, saying there were more now than the property was worth. But we had rented, father went my bail; in those days it took little to keep boarders to what it does now.

There was an old cook stove in the glue shop I was using, that I got for the kitchen, with a large store box for a kitchen table, cupboards were in the wall, the dining room had my sister's sink in, which my brother-in-law gave me, father scraped off a long table that stood in the glue

shop yard to cut glue on, when it was scraped clean and stained again it did very well for a dining-room table, a dozen wooden chairs completed the dining-room furniture. We had not a carpet in the house, up stairs we had a men's sitting-room, a table and chair which I bought second-hand in Dover with blankets and comforts, when some one sold out; father had put bedsteads together without screws, the ropes put through holes in the rails to hold them together. I had six such beds with husk mattresses from father, some German bolsters and pillows, lent me three stands for the bed-rooms, in our sitting-room I had our beds, we had in Weinsberg a big one and a trundle bed, and the cane-seated chairs, lounge and breakfast table and my dishes; I got at Joss's store some other things I needed for the kitchen, as well as a bolt of muslin, a keg of butter and one of eggs, also a cow which father gave me, which I returned when the company broke up, also the German bedding. They wanted me to stay and keep the other boarders I had; I did, and paid off what I could; my debts were about \$200, my loss was over \$400.

I was not the only one that lost, but most every one that could do but a little to stoke in the furnace, which broke up in eight months. The officials were gone.

In the Spring a company in tenancy took it, an Englishman and family came to Dover, he was the Superintendent; things took a turn, it looked as though it would go, many miners came from Tennessee, I had them all, fed them, but sleep they had to as best they could until they got shanties up at Mineral Point, where they had bought up the land for mining purposes.

In the Spring my time was up, and I could not ask for the house, when I could not pay the rent to free father; I told them so. Mrs. Wilhelmi and young Anderman had to do with the business. A man that used to live in Weinsberg and sold his land for mining, as he said at a great price, and the money was in Wilhelmi's hands, offered to go my bail for the past rent, so father be free. I moved into the house, the company got me free of rent, but I must keep a home for the miners. I did, there were two large rooms up stairs with five beds each, but they came and went, sometimes thirty or forty were there for a few days and all stayed up there to sleep, but I took my pay from the men and got it all, I think, but had not the keepers at the furnace to board and would not have taken the company any more for pay at that place; I had a woman hired by the day to wash and iron, as we did their washing, and help with cleaning.

She slept at home, as we had only two rooms to sleep in down stairs. I got along by hard and steady work. Before the first company broke up I experienced a change of heart, and the tempter buffeted me sadly, as I was in debt, I thought all eyes were upon me, pointing at such a Christian as I was, not to pay, when the Bible said, Owe no man save love, and surely there was the appearance of evil, and often thought it better for me not to go to church, as it appeared to me to make a public show of myself, something must be wrong in me, or God would not suffer this thing to bring reproach upon the cause of my blessed Redeemer, and one evening while waiting on the table, intending to do as I often did, shut up kitchen and dining-room, go to meeting first, and then work, after being sorely tried about doing that which I could hardly expect to accomplish, and fearing it was not required, but only because I loved to go, and where would I be with my work if I over-did myself in not getting rest enough for my body? Two men were at the table yet as I stood at the window looking toward the setting sun, a storm was rising apparently, I seated myself at the table, took my pencil to relieve myself, as I often did, to see what was in my soul, and penned the following:



From my window I beheld a cloud,  
Tinged around with ivory and gold,  
The thunder pealed at a distance loud,  
To me the power of my Creator told.  
Oh that my Saviour would take full possession  
Of this unworthy and inconstant heart,  
That sorrow, sin, temptations and transgression  
Would have to flee, forever to depart.  
The cares were soothed that in my heart were lurking,  
And I could trust in Him alone.  
How sweet the thunder spoke to me : He is working  
A rest for you in yonder glorious home !

This was more than thirty years ago, and I can say to-day, He has kept me without condemnation.

Come unto me and live,  
Be not afraid, 'tis I,  
The joy of grace I'll give,  
To praise and not to sigh.  
Though your load may be great,  
Still answer to His call,  
Pass easy through the gate,  
When you've forsaken all.

Take up the cross, despise the shame,  
And seek the power to praise His name,  
He'll wash you in the crimson flood,  
And give you power through His blood.

Then I could say from my heart, joyfully leaving all consequences with the dear Lord, and write :

The night of sin has passed away,  
The light of day appears,  
Jesus has washed my sins away  
And dried up all my tears.

I lost nothing by that company, but it did not last long enough to make anything and striving to pay all I could of my debts, could not clothe my children, so that when we went to New Philadelphia to where I had put my oldest son to learn to be a machinist, as they paid two dollars and a half a week board for him, I had that to depend upon. I got a house, but don't remember what the rent was, but think about fifty dollars a year. The foundry men went bail for us and were very kind in every respect. In Dover, when the company broke up, the most I owed was to farmers for produce, as the stores did not retail it then, some that I dealt with came to tell me I should not trouble about them, brought something with them and shed tears with me, while a few kept coming until they were paid.

It was in the Fall when we went to Philadelphia, the farmers were coming in with produce to sell. I sold a mattress and got a wagon load of potatoes, English and Dickson sent us a large fat hog. I did not want to keep it, but Mr. English said that would be all right, we should

have our orders for George's board the same, and in the Spring they could give the next boy work, that if I did not get things in while they were to sell I could not get it easy afterwards.

Though they are tears of gratitude, I think I have shed more tears since writing this book than ever in trouble, to think of the friends I have met and the kindness bestowed on me; we were not in want of anything. I had some new sheets which I did not need just then, that made underwear for us. I was always getting some of our relatives' out-grown or laid-off clothes that I could keep my children to school and Sunday-school, though mostly had washing to do on Saturday, sometimes at night, and iron on Sunday morning.

At one time I thought I would have to keep my little girls at home. Only two were there, the one that was sick so long was delicate still and got the chills, my folks took her up to their place, where she stayed perhaps most of her time for some years, and was not at home then. I went to a sister in the church that lived near and asked if she had an old calico dress to give me to make my two little girls dresses. Before she had time to speak a maiden lady that had her home with them said, she had got me one that never had been washed, and about thirty years

old, as the waist came up under the arms, a long straight skirt, and wide straight sleeves, there was no waste in the goods and little work to make them. Though it took me all night it was done and the children got to Sunday-school. A man came to work for a tailor and boarded with me all Winter. We had to take an order on the store; we got buckwheat and cornmeal and groceries, so we were well supplied.

This puts me in mind of what happened then. A very old father in Israel, who was converted when some pioneer preacher came along to preach when most all were Indians, and said in those days when they heard of any one under conviction they went miles to sing and pray with them till they were saved, a sin-sick soul in those days would no more be left to itself if it was known to Christians, than anybody would be left alone to die, if they were expected to die. He was lamed with paralysis, but having comparatively a young and strong wife, they came to prayer-meeting and she came to German church. She was a Swiss woman, and was a grand alto singer in those days, I could sing too, and many happy hours we spent together when most people were asleep, praying to God to send forth His Spirit to wake the sleepers and show the erring ones that He had power on earth to forgive sins,

and seek to have the work deepened in our own hearts, so God could work through us.

When I went to see father Butt again he could not speak, but with bright intellect could answer by signs when I told him I was not what he said God wanted me to be, but meant to be faithful in striving to be all God desired me to be, that he should pray for me. He clasped his hand that he could move to the lame one, we joined in silent prayer, mine was to be made useful and especially at that time. At home I wrote on the last hours spent with father Butt:

While on his death-bed he lay,  
He who had borne the heat of the day,  
And oft when in Winter the deep snow lay,  
To comfort distressed souls he made his way.

His countenance beamed with hope,  
A glorious hope of immortality.  
He gazed, though not a word he spoke ;  
It seemed that look was cast to me.

I sighed : O Father ! do Thou hear ;  
As in Thy hands an instrument I'd be,  
Not as a useless object here appear  
To one on the verge of eternity.

Our love grew deep and warm,  
We felt in union bound  
With bonds that are but known to them  
That have redemption in the Saviour found.

I sang : " How happy every child of grace,"  
His countenance beamed, his hands were clasped,  
And oh the smile he wore upon his face,  
Spoke plain to us his toils on earth are past.

And when I asked an interest in his prayer,  
Then he looked up and heaved a heavy sigh,  
As if to ask for our protection here,  
And then to meet in glorious realms on high.

Father, forbid, that ever we should mourn  
For him whom Thou didst wholly sanctify,  
But grant that we, as he his cross has borne,  
Bear ours until we meet him in the sky.

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I would love Thee, blessed Jesus,  
That unfeigned the love may be,  
I venture on Thee, loving Jesus,  
In Thy strength my weakness see.

I venture on Thee, loving Jesus,  
Therefore give Thy Spirit me,  
In Thy light myself to see,  
And Thy loving child to be.

Thou art loving me, dear Jesus,  
As my heart is full of Thee,  
Thou all dear to me shalt have me,  
Thou wilt never forsake me.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## AT THE DEATH-BED OF MY FATHER.

The first German prayer-meeting was at my house, only the preacher, who is still actively at work in the vineyard of the Lord, and a few women were there. I will mention one whose hair was white with age sitting by me, I gave her a book, she said she had not tried to sing in thirty years. I told her to read; as we sang she did, when we knelt she said she never knelt in her life, I did not think she could. I said, sit still or stand up if you like, so you pray, the rest is all form. She came to preaching as well as the rest, trembling like a leaf the first time and I think was the first to be converted, and every convert called some one else. We had no church, went where we could, till we could find no place, as other meetings were going on at the same time. We went to the court house, and God's Spirit was on the people and arrested them by scores. Why can't it be so to-day?

The Lord was our shepherd. I never forgot that my all was on the altar, and of the blessed times I have had in His service. I could write

a big volume, and the half could not be told. Our God is no respecter of person; all who will, may come to Him and prove the reality of living in this world without condemnation, but we cannot serve two masters. We must stop making crooked paths, as I have often heard Christians say. Thank God, after I was born again, the path has been straight, though often hedged up, it being narrow, often taken up by some cross, but if we march on, there will always be a way for our escape; bless God, the Lion of Juda can break every chain and give us the victory again and again, no matter what our outward circumstances are, if our consciences don't condemn us in the light of God's word, we can keep on singing:

“Thou dying Lamb! Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.”

I am so glad that the Shepherd knoweth His sheep, and we rejoice to hear His voice and follow Him gladly. There is a way that seemeth right to man. I thought it all right to denounce with animosity the temperance work, or present salvation from sin, and thought I was a Christian, but to stand still and gaze into the ware-room of the house of the soul, I behold a young



man, as it were, back from the verge of eternity, saying, what would a man give in such a time if we knew where our soul would go after death has really done its work? Surely, it is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die. From a child I asked God for what I wanted, and when I thought I was a Christian I asked God for a companion in life to help me in the divine life, the ideal man placed before my mind, though I had never met such an one, I kept pleading to God to raise up for me such a companion, or not let me own the name of wife. I am sure my prayer was answered, but in nature's darkness I knew not how to use the precious gift to God's glory, but not for want of natural affection, love, and even a desire to do right, but quelled every germ by not desiring the things pertaining to our welfare here and eternal life; except we enter the fold by the new birth we are none of His and cannot please God, but are transgressors, and cannot help standing in the way of those for whom Christ has died.

I have been in Egypt's bondage,  
A wretched slave to sin,  
And meekly paid the homage  
Belonging to the King.

Through the law awaking,  
Commanded to be true,

Such awful tasks awaiting,  
I feared I could not do.

Moses was there to lead me,  
The way with him was clear;  
Darkness and dangers I'd see,  
Yet trusting the leader was near.

Through it all he led me,  
Quickly we crossed the flood,  
The thunder pealed from Sinai,  
But there the serpent stood.

To gaze was all we needed  
To get a helping hand  
From fear to be relieved,  
And enter the promised land.

To God's glory I can say, I realize I am of His body, who is the fullness of all things. Many years has He kept me diligent, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and God of comfort, who is in all tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted. Our consolation endureth by Christ, who hath sealed us, and given us the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts. No man that worketh entangleth himself with the affairs of this world, or this life, that he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier, and if a man also strive for the mastery, yet is he not crowned except he strive lawfully. May the

Lord give me understanding in all things to be hid with Christ in God, though I may suffer want, to be ever confessing Him, a vessel unto honor sanctified and meet for the Master's use. Unto the pure all things are pure. I want to be a power of good works among a peculiar people.

When I entered the English church by letter from Canal Dover, where I received the witness of the Spirit under a sermon about the peace of God that passeth all knowledge, after seeking six years by doing anything I thought in accordance with God's word, but was never satisfied till then that it was well with my soul, and have never lost that evidence though now more than thirty years ago, but the light shines more and more unto the perfect day. As all members were asked when taken into full connection if they were converted to God, there was no I trust, but "I am" was necessary, then "Do you believe in sanctification obtainable in this life, and are you groaning after it?" If with a hearty "yes" we could answer we were taken in and dealt with accordingly, to be led on to perfection; if not, could remain probationers till we could conscientiously. I knew there was an atonement to qualify me for closer communion with the Lord, even a life hid with Christ in God.

We got along comfortably all the year, of

course we all worked that could, in the Spring my second son got work at the foundry, and in the Fall we got another house nearer the foundry, where I got some boarders. That Winter passed well enough, my second son went to school till Spring, when the German M. E. Elder got him a good place in Pittsburg to learn to be a watchmaker. He was fourteen years old, was to stay till he was twenty-one, and my youngest son we sent to Kansas to my brother, a Christian and temperance man; he too was to stay till of age to be a farmer. So my family was small, and the oldest had his trade, and was having wages so we took another place to live, where the rent was not so much; however, in six months we went back to the house near the foundry. When we were there a few months a call came from my parents, and I think I cannot do better than to copy an old bit I have. In 1859 it pleased the Lord to call me to this place, my parental home, to assist in labors of any kind, as the only brother at home was laid low with consumption, as I could make it possible having sent one son to Pittsburg to learn watchmaking, another to Kansas to my brother to become a farmer, as I thought my oldest son, upon whom besides what I could do keeping boarders devolved the support of the family, consisting of

three younger sisters, then the three boys. I stored my furniture, my son boarded, and I with my little girls came to stay with them, trusting heavenly Father, who had my destiny in His hands, had some wise purpose in view, as I got my sick brother's experience from his own lips, how he was converted, and lost his enjoyment by wanting to offend no one, therefore tried to serve God and mammon without really knowing it till too late, though I was watched and not allowed to converse with him on the subject of religion, yet blessed be the Lord, we were edified and made to rejoice in the hope of our glorious home. His conflicts were were great, but the death struggle was awful for a while, he talked about being kept back and things being in the way and repeated often, they did it themselves. The German M. E. preacher was preaching at the schoolhouse that evening, closed the meeting, he and the brothers and sisters came up, spoke a few words to him, then dropped on his knees by him to pray, all was praise, and he passed calmly away. we believe to be forever with the Lord, as generally on such occasions. At that time I went to pray while they were engaged arranging things to the honor of the dead, I was led thus to write :

While with flowers decorating  
The cold corpse of him we loved,  
Great God ! do Thou be consecrating  
Our hearts, to dwell with Thee above,  
Where fragrant flowers forever bloom,  
Where is no anguish to annoy,  
Nor pain nor sickness to destroy.  
O teach us, not to shun the tomb !

Then I was called to join the mourners to follow his remains to the grave.

As I stayed here most of the next Winter, and at that time there were a few names that were not afraid to come out boldly on the Lord's side, we gathered at a brother's house out in the country, to hold a watch-night. When we went it was raining. We had a blessed time with Jesus in our midst, and when we started for home the ground was frozen and covered with snow, so we could not tell where the water was underneath the thin ice, but did not mind two and some three miles of rough roads or stormy weather, neither did the devil, for his gang, when we got to the village, was on hand, they were having watch-night all around. As I had to pass through my parents' room to get in, I was saluted with "big fools." I did not say a word, but passed through. In the morning I had to hear. I silenced mother by saying there were plenty that were out besides us, and if a man did not

get drunk the year round, it was all right for him to take a spree and begin the new year with getting drunk, so they ought to make some allowance for us. But when father came in to breakfast he wished me a happy new year, or in German, "ein glueckseliges neues Jahr." I wished him the same, saying I am happy, or "selig", which means blessed. Father said, if I was "selig" in the full meaning of the word I had attained to more than my old father had, as at the close of the year and the beginning of the next made one think of the past, and he could not think of one hour in his life that he could call really "*selig*" or blessed. I said, neither could he be, as there was no name under heaven given, wherein we could be blessed, but the name of Jesus, and Him he had no use for, as I had heard him say. Then I got a chapter of what he believed of God, the sum of it was, there is one God and not three.

In 1872 I was again called to the death-bed of that dear father, who had no need of a Saviour yet, but trusted in a good God. One day he said to me, "Can't the girls sing for me? I feel so disconsolate and don't know what is the matter with me; surely all is done that can be done for my comfort, my children come from far and near to see me; what is it?" I said, "I only

know one Comforter, and Him you don't need." He looked at me with a smile which I shall never forget, saying, "How gladly I would believe for your sake." I said, "You must believe for your soul's sake." He said, "How can God, who is so good, hold me guilty for what I can't comprehend with my intellect which he gave me?"

My brother was there from New York, he came in with an old lady friend. I told him what father said. He told father, "There is no promise given only to them that believe, you must believe for the very work's sake," and our friend standing at the foot of the bed said, "Yes, Mr. Smith, we must believe."

Brother then said that he wished no one harm, but to show how God could and would help if we believed. At a time when the doctor told him, he lying up stairs and his wife down stairs, both dangerously sick, they would hardly meet each other in this world again, he had no hopes for either of them, what a moment that was! Five small children to be left orphans. But, said he, the word came to his mind, "Commit thy fatherless children to me," and all was calm and they both recovered. We were all weeping, when mother came in, saying, "what's the matter? has father a weak spell?" She got some nourishment and took charge of him, we sat in the next



room silent for a while, when, brother thought of leaving, which he did not like to do, but duty demanded it. I said, and felt it too, that the moments just past were worth his coming, that he had a mission.

Father revived and lived two weeks longer. I too had to leave, but he had the Scripture read to him and prayers offered, I was told, and sought to believe. I am thankful for that, knowing God is merciful, and to-night, 1887, I am having watch-night alone with the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, called again to the old homestead to take care of my dear old mother, ninety years old, with no knowledge of experimental religion, having been with her the past year, and fear, though I have done all in my power calling on God constantly, who has blessed me abundantly in every respect, fills my heart with gratitude, he has kept me saved, alone in this place, so far as I know, to testify publicly that I am saved, though there are good honest Christians here, God bless them with more zeal for souls to start up something, so as not to let the devil have his way in opposition.

I was a member of the Methodist Church, either German or English, for thirty years at least, when the Salvation Army came to this country. As I was acquainted with it when

Booth's mission through the Christian, and finally when the Army was born, I believe, of God, to carry out, what the churches neglected to a great extent, the command, "Be ye holy," and the salvation of the masses; having had their publications from the beginning, I learned that they did not want church-members to join them. I withdrew from the church to become one of them as soon as I heard they had reached our shore. As the question in ministerial meetings was often and for years, "What shall we do to reach the masses?" It was prayed for and said, send, Lord, through whom thou wilt, but adopt some means to this end, or our work is in vain, my poor heart could say amen to that prayer, and my life being comparatively among the masses I was often roused to offer that prayer, and believed God would and believe yet He will reach them in our country and under our own law, which is from God, and would be absurd for us not to be subject to our authorities.

If strength and courage in our hearts be blazing,  
Kindled by the blessed Saviour's love,  
To wield the Spirit's sword prevailing,  
And conquer all with Him who reigns above :

CHORUS—Let rocks and hills their silence break,  
And every mortal tongue awake,  
To sound the great Redeemer's praise  
Through all our land in endless days.

He did not leave us when in sin,  
Having sold ourselves for less than naught,  
But we were led to look to Him,  
Who with His precious blood us bought.

All who will flee the wrath to come,  
In Jesus' wounds must seek a home,  
The only place where we can rest  
Is to be anchored in His breast.

Now wont you come on this glad day,  
And cast yourself at Jesus' feet?  
His blood will wash your sins away  
And make your happiness complete.

Then we can go rejoicing here,  
And sorrow we need never fear,  
We know the night will soon be gone,  
The morning light is sure to come.

Though I may never be able to be a soldier in  
any corps, in heart I am a crusader, to

Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true,  
And dare to stand alone,  
Stand for the right whate'er I do,  
Though helpers there be none.

Stand for the right, though falsehood rail  
And proud lips coldly sneer,  
A poisoned arrow cannot wound  
A conscience pure and clear.

I am believing I shall go on, for no man that  
putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back  
is fit for the kingdom of God.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE LAST HOURS OF MY MOTHER.

When we got back to Philadelphia we moved into a nice little new house on Broadway, not far from the foundry; we had four rooms, and our family being small we were very comfortable, and our rent, fifty dollars, George left stand at the foundry; but very soon some of the foundry boys wanted to come, as I had two beds up in each bedroom for two. We had only been there a few months when the man that owned the house came and wanted to sell us the house at our own price and to pay it as we pleased; he said his mother told him of me and he wanted me to have it, as it was no use to him while not living there; he had an agent, and the expense took all the proceeds. I knew he built it soon after he was married, but his wife died, and they never lived in it. I asked him if he would tell me what he wanted for it, I would ask my son at noon and let him know in the afternoon. He said it cost him three hundred dollars, it was only a piece of a lot. I told my son, who said immediately, if we had known it in the Spring, half of the first payment would be paid, and

wanted me to ask the man to let us have it as though it were in the Spring. I did not do that, but told the man what he said.

After a few minutes' reflection he said he had paid the tax and the agent for this year, but gave us the half toward the first year's payment and left that year go in; and we paid the seventy-five dollars the first year and one hundred each following year as easy as we used to pay fifty dollars rent, and afterwards we sold the house for three hundred dollars cash, had made no repairs and lived over three years in it. But the last year Will got weak eyes and could not work at the trade of watchmaking any longer, so he went to the machine shop a few months; when the war broke out he enlisted in the thirtieth Ohio Regiment for three years.

John came home as the drought in Kansas was great, so the brother and family came and stayed one year in Ohio. John went to the woolen factory a while till he too got to the machine shop, learned his trade and was getting regular wages.

After we had sold the little house I bought one for eight hundred and fifty dollars, paid the three hundred on it and had the deed for the next one deeded to George, my oldest son, who was then twenty-one years old, he was married,

brought his wife home, and we all lived together as before. The boys gave me their orders weekly for their board, which kept us in provision, Will sent his money to George and always sent some for me, which I used for clothing and in the family. We got along well, so far as I knew, for I never bothered with anything outside my sphere. George left the foundry, bought out a picture gallery, had a photographer to board, and in place of the three dollars order from the foundry, I got six dollars a week and John's from the foundry, the second year. We lived in that way the three years until Will's time was up, when he wrote he would re-enlist and thought we best buy the little house again; but it was not for sale, but I looked around and found a house for sale on the same terms as the others, one hundred dollars a year. I bought it for six hundred dollars, and besides much repairing paid the payments, then it was worth twelve hundred. By that time the two sons that were in the army were at home, the one went to Philadelphia city, finished his trade and went in partnership with a jeweler in our place; the youngest son was to work at his trade as machinist when the shops burned down, and as we did not know when they would be built up again they went in the jewelry business together, and bought the other man out.

My second son married, and in two years was laid low with heart disease, which he had contracted in the army, and died, leaving a wife and a little son, who are still among us, she a widow and her son a young man. He died expecting us to meet him in heaven. He was a true soldier of the cross and for his country.

When my sons took the whole business, they needed money and wanted me to give a mortgage on the property for security. I said, no, I will deed the property to you and you can do as you like with it. They had a lot at a corner across from the church in West Philadelphia, asked me how it would suit me to live there; it suited me, and they put a house up for me with every needful convenience about the place, and we had a nice home, handy to the church, which was well occupied for German and English meetings and Sunday-school.

My youngest son married, and lived down town, remaining in the jewelry store. The oldest son, who had left the shops and bought a photograph gallery during the war, sold out, and the business of Joss Brothers went by them going in together, taking sewing machines and musical instruments in with jewelry, and in which the youngest is engaged to this day and well established.

While we lived by the Mission church, which belonged to the German Methodists, we helped and kept the good work agoing, and it was wonderful how the Lord blessed and owned our labors among the poor. But my oldest son's wife, a Christian and a great worker in church and Sunday-school, as well as in the juvenile temple, prosperously going on saving sinners, German and English added to our number constantly. But my daughter-in-law fell a victim to insanity, which was hereditary, from which she never recovered, and also put me in a position not to be able to be constantly at work there, as we had to move to my son's and be subject to many changes, as she changed, for a long while, until at last she became a constant inmate of the Insane Asylum at Columbus for ten years previous to her death. I had charge of their family of three boys at my son's home, when she died of quick consumption. My son is one of the firm of the Eagle machine shops at Lancaster, Ohio, is married again, his home is in Indianapolis, Indiana.

My three daughters are all married, one living in Alleghany, Pa., two living in Cleveland, Ohio, where I am staying just now, trying to complete this record of my life so far as to leave it to my children, and any one who may feel



interested in knowing some of the leadings and keeping of God. I will here copy what I wrote in Weinsberg.

Weinsberg, Holmes County, Ohio, February 20, 1890. Having been called again to the home of my childhood, to take charge of my invalid mother, it was unexpected, but seemed it would be a pleasant duty, and I was glad to be the one in such circumstances as to be able to render service in her last days, which lasted two years, though there being nothing to call me elsewhere on duty, my family all being comfortably settled in life. By God's blessing nothing occurred among us to mar my peace, but all was done for our comfort, so that it never became a task, but a great privilege to be lasting in my memory here, and the hope of praising God together in the world to come.

A stroke of paralysis lamed her one side, so she could not get about any more, which ended her notion of establishing herself to keep house again, she said nothing about it, and in a short time became as patient and gentle as a lamb, loved that which, if not ignored, she was not interested in before, and when her hours came that she could not sleep at night, otherwise she rested well generally, I would raise her up, get behind her so she could lean against me, to rest

as I thought, her tired limbs, then my soul would be drawn out in prayer, and I could realize the truth of God's promise to reveal Himself to His children, could present the Gospel in song or rather sentiment, as I could only make an effort to sing. We often had profitable conversation pertaining to our soul's salvation; in a while would arrange her bed and lay her down to sleep, as I told her once as she laid me down when a baby, then sit by her with the Gospel hymn book and sing her to sleep, and she slept like a child. At one time I said I best sing the old cradle hymn you used to sing for us. She smiled. I commenced:

    Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,  
        Holy angels guard thy bed,  
Heavenly blessings without number  
        Gently falling on thy head.

Soft and easy is thy cradle,  
    Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
When His birth-place was a stable  
    And His softest bed was hay.

Soft, my dear, I did not chide thee,  
    Though my song may sound too hard,  
It's thy mother sits beside thee,  
    And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,  
    How the Jews abused their King,

How they pierced the Lord of glory,  
Makes me angry while I sing.

Mayst thou live to love and fear Him,  
And walk safely all thy days,  
Then go dwell forever near Him,  
See His face and sing His praise.

At one time I talked to her about my school-teacher's teaching, which I never forgot, and the time we had at the Presbyterian Home together, when Miss Smith was as old as mother was then, near her ninety-first year. I told her how glad I was to be with her, as I used to think then, as we were taught to say some verses in the United States Spelling Book about mother, and that it came to be my privilege:

Who fed me from her gentle breast,  
And hushed me in her arms to rest,  
And on my cheeks sweet kisses pressed ?  
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,  
Who gazed upon my heavy eye  
And wept for fear that I should die ?  
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,  
And kissed the place to make it well,  
And would some pretty story tell ?  
My mother.

Who was it sang sweet hush-o-by,  
When sleep forsook my open eye,  
And rocked me, that I should not cry ?  
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be  
Affectionate and kind to thee,  
Who was so very kind to me,  
My mother ?

When thou art feeble, old and gray,  
My healthy arms shall be thy stay,  
And I will soothe thy pains away,  
My mother,

And when I see thee hang thy head,  
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed  
And tears of sweet affection shed,  
My mother.

Thus some four months of our dear mother's last days were spent, patiently awaiting her last hour, when she seemed to sleep herself away, not from the effects of medicine, she took none, not even nourishment, when awake she was conscious of all that was going on around her, and loved singing and praying, requested their minister to administer the Lord's Supper unto her, which he did not long before she took to sleeping.

At one time a granddaughter and her husband came in before leaving for home, sat at the foot of the bed to sing, when she became restless. I

asked what she wanted. She said, I want to see them. I raised her up so she could look at them. My niece could sing no more, but took her leave and they went home where she met another aunt, told her of the change in grandma. My sister wrote to me she was trying to get away to come to see mother, as Linda told her of the change, she did so much want to see her again in this world, but the roads were so bad it was most impossible to drive, and there was no way to come, but she got there as soon as the letter and stayed till mother died, which was not many days or weeks at most, I don't remember, but we often had the young people there to sing for her, and one evening they waited a long while for her to waken. At last they came to her room, stood off from the bed a piece, and when they sang she opened her eyes, a niece by the bed beckoned to me to come, I did, she was wide awake, turning her eyes in every direction as if to catch the sight of something. I don't remember if she spoke, but went to sleep and breathed very hard, yet she did not complain, and when asked said she had no pain. Monday passed that way, in the afternoon many were in and out. Mrs. Lin-kolen, and old friend, was there, before leaving she offered fervent prayer, then went home.

The breathing became more difficult, another

friend came in, an old Swiss woman that I did not know, she sat silent for a while, then arose, went to the bed, looked at mother and said in her language, "This is the Weinsberg mother," with tears streaming over her old cheeks, turned around and said, "you ought to pray with her, as her father had once prayed with a woman that breathed so hard and she died." My sister-in-law told her we did pray, that prayer had just been offered. I told the woman she was at liberty to pray, but she said nothing more, and that night and next day she never wakened up.

Early in the afternoon I said to sister, we would change and wash her, as many would soon come in to see her and then we could not. I rolled her in the back part of the bed, when she was ready got the bed all right and made her as comfortable as possible. When sister asked what we would have for supper, I said, anything or nothing. She went to the kitchen, mother wakened up, I asked her if there was anything she could think of that she could relish. "Nothing," was the answer. I am not sure that we got her to take anything, perhaps a little drink. I asked if she felt comfortable. "Yes." Any pain? "No." I said, shall I read? "Yes." I read something from the Gospel, then I sang a little while, when sister said that supper was

ready. I asked again if mother wanted anything. Again she said "no." I told sister to eat. Mother was wide awake, then she could stay and I would eat. I sang again; when sister came in I said, you lead in prayer. She did. After prayer, which mother enjoyed very much, she sang for her. I went out to supper, soon she came out saying, mother is sleeping like a child, but her light breathing and easy sleep changed as time went on, and at five o'clock she snored and it was awful to see her, but the doctor said she was unconscious, as her feet and limbs were dead like those of a corpse. When she kept on breathing, they said she has a sound heart and lungs, and was ninety-one years old.

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"Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep !  
From which none ever wakes to weep ;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus ! O how sweet,  
To be for such a slumber meet !  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death has lost his cruel sting.

Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !  
Whose waking is supremely blest ;  
No fear nor woe shall dim that hour  
Which manifests the Saviour's power."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## A PECULIAR CRIMINAL.

Some time after the war was over there came a man to our house introducing himself as Brother Miller from Massillon, saying he had been to Canal Dover to see some brothers he met in the army, and they recommended him to my house as a good boarding house, and I could inform him of the meetings held in the place, wherein he was most interested. I said he must belong to the Albright Church, as there were no German Methodists in Massillon. He said he belonged to the English M. E. Church. I began to think who he might be, not believing that the German brethren sent him to me. My son came from work, we had dinner, after which they spent a short time talking politics, until my son had to go to his work.

When all were gone the man came and sat in the kitchen where I was washing dishes. I told him I was not having any boarders just now, but he could stay the few days he stayed there. When through with my dishes, I sat down. I asked him if he had been there before. He



said yes, he was doing business for the same iron company in 1861 he then worked for, and had to come to our place to see some parties, he only stayed an hour or two, he knew no one there.

The reason I asked was, because a man came to us some twelve years ago who called himself Fraser, said he belonged to the English Church and was a local preacher, there were no Germans where he lived and often wished he could get to where they were. He stayed two weeks and was welcome among us, he attended both English and German meetings, visited the poor and afflicted, said he had been converted in Switzerland when the Albrights came there as missionaries, that his mother and he had been arrested and put to prison for attending meetings and confessing that Christ had power on earth to forgive sins. We were all sorry when he went. In a few days there came a search warrant after him, he was to be arrested for stealing five hundred dollars of a countryman of his, but they never got him to have the trial, so we knew not the truth, and some of us never believed he stole the money, for we all knew the other man to be a thief, and a long while after that the same man that lost the money killed another man, was in jail awaiting trial, and hung himself, so it may

have been a gotten-up affair. When I stopped he said, "and you think I am that man?" I said, "yes, but my thinking so don't make it true, and if he was the man it did not prove that he stole the money."

Next evening was sister's prayer-meeting at our house; my daughter-in-law led the meeting. I knew she would not call on him, as he went away and did not come in until it was most over. I asked him to lead in prayer, he did, and it seemed to me I heard him pray as he did years ago. I went to the door with the sisters, told them my suspicion; one said it is he, he stopped at their house when he came from Dover, her daughter said, "Mother, come, we don't want to get into trouble, he did not tell us who he was, only asked to leave his satchel there and went on."

At the time appointed he went away, and was not heard of by us till the next Spring, when he came in one evening, my second son had got home from Philadelphia city, where he had been completing his trade as a watchmaker. I was just going out the back door to milk the cow, as my son opened the front door, he was seated and entertained, as my son said, thinking he was one of my German friends, and was astonished at my indifferent treatment not even asking him

to stay or anything else, after the man was gone. I don't know about my treatment, but I do know I did not care about his coming there. But in a few weeks he came again, it was morning when my family were all gone, I had the broom in my hand, was going to sweep the room. He was seated, I too sat on a chair by the door which was open, it being a beautiful Spring morning.

I asked where he came from and told him I had inquired about him, his name was Miller, but I believed he was the man that called himself Fraser, and I did not want him to come to our house any more. When he asked me if he had ever harmed me, I answered, not that I knew of, but no telling what lies he had told, as he certainly lied.

He went away looking awfully angry. As I stood at the door I saw him turn his head to look once more, as I thought, at me, and I was so frightened, thinking he would come back surely for no good purpose, and was so fearful long after, that I could hardly go to the door after dark. I never had experienced such fear on account of any person or anything, but was working for the good of the cause of Christ and clung to Him as my Saviour, trusting that even though I should lose my life I should gain it.

We often heard of Jeff. Davis being in jail,

and what a desperate fellow he was, he broke out of the old jail and they had to keep him in irons in the dungeon at night, but never thought of it being that man.

One day I wanted money, as we were building a little church, I thought I had not troubled the sheriff yet, hardly having faith that I would get anything from such a spiritualist, but must try. When I got there he was not in, his wife told me to wait. While there a prisoner asked for a drink of water, the hired girl got it for him, he talked to her a few words; I said, whom have you out there? I believe I know him. She said, that's Jeff Davis. I was struck with the fact that when he got out of jail he came right down the alley to our house. She insisted on me going to see him, I did not like to, but went. When we got there, he being the only prisoner at the time, he was in the hall of the cells, she called him to the big iron barred gate, when there she asked him if he knew me. He shook his head, I said, you don't know me? He said, if you know me, who am I? I said, it is hard to say, as you have so many names, you called yourself Fraser at first, then Miller, and now Jeff Davis. He said, lady if you don't go I'll insult you. Mrs. Howard said, Jeff, you better look out and behave yourself. But I could talk

and said, he could express himself in some vulgar way, but it would not hurt me, and I thought he was just where he belonged while further justice awaited him. I thought the best for him would be if he could be placed in a dark dungeon where he never expected to see light again, then he could apply some of the admonishings I had heard him give to others, "And prisons would be as palaces, if Jesus dwelt with him therein," and repeated the verses he left on my table when he was with us the first time. I picked up the paper when he was gone, and read it.

"Soul, now know thy full salvation,  
Rise o'er sin and pain and care,  
Joy to know in every station,  
Some is still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee,  
Think what Father's smiles are thine,  
Think that Jesus died to win thee,  
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer,  
Heaven's eternal day is before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon may close my earthly mission,  
Soon may end my pilgrim days,  
Joy will turn to full fruition,  
Faith to sight and prayer in praise."

All the time I was speaking he was like a wild beast in its cage, walking around, up and down. Mrs. Howard said, Jeff, why don't you keep quiet? He made no reply, but kept on till while I said the last words of the last verse, then he went like a dart in a cell with that awful look I had beheld once before, only this time he was in his stocking feet, pants fastened around his waist with a leather belt, his shirt white with specks of blood on the sleeves, collar turned in so his neck was bare, he looked as though he just came from the barber's about the head; but oh, those big dark eyes fairly sparkled with something that all made him look more savage, and as he darted from our sight I caught hold of Mrs. Howard, saying, has he got anything in there? Not until she said, "No, he can't do anything." did the spell of fear break, and I think that was a sifting time with me, but like all else it did me good and was among the *all things that work together for good*, if we love and serve God.

The man's trial came off and he went to the penitentiary for two years, but records showed that he had just served a time of seven years, sentenced for burglary from some other county, so he had not been to war at all. After serving his time for fighting the constable and stabbing

him in the fight, who was trying to arrest him for something he did at Rogersville, he came right to our county again, and it seemed the Rogersville people feared him, as he had threatened to burn down their barns if he got back.

But he came to my house again, I was having many boarders at that time and could not take him. He said he was just from Switzerland, could not speak English, only French and German, and could put up with anything in a few weeks; he was going to make cheese at Rogersville. I told him it was impossible for me to make room. He then asked if he could get dinner, I said he could. I never thought of that man, and he was dressed as one from the old country. He sat in the kitchen most of the time, but we were all busy, my daughters did not recognize him, nor the Clerk and Deputy Clerk that were there at the time he was sentenced, were at the table, but knew him not. He paid his dinner and went away. Next thing we heard of him they had lynched him at Rogersville; got him at a meeting of some kind at the school-house, where they had plenty to drink, they tried to skull him, but none of the balls penetrated the skin, so they treated him bad as they could, then hanged him on a tree. I heard a lawyer say at our house one doctor took his head, an-

other his body; the body was put up in the garret of the doctor's house, the hired girl accidentally got up there, saw the body without a head, was frightened, ran to the doctor's office and told him; he held a revolver out and made her promise not to tell. It alarmed him when he thought how he treated the girl, so he went to the lawyer and told him all about it, and that he got the dead body on behind him, strapped it fast to his body, took a good drink of whiskey and rode off to take it to the other doctor; but when he went out of town a little ways it became so dark and it was a long ride, besides the dead body pulled one and then the other way, and he just rode to the side of the road, loosened the straps and let the body down and rode home. The lawyer was telling it to some jurymen boarding at my house, they all knew the body was found in Holmes County naked and without a head, but did not know how it got there until he told them. Another witness for God's Word that the way of the transgressor is hard, but in the sight of God and surety they that murdered him so shamefully and without the authority of the law, except they repent shall all be cast out with the nations that forget God.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THINGS PERTAINING TO THE WAR.

I heard of a woman that was very sick came in the hack from Massillon to New Philadelphia, and the hack-driver stopped at the place, but the people were not willing to take her in. The driver lifted her out on the unpaved sidewalk, yet the folks she stopped with and left her Winter clothes there, when she went off to work, were very poor, had only a log-house with one room, but some one came by, told them to take her in and take care of her, and they would be paid, and as soon as possible she should be moved to the poor-house. The thing I heard was that she had a baby and wanted to starve it to death. I went to see, but she had just been removed to the poor-house, but she was very sick they told me, and the child had not had its eyes open, nor could it take anything to nourish it, one could only see that it breathed, and by the time it got out they thought they would bury it, which they did. I was told who she was, her father was well known as being constantly drunk, her mother worked and supported herself and

two children, a son and a daughter. The mother died, the boy grew up among strangers, the father mostly slept in a barn that burned down, and as he was not seen for a while it was thought it had been set on fire by his pipe and himself burned up in the large barn. But he came around again. The girl was the youngest. She found a good home in a very respectable family, where she stayed until she was nearly sixteen years old, when she was persuaded to leave them and live with a woman of bad reputation, who promised her high wages and not much to do, as the woman was alone. She did go to live with her a while, but would not stay.

By that time the 51st Ohio Regiment were in camp at the fair-ground, her father and brother, who was as great a drunkard as his father, were enlisted and in camp; the girl stayed with them while they remained, and of course it was not to her credit, and when the regiment left she sought a strange place and went to Massillon to work, from there she came and got sick. I went out to the poor-house to see her, she was not only suffering in body, but was sick of sin, expecting to die and be lost forever. The doctor said she could not live. I held up before her some of the Gospel promises, sang and prayed with her. She begged me to pray for her, as well as the

one nurse, also a pauper, but a good old woman, long an inmate of the house, said, "Let's pray that she may get rest for her soul." That was Thursday.

On Sunday was our preaching day; I went with the preacher and wife, after service we all went up stairs to her room, we found her no better, the preacher read, talked and prayed with her, we sang a hymn, I asked the preacher what he thought, he said it was death-bed repentance, but I felt and prayed, and left her with the Lord. When we got down stairs the lady of the house told me a gentleman came dressed in broad-cloth and a high-crowned fine hat, as in those days not everybody could wear fine clothes, and that he had in his valise a bottle of wine, lemons, crackers and loaf sugar, gave the woman that waited on her a dollar, and the girl said if she got well he was going to marry her. Now, says Mrs. Landes, "What do you think? we knew of the girl not being long away from our place, how young she was, and we all agreed if she got well that man would likely take her to a worse place than she was in."

It was a long while till I came there again, but asked for her, when I was told in a few days a covered wagon came with bedding and easy chair, a young woman and an old woman, they

took her off; that is all they knew of her. This was in the commencement of the war. Time went on, the last year my youngest son was old enough and enlisted, was at Camp Chase, Columbus, when we got the news that his brother was wounded lying at Kingston hospital, having gangrene and was not expected to live. But General Sherman had given strict orders for no friends to visit, as they could do no good, they could not get the supplies they needed for the soldiers. But I got letters with me from influential men to get me through somehow. I started and got within twelve miles of Columbus, when we were stopped by a wreck being ahead of us. We lay in the woods six or eight hours, some men started and walked past the wreck, but there was a recruiting officer on the train with a number of veterans, they had high time all the way, as they filled canteens with whiskey every time the train stopped, and as we lay there in the woods they could get none, so some of them slept and it was comparatively still. One man cried and lamented that he had so much trouble. A man asked him what his trouble was? He said something, but it could not be understood, it was so mixed. I spoke to him in German, the man was very glad to have some one to talk to; he came to the seat back of where I sat, it

had been vacated by some that left the train. He asked me where Mrs. Miller was. I told him I did not know her. He said she sat by me all night. He would not be persuaded that the woman by my side was the one that sat there all night, sometimes he thought he saw her behind some tree. He went to his own seat, got out his money, likely his bounty, counted out three hundred dollars and came to me, gave me the money and said I was the woman to have it, because I would tend to it for him. I asked, what was to be done with it? He said he would show me, sat down and got a letter to tell me where to send the three hundred dollars to, and ten dollars was to go to the man that wrote the letter, and forty for my trouble. I did not want the money and would not take it. I asked the man that spoke to him, what I should do. He read the letter, said it was plain enough that that man went for the money, and that they had to march before he got there, and now he wanted it sent to this Caroline and not to Mrs. Miller, that I should give him a receipt for the money and get some responsible person in Columbus to tend to it. But I thought they had been drinking so much, may be by the time we got to Columbus he may think different. The man was easy, I thought he would sleep, but it was not long until

the recruiting officer came and asked me for the money and letter; the man protested, but he was in charge of the recruiting officer and he was the one I supposed and gave it to him, but the other man said he would be cheated out of every cent and Caroline would get nothing. But the officer said he would be all right, it was drink that made him crazy for the time.

We got to Columbus at eleven o'clock, I stopped at my cousin's at the Capitol University not far from the station; after dinner went to the camp and to the head-quarters to get a furlough for my son to come to the city with me, got it and we went to the camp chaplain, accompanied by the German M. E. preacher. The chaplain thought I could get through by going to Cincinnati to the Christian Commission, he gave me a letter, I started, got there in the morning and got to the office by the time it was open, at 8 o'clock. They were very kind, turned out two barrels of papers, hunted for an order for a nurse, but found none, and otherwise I could not get through.

As I was going down Vine street to the station again, I came to Main street and thought that Dr. Nast would likely be at the Book Concern, turned and went on till Ninth street, went in and asked for Dr. Nast; they were all English

there, but showed me to the German office, where I met his brother. He was not there, I told him I could not stay long at a hotel, nor would it do me any good, that I came from the Dover mission and wanted to learn all I could since I was there, and asked if he could recommend me to some German Methodist family, where I could stay a week or so. He said, that's right, my child, we must learn to know and love each other here to work for the Master. He took down the name and number of some one, went with me to Elm street, and told me to go on until I came to that number. I did, and found the right kind of people, got around to the meetings in two churches, the others were too far to go. I stayed two weeks and one Sunday. As I sat in the Race Street Church, a sister sitting near, and so I could see her face; she looked like some one I knew, yet could not place her. It was a love-feast, but, as the preacher said, all one-sided, the sisters had no chance to speak, therefore must have another one the next night. I hoped to hear her speak, but did not, therefore when the meeting was closed I went to her and asked her if she knew me. She asked where I was from. I told her. She said, "You came to the poor-house to see me, and how is your brother that was with you,

and his wife?" I said, "That was our preacher, Brother Worster." She said, he prayed that she might find rest for her soul just then, she believed she could have it, as she thought she must die; it consoled her, but since she was spared and blessed in this world, she longed for that peace for her soul, lest she should be lost, being such a sinner, and that day she had given her hand to the church, as the people in the same house with her were members and such nice people. The woman saying she had peace with God, she had asked me to go with her; I did so.

By that time we reached her home in Findlay street, near Findlay market house. She told me her husband was in the service as one called to Nashville, Tennessee, to help repair the track which the rebels had torn up, she read his last letter, it was kind and affectionate, said when she made up her mind to marry him she did not care if he killed her or gave her three beatings a day in place of food, till she died, she would think she deserved it all for leaving Mitcheners, the people that raised her, and had she not been instructed according to her dying mother's desire, and confirmed, and the sin of self-murder showed to them as the unpardonable sin, she should have taken her life before she knew that man, and God knew how she prayed to be taken from the



earth so as not to be lost in eternity, that she would suffer patiently and meekly whatever might befall her, and she would tell me all about herself after meeting, as I had agreed to stay with her that night.

I told her to keep Jesus, the rest for her soul, in view. I feared I had not been praying as I should have for her, as I never heard of her and feared she had not got among the right kind of people; but, said I, brother Worster is a good servant of the Lord, and no doubt his prayers followed you with the Holy Spirit of his Master. Your joining the church won't save you, none but Jesus can do helpless sinners any good. I did not know, but supposed they would give any that wished an opportunity to come from the world and show it publicly to the world by humbling yourself before God to seek the desired rest for your soul that you so long longed for, and seek till you have found.

We had supper and went to church, when the invitation was given she sat weeping and trembling. I asked if she was going out? "I can't," she said. I asked, "Shall I go with you?" "Yes," she replied. So we went, I was happy thus to be engaged, and thanked God for His leadings. We went home that night, not to talk, but to sing and pray and retire.

Next morning I arose early and went to Fremont street, where I was staying. In the evening we went to the meeting again. I got a letter from home with one from the wounded son that he was better, and as soon as possible would be home on a wounded furlough. I could not reach the goal I started for, but my heart was filled with joy and gladness. The meeting was good, but the sister was still sorrowing to be made free and enjoy the peace she heard others tell of, but that did not trouble me.

Next night found us at the mercy seat publicly again, the sister was converted, and said, her soul that was at rest in Jesus was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory; she asked the prayers of the church for her husband. I then began to think of going home; I spent a day and night with her, and she told me, as I asked her if it was true that the people she lived with paid her to go, fearing one of their sons getting into trouble. She said she was sorry that anything should be said about those people, that she was as one of them while with them, but her brother lived opposite Lid Dun's, who lived alone in a log house, her own home, everybody knew her, and more that they heard of her. The girl came to her brother's some times, where she fell in with this woman, who flattered her very much

on account of her beauty, telling her she should not be a drudge for any one, and if her mother was alive she would not do it, and if she would come and live with her she could do what little work she had to do, she would give her one and a half dollars a week and treat her like her child; such wages any grown-up and good girl got. She was persuaded and went; she was not sixteen years old, yet was there a while. Of course the people had nothing more to do with her after getting to that place, though she said she did not know Lid was a bad woman.

After a while Lid said to her, get yourself dressed in your very best way, we are going to take a buggy ride. They were not quite ready when the buggy was driven up to the door, the man hitched the horse and went away; when they were ready they went away with it toward Dover, drove to the Empire House, two gentlemen came out, one took them up stairs to a parlor and the other drove the rig around to have it put up. They made themselves at home, and she said she never saw such compliments paid to their Miss as was to her that day, and said so when Lid, as she was called, said, "Did I not tell you there was no use of you being a drudge for them, as pretty a girl as you are?" They all went to dinner, enjoyed it, returned to

their room, when all kinds of confectionery and drinks were brought, they had a gay time, she could only mind of laughing so that she was ashamed of it, but could not help it, and laughing was the last she remembered. She was put to bed, as the room with bed was next to the parlor, where she found herself and Lydia the next forenoon, as she was told by Lid. After dinner they drove home, she did not feel well, but was told she would be all right. She was not used to such feasting, but she never felt like herself again, she got medicine to take, but did not take it, though she said nothing about it.

When she got no better, she was asked what the matter was? But they could soon help that, told her how, but if it had not been for the teaching of the unpardonable sin, she would have went right to the river, but she dare not, went and told her sister-in-law, who threw her clothes out of the back door and said she would kick her out if she came in. Then it was she went to camp to her father and brother, till she got a place at Massillon to work, took her Summer clothes, left her Winter clothes at Griffin's, they had two daughters not much better than Lid. if any, but she thought it no use to go to any one better than herself, since she had fallen. All she could do was to weep and pray, hoping God

would be merciful and not let her kill herself, but forgive her and take her out of the world. She stayed in Massillon doing kitchen work at a miners' boarding house.

One day some one came from the country in the same business, to see the woman she worked for, said she could get no help, no girl wanted to go out to such a lonely place. She told her mistress she would go if she did not care, as she could get girls in town. She went and was there three weeks, when one evening, as she sat in the part of the cabin that was the dining room, mending her dress, the blacksmith that tended to the miners' tools came in, sat down on the bench the other side of the table, when he took a letter out of his pocket, read it and handed it to her. She read it and handed it back, saying, it's a nice letter. It was from his mother from Cincinnati, saying since his sister was married and away in Covington she felt as though she had no home. She was a nurse, most always out, and thought he better settle himself, so she could feel like going home when she could. He said, "I have been noticing you since you have been here, and think you would make a good wife; what do you think?" She said she burst out crying, when he said, "Why do you cry?" She said, "You would not ask me such a ques-

tion, if you knew me." He said, "And you must risk what I am." But she could not talk and he left her, but sought every opportunity to speak to her; she tried to think and prayed. It came to her mind if he said anything more she would tell him. On Sunday they would take a walk together. They did; when they got away off they sat down on a log. She said, but I did pray that God's will may be done, and was determined to take what came; she would be honest, so she told her history. He listened and cried like a child.

Now, she said, I have made up my mind, if you want to take me of the world as I am, you can have me. He then said he was eighteen years older than she was, and a Roman Catholic; but that should not trouble her. She had nothing more to say, it all depended on him. He said he thought of going to Cincinnati, but as it was they would wait till Spring, he knew a place like the one they were at, that they could take for the Winter. She said she must work to get money enough to go to Philadelphia to get her Winter clothes. He said that can't be, or the place will be gone. In the morning the wagon was going to Massillon, she could then take the hack. He gave her seven dollars and they returned to the house, told the boarding house

mistress, and in the morning early she was on her way over rough stony roads in a big wagon, got her dinner where she had worked, there were some passengers from there, but from Bolivar she was alone. When the hack was opened she was lying on the floor, and was as described.

I started for Columbus soon after that, got there, heard that my son's regiment had gone from camp, so I did not go out, but laid down on a sofa in the parlor to take a sleep. As my train went at two o'clock, I thought if I slept till nine or ten I could wait at the station without disturbing any one at the University.

When I went cousin went and stayed a while with me, and I got along all right, but when I gave my ticket, the conductor told me I was on the wrong train, was going to Delaware, and would have to wait for the next train and go back. So I was as the day before, slept again, when asleep I was awakened by my son, who with others had taken a French leave, and went home to attend the fair. Meanwhile they got marching orders, he happened not to be at the fair ground, missed the first train, and they were gone, so he came to cousin's expecting he might meet me or perhaps borrow money to travel after the regiment. Had I got on the right train

he certainly could not have got off so soon. He overtook the regiment at Louisville, Kentucky, when all was right, only he lost his knapsack and blankets, but none of us felt like murmuring at that. I got home, and in a few weeks my wounded son got home and stayed sixty days with us.

When they were enlisting soldiers for the thirtieth regiment, Company I, Ohio Volunteers, my second son came to me and said, he had been impressed with the fact that he should enlist that he had made it a subject of prayer, and though he was not yet eighteen, if they did not muster him in at Columbus it would be no disgrace. I said it would not, and though I shall never say go, I shall never say stay. He went out and when he came in again he said he belonged to Uncle Sam, and they would go before long, so he better go to Weinsberg to bid them good-bye. He walked the 18 miles that day, and the next day my father came with him, said nothing, but to have a grandson to enlist in this our country's cause, would have induced him to leave home and take that trip. With the exception of a very few, they were all one-sided, but the band, consisting of the young men of the place, who were there to escort them out of the village, except one, whose father would not allow



him to go with them. Father said it was very sad; now that I had my boys so they could be of use to me and have their help, they should have to leave me, and he so young. Oh no, said I, God has laid this cause on my heart in such a way that I am thankful to have been willing to subject themselves to the call of our authorities, which we believe is from God, trusting He will make them useful in the world to live to some purpose, learn to value time, that it may not be as though they had not lived at all.

It does seem to me to have been my lot to be of no account, and I thank God, who loves a cheerful giver, that I have him to give, knowing him to be the Lord's. He will keep him, and us too, if we are true under all circumstances.

Father returned after dinner, as he could not be long from home. With our hearts beating in unison for our country's rights, sympathizing tears flowed freely, yet we were filled with gratitude and love. Father mounted his conveyance to be driven home, and no doubt to reflect on the present condition of things. My own heart's language was:

“Author of liberty,  
God of the noble free,  
Through storm and night ;

Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do Thou our country save,  
Protect our soldiers brave  
By Thy great might.

Lead Thou through every storm,  
Until the victory is won,  
With foes unite  
In perfect liberty,  
Bought, precious Lord, by Thee,  
Then we shall happy be,  
When in the light."

They were soon on their march to Columbus, he was accepted, and with the rest soon on rebel ground in Virginia. I asked him in a letter, how he felt in the fight, when his comrades fell by his side? He answered, there was no time to think of feelings, but to watch, to hear the command and to obey; that they were worn out by a double-quick march to get there, and without anything to eat go into the fight, so that when the word was given to retreat he was glad, for he found himself trying to run and could not, but with bullets whizzing through the air, and as yet not knowing in whose hands they were, he could only slowly step over the dead and wounded, when going up the hill in the woods, passing such as had to stop on account of fatigue, thought he should be the next, but reached the top of the hill, and lay down without fear, not-

withstanding the danger of bushwhackers, or to be taken prisoner, that they so much dreaded. He thanked God he was there, fell asleep and was refreshed when he awoke.

He got along well, never fell back or off duty, and re-enlisted after his three years were up, but just before they reached Atlanta he was shot above the knee, which disabled him. He lay at Kingston hospital, got gangrene, at a time when the steward, one of his company, asked him if he had anything to communicate to anyone, that they had no hope of him getting better, he took out his pocket album, when the doctor came along and asked him which of them was the chosen one. He said, this one, showing him my picture. The doctor said no more to him, but told the steward not to waste time with him, as he would not live through the night, and passed on. The steward said he would look at him when he passed that way, if he could, to let him know if he wanted anything; but he needed nothing, had but the one desire to see me, and that could not be, so he could say, "the will of the Lord be done," and in the morning he was better; had rested some, they dressed his wound, and the doctor said he could hope to see the one he desired to see.

At that time I was on my way trying to get

to him, but Sherman had given such strict orders for no one to visit the soldiers. I went to Camp Chase with letters to headquarters, the Chaplain said I should go to Cincinnati to the Christian Commission. I did, they hunted for an order from a doctor for a nurse; then I would have had to enlist, but could not get through in that way. He got home on a wounded furlough, his lame limb was doubled up, the doctors all said the cords must be cut, which would have left it stiff, but my oldest son and another machinist made something like shingling it with a screw that he could work as he could stand it, and in thirty days it was straight, but not well. He suffered much pain, had his furlough extended thirty days more, after which he started for the regiment, had a time getting there, sometimes camped in places covered with water, got inflammatory rheumatism, which produced heart disease, and was never well again. Not long after he got to the regiment again he got his discharge for gunshot wound, as they could not just define what ailed him. The whole regiment got marching orders, but knew nothing about surrender until they were well on their way home. He was with them, as they had an idea why they were ordered towards home, he came with them, but was very poorly.

The other son that went in the last year's service came home at the same time in poor health, but had never been off duty, in the ranks a while, then in the band, he had difficulty in breathing, and has never been well since, but by care and doctoring, as he often has bad spells yet, can tend to his business. He went back to the machine shop which he left when he went into the service.

As soon as the wounded one was able, he went to Philadelphia city to finish learning to be a watchmaker and jeweler. He had several severe spells while there, came home, went into business, was married, and was doing well for about two years, when he was laid low with the disease mentioned; he lingered a while, but for four weeks suffered greatly but patiently. It pleased the Lord to bid him sheathe the sword to learn war no more, also to lay down the cross and take up the crown.

Just as we thought him breathing his last his younger soldier brother came in, leaned over him and said, "We must part." He said distinctly, "Yes." Immediately his brother said, "I'll meet you in heaven." He said, "Yeth." His tongue was stiffened in death, but he was conscious to the last, until life was extinct.

Thus passed away a true soldier of the cross

as well as for his country, leaving a young wife and little son with us all to mourn his loss, but knowing it to be his gain, and the hope of meeting again if we are faithful and true. We are all grateful for the manifestation of sympathizing soldiers and friends and community at large. God bless them!

O how my heart with rapture thrills,  
By faith to look on high!  
The hills and dales and rocks and rills  
Seem lost behind, and I

Can for a moment sink into  
The Saviour's bleeding side,  
There the heavenly mansion view,  
To gain it, yes, He died,

He died for you, He died for me,  
For us His blood was shed.  
Oh sinner turn, and scorn to be  
Yet numbered with the dead.

I would humbly at His feet  
Praise Him, and adore  
The gentle, loving, low and meek,  
His virtues all implore.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## DIFFICULTIES IN OBTAINING PENSION MONEY.

My son's widow and her son were with us, she had a widowed mother with whom she made her home again after the death of her husband, and carried on her business as she did before she was married. My son commenced his business with very little capital, though he was doing very well he had not acquired enough to supply his family's wants.

When sick in the city a friend told me that he should by all means get out his pension papers, as sooner or later his heart disease would prostrate him, and then perhaps the witnesses might not be so handy. I wrote to him, but he hoped he would be well soon, and did not want to apply. I had his brothers get the testimonies, sent them to him to apply. As at that time we had no regular agents in small towns, he went to one that told him he should apply for gun-shot wound, he said no, if he could not get it for what he needed it, he would not have it at all. The agent took the papers, he applied and was to wait for the results, wrote to me he only did it

to please me, don't think he ever said anything about it any more until not long before he got down sick. he said he got the papers, but getting no better was unconcerned, and no one thought of pension. He lingered and died, his wife had her own family connection, and all seemed to be going right.

I happened to ask if she ever drew his pension, or if she had to get out other papers, supposing her brothers would see to it. She had not thought of it and knew nothing of the papers, sought but found them not, thought in moving they were lost. I told my sons, they saw her about it and applied to a lawyer to get out her papers, as before we applied for heart disease years past. but nothing definite was done. At last there came an agent, boarded with me, I told him of our case, he said the man we had would not tend to it, having too much else to attend to. I asked him, he said it was so and if I sent the agent to him he would turn it over to him. It was all done and for a while seemed of no use for the want of proof for many things not thought of by us before. We could furnish all, and had I not a lawyer and wife, friends that were much interested in our behalf and the lady ever ready and willing to condense my lengthy statements as I got them out of my son's diary, and when



ready got it signed by my daughter-in-law who had her business to attend to, and her mother was not in favor of spending time and money for it, so I had in a manner taken it upon myself, and getting lawyers and waited on them whenever they called for in the way of testimony, until at last the case having been rejected more than once by the Adjutant General for want of army testimony that the disease was contracted in the army.

Meeting Doctor Tope I asked him if he could give something more definite about his disease being contracted in the army. He could not, as he was not a doctor then, but told me to go to Doctor Potter at Canal Winchester, Ohio. I asked Lucy if she would venture ten dollars; she did, I got to Columbus at night, as the train to that place went next morning I had to wait in the station. Not having money enough to take me home on the train I met a lady from Winchester, who said she was going by the hotel where the doctor boarded. I found his wife, he was to be at home at one o'clock. He came, I told him what I wanted, he feared he could do me no good as he was the army corps doctor, but thought Doctor Richards at Binghamton could, as he was their regiment doctor. He looked at the diary I had with his picture in,

brought an armful of rolls of card paper like joints of stove pipe, took the book, looked up the place where he was wounded and his discharge, said the statistics were on file in Washington and it was easy for the agent that got out the first papers to get them out on the discharge, so it was likely the first application for heart-disease was not sent in, and our application canceled, so as to cause a doubt if the disease was contracted in the army. There were no special agents in small towns then, he said there were few lawyers that knew anything about pension, that they acted as though they got the pension, and they could do no more than anybody else, as the Pension Department was a law in itself, the Government conferred the pension on the soldiers.

He wrote on a piece of paper a form something like he had given to a sick man in want, he had not known of the man in the army, but he knew he got his disease there. He said, give this to your lawyer. He did, and in a few weeks he had his money. I asked for that paper to give to our lawyer, he said he would go and write a decent one. If ever I prayed for guidance and help it was in that parlor alone with the Lord, as I feared the money I spent would be considered spent in vain. When the doctor

came he said when he had written it was all as clear to him as if it were yesterday, he hurried to the squire, where it was acknowledged and ready for the clerk at Columbus, and ten minutes time for the train. He went with me, saw me off, and I was just in time at the correct hour to meet the clerk closing up, but he sealed it, took fifty cents for it, I was again just in time to get on the train and get off, at midnight got to Lock 17, a shanty for a station, no houses around it. Some boys were there, I hired one for twenty-five cents to go with me half a mile to a farm house, rapped and Mr. Cale came, when he knew me he gave me the candle and told me where to find my room. I was soon in bed, rested well, as I had sat up the night before. Mrs. Cale had breakfast ready when I was up, after which we took the train for Gnadenhuten, Ohio, had dinner with Mrs. Cale's daughter, then went out a mile or more to the hospital steward, he was not at home, I returned to the station, I went home to Philadelphia and Mrs. Cale waited at her daughter's for the next train for Gnadenhuten, her home.

The lawyer thought the doctor was just the man we wanted. Somehow I wished I had kept a copy of his testimony, it may do some one good, I thought. After two weeks I stopped at



Cleveland where I could find out what route to take to reach all the places I had to reach. I got my ticket over the Erie road just thirteen dollars and five to Cleveland with other expenses, so my thirty dollars that Lucy gave me were going fast and though I had twenty dollars of my own I was fearing I should not get through but as the promise is not to want for any good thing I trusted as I sought not my my own and got along.

When I reached Binghamton I sought the doctor he was very kind said the doctor would close at four and the officers as I wanted to go on he took me in the office till he could write his testimony we went to the church so he got it all lined up for me and went to the hotel with me and sat when the train went for me to go on engaged my supper and room for me as the train went at two in the morning he said he would come a while in the evening to hear from the boys. It is wonderful what affection these men manifest for each other I said so he said it is no wonder when they suffered and rejoiced together banded and messed together so long in one common cause. After a pleasant visit he bade me good night with my expenses paid.

I soon reached Jersey City. When the check-

man came around I had my trunk checked to Philadelphia. When asked where I was going to in New York, I said, to the Belvidere House. He asked me if I was not mistaken, and ever so many questions. At last I showed him a telegram, supposing he thought I was an old nurse or something of the kind. He landed me safe and soon I was escorted to where I felt as much at home as the stylish guests among those near and dear. We were glad to see each other, had a pleasant time of the short visit I could make them, all kindness and respect was shown to me. As my sister-in-law, who had been visiting there for some time, was about ready to return home, we started the next morning, I stopped in Philadelphia, and she went on home to Ohio, Holmes County. I stayed two weeks and had a pleasant time among relatives and friends in the city, took in the centennial exhibition, as well as got the doctor's testimony and a letter to the Principal in the Medical Department, a friend of his, which was a great help to me in Washington. My money would not have reached had I not met my oldest son there unexpectedly and got ten dollars of him.

Again had to say good-bye to the kind friends, though some of them count their wealth by millions, they can make one feel at home among

them and enjoy their society. God bless them! Washington was my next stopping place, I had a recommendation to a place to board, got there and to my room; after dinner hunted the doctor, found the place, but the doctor would not be there until after four o'clock. I went around in the city until then, when I found him. After reading the letter I left with his wife from his friend Dr. Felker, he invited me to stay with them, but I had my place engaged, for while I stayed he said my son was recommended to him as one worthy of the claim, and that he would do all he could to assist me. I had to take coffee with them, he told me where to go to begin my work, and that I should come and report to him what I had done. Next morning as he told me, I went to the Patent Office building, at the entrance on the side he told me to go, I found a guard at the gate and was asked if I had business; then I was sent to the steps where another guard was; after showing my papers he let me go up the steps. At the door inside sat another guard, he looked at my papers, sent me with a porter to the appointing clerk, he looked at my papers and passed me to the commissioner, who examined my papers, wrote something on the package, returned it to me, a porter took me to another side of the building into the street I was

to go on until to the corner of a street at another Government building with steps outside to the second story, and above the entrance in large gilt letters I would see, Interior Department, where I should enter. Again I found the guard as before and was escorted as before until I got to the Chief Commissioner, where I got a seat, had quite a talk with him, showed him my son's diary with his picture in the front of it. He asked me some questions as to how long and through whom we had tried to get the pension. I told him and that we also tried to get the papers home from the agent the lawyers had in Washington, but could not, nor could we employ another, and we had no men to send, we felt it a just claim and I came for my daughter-in-law, who could not come herself. He said I was right, no man would get in to where I would, and especially at that time, it was just after the Tilden election.

He opened my papers, looked at them, but did not read them all, I am sure, put on a word or two, folded them up, gave me the package and sent me with a porter to the elevator, I took a seat, went to the fourth floor, at every landing were writing desks, men and women, young and old, hundreds of them. When we landed on the fourth floor, a porter was there to take me to the



desk. I was to go away across the hall, which was also filled with writers, busily engaged. The man at the desk where I stopped did not write, he asked me if I lived in or near the city; I said no; how long I would stay, I told him just as long as it was necessary. He said the man that belonged there was home to vote, but was on his way back, I should come next morning at nine o'clock. He kept my papers, sent me with a porter to the elevator, I went down and to my boarding-house to dinner, then to the doctor, his wife was there, but he came at 4 o'clock. I told him what I had done; it was all right. He told me not to fail to come to see him, and directed me which way to go from the interior, not to ask them where it was. Time passed pleasantly, they lived alone, but the house where I boarded was full of colored people to do the work, take care of the children, and some seemed to be going and coming; as they had a provision store, I think they delivered goods and carried packages, and did errands generally.

At nine next morning I went past the guard saying good morning. As I was by no means stylish he might have thought me one of them employed there, but when I got to the elevator I was asked for a pass, which I had not. I was awaked to a sense of my ignorant selfish ambition.

had to go through with a porter as the day before, only not with the papers, but got up and to the same desk, but the man had not come. I was seated to await my turn, about half an hour it took shaking hands with friendly greetings and a word about the election and so on; at last a very gentlemanly one-armed man came holding a package of papers under the stump of an arm, also had a word with the man at the desk, then laid down the package, saying, "This is the Joss claim." After explaining to the man all about the matter, just as Dr. Potter thought that the first papers were got out for gun-shot wound and the soldier died of heart disease, which had not yet been proven to have been contracted in the army, but the statements I brought corroborated the first and were now ready to pass to the Adjutant General; the one-armed man left us, I sat quiet a while until he read the papers and wrote something on them, packed them up again and threw them in a large basket, then told me I could go now and await the result.

I was taken down and went out, and to the Medical Department, that was a dreary looking place, perhaps more so because it was the place Lincoln was shot in, the entrance was a common sized hall with little light in it, there was a guard standing, and the porter asked for Dr. Chafelet,

he was sent for, we ascended the stairs, that I can only think of it, made of rough plank, if ever painted at all, not while the Government owned it, but has no doubt been remodeled since then; got to the fourth story, all the way through that hall it must always have been the way to the gallery, which was then the museum, there was only sky-light, all around the wall were cases with great glass jars with parts of men's bodies that had been taken off the wounded soldiers and put up in some kind of liquid fluid. Then there were cases with bones that were amputated, fastened with wires, also from every part of the body, they were quite white and the bullet marks showed in all of them. The second row of cases were glass on all sides, I can't say that I noticed them very much, there were many skeletons of animals, pigs and cats with two and three heads, some with five and six legs, snakes and fish and monkeys, one great ape and down to very small monkeys. After looking at them a while he said, now I should look down to see what I could see. I saw the stage full of trash, such as boxes with shavings and straw, as if something was unpacked, may be skeletons, I said. Oh no, said he, these I brought from Germany, they are my work, said he had retired once after he had been in that place nine years.

His son took his place, but could not get along alone, so he had to come again. But amputated limbs were sent constantly from all parts of the States, but that was not what he wanted. The two stories where the boxes had been, were filled with desks, and writers were at them all till part of the last year, when they discharged many, most of them to curtail the expenses of the Government. That was the Tilden Reform, he said. And what do the farmers know what is going on here in Washington? Many a poor devil is lying on his back in want of the money coming to him from the Government and does not know why he doesn't get it. We never had this work done up all of it, but God only knows when it will be done.

Now that they are so far behind, said he, do you understand? I said yes, if I left my work lay one day, I had more to do the next. Just so, he said; but, said I, I never could understand what the Reform Law and Tilden Reform meant, that I never bothered about politics, but that was always up on streamers and flags, and talked about, so one had to have it, and I got it into my head without asking or even caring much, but thought he was a reformed rebel they were trying to put in for President. The old man took a hearty laugh, then he went on

saying, he could show and tell me what Doctor Felker wanted him to do, you see these few writers and the piles of packages by every desk, none of which won't be disturbed till some one is put to the piles to work them, there are three bushels on every pile, and yours will come in that way; if a man at a desk is ready for another basket, when it comes, he gets it, if not it is emptied where there is none, and there it may lie. But you give me your address and number of the package, and I will say to the appointing clerk, here, sir, when the basket comes down from the interior that has this package, be careful not to miss it, as I must have it, then I will put it where it will be worked, no telling how long you may have to wait.

He went with me to my boarding house and then to the station to see me off safely. I am sorry to say, I promised to write the results to him, and never did it, as it seemed to me from the treatment I received through, people thought I knew a little something, and for me to write would expose my ignorance at once, that was selfish pride. It would have been better not to cover up the gratitude I felt, by concealing my ignorance. How often I have felt the effects of such things, wanting some honor of the world.

In Baltimore the train stopped quite a while, I

went and got a dozen of Baltimore fresh oysters fried, and I thought they were the largest and best I ever ate, they charged twenty-five cents with all the crackers and butter wanted. At Pittsburg I got breakfast, a cup of poor coffee, one rib of lamb chop, and that burnt, two small biscuits, a little bit of butter, all for sixty cents.

Home was reached, and in a short time word came that we could get our papers from the agent in Washington, that they were again rejected by the Adjutant General, all were satisfied it was useless to try any more. But my lawyer friend said, keep agitating the thing,\* you can take a special act in Congress. I got the books again, hunted up what we could, and got Lucy to write to an agent whose daughter was a friend of ours, going home on a visit she took the letter, and could explain things to him, and in a short time we got word from him that he would be prompt in tending to Mrs. Lucy Joss's pension, when in less than a week after a letter came to my son concerning Mrs. Lucy Joss, saying: Please send an order for her money, when she got her back pay, nine hundred and sixty and some dollars.

I think in a week or two there came a call from the last agent for a power of attorney to take a special act in Congress, so the money

came from headquarters and not from anything the agents did, and none of them got any pay. I suppose I had not been laboring for money, simply did my duty, as I thought, but my daughter-in-law made me a present of one hundred dollars; to make the trip to Washington and other places on my way for testimonies, she had advanced thirty dollars, to Winchester ten dollars, it was her expense. I am very thankful for the the privilege I enjoyed, believing my family is none the worse off for it.

The next to follow my son was the wife of my oldest son, she was very dear to us and especially to me, being a soldier for Jesus and well qualified for the work in church and Sunday-school, that fell to her lot to do, but fell a victim to the hereditary and dreadful disease, insanity, as already stated. I have some lines I wrote on the death of a sister in Christ which she read. I will recite them here, believing whatever she may have done in her condition of mind that was wrong, she was not accountable for.

When we sigh for friends departed,  
Feeling sad and left alone,  
Jesus binds the broken-hearted  
Who with godly sorrow groan.

We are left no more in darkness,  
Grace our shield and Christ our song.  
Lord, give us all-sufficient grace,  
Humble us and make us strong.

By faith to see eternal glory,  
Prepared for all the blood-washed throng,  
And may we ever tell the story  
Of Him, who has before us gone.

While here on life's rough path He trod,  
Upon His brow He wore the thorn,  
He blushed in blood to show us God,  
Forsook the grave at the dawn of morn.

No longer sigh for friends departed,  
Feeling sad and left alone,  
Jesus heals the broken-hearted,  
While they are praising round God's throne.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

## RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Cleveland, Ohio, November 27, 1890. Thanksgiving morning finds me with a heart all aglow with gratitude, especially thankful that my title is clear for a mansion in the sky, not for any worth or worthiness of my own, but saved by grace through faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, to whom I come to receive grace upon grace. For this work, dear Lord, I can only count my cost by Thy grace already given, trusting in Thy goodness and venture on Thee for supplies, as Thou hast wonderfully stood by me. Now accept my thanks, and grant further guidance to Thine own glory through a morsel of dust.

While here on earth with gratitude and praise,  
O God, come out of Zion and prevail,  
That to Thy glory I may end my days  
With them, who do for souls travail.

And many yet on the broad road on earth  
May do Thy will as it is done in heaven,  
To propagate the Gospel here on earth  
May Thy awakening Spirit, Lord, be given.

To see the sinfulness of self and sin,  
Knowing that Thou art ever near  
To all that strive by faith to enter in,  
Each sigh or broken accent will find a list'ning ear.

I thank God for Christian fellowship and being able to walk in the light, if not always in equal brightness, yet never dim so as to cause a doubt of my being brought from darkness into the beautiful light of God.

A dear sister, now residing in this city, when a young girl and in the early years of the Canal Dover M. E. church mission was converted. When the news reached her parents, who needed her wages to help them along on the farm they had purchased, intending to make it their home in this country, they took her home and did all they could to cause her return to the old faith; but in vain. She continued, as we all did in those days, to pray aloud at certain times, as well as in secret at home, and in public also confess our Saviour under all circumstances. One night, as she had retired to her sleeping apartment, where she prayed for her loved ones, as she arose she heard her parents say, we can do nothing with her, we must let her alone. She realized she had got the victory, and before long she returned and united with the children of light to praise God. She as others I know of

are serving God, while many that were with us then, have passed away in the triumphs of living faith, to be forever with the Lord. I must here give a favorite verse which we all loved to sing.

“O theure Verbindung der Kinder des Lichts,  
Ueber Dich, köstlicher Jesu, gehet uns nichts.”

I forgot the rest, but the early times of the German church on the Dover mission were wonderful times, no doubt in answer to the prayers of the faithful servants God sent among us that the Lord sent out His awakening Spirit to slay sinners on all sides and raise them again to be new creatures in Christ Jesus, being washed in the blood of the Lamb. So when we were asked if we were converted we knew it and could boldly say “yes,” and not “I trust.”

This sister, who lives here and is a true follower of Christ yet, asked me if I would give my religious experience. I don't remember what I said to her, but thought that it would be like my cooking, of which I have done a great deal in my time, and for most all kinds of people, but never used a cook book, perhaps because I could not read, but often heard my neighbors say that were systematic house-keepers, what do you cook for all your people? and complained that they often thought of something, but when they

looked how to make it there would be something wanting that they had not and perhaps could not get. My way was to make the best I could of what I had, and no one ever found fault that I knew of, and I never wanted for boarders, so I got along and got used to doing the best I could until it became natural. So it is with my religion. I was never and am not yet satisfied with myself, but have such a perfect and loving Saviour who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities. By His grace I have gone on doing the best I could to put all I got by hearing the preaching of the Word of God being prayerful, and watchful to hear all, though in my ignorance could not comprehend all, as much of the English preaching was an uncertain sound to me, but I strove to practice what I knew to be the will of God, desiring to read the Word for myself, and often did so, when all others were asleep in the house; often had to cry so I could not even try to read. But I am sure God was not deaf to my cry, for I could lay me down to sleep reconciled, believing God would enable me to practice what I knew, though but very little and in great weakness, and this satisfied me to go on as best I could, and got used to it, and, like my cooking, it became natural with me, so that prayer and praise have become my vital breath and native air for

many years, and can say for the sister, who, like myself, has been kept by the power of God unto salvation:

We have fought many battles together,  
Can rejoice over victories won,  
Our Saviour will never leave us,  
We shall hear Him say, "Well done."

I have often withdrawn from things done in the church that I could not see was to God's glory, also went into things I thought should be done immediately, as I believed in answer to the Spirit, not conferring with flesh and blood, sometimes causing some strife, and persecution even, to make me sorrow in God's sight, and I think it was a godly sorrow which made me repent, fearing some selfish motive prompting and caused me to hold on by faith even hope against hope, going forward, knowing in whom I believed, though in trifling things, as I could not expect to do much, but felt anxious to do something for the Master, who giveth us the victory if we faint not. I am so thankful for the straight and plain teaching of the German M. E. Church that in those days had godly men for class-leaders who saw to it that we strove to grow in grace and the knowledge of our Lord. Probationers when taken in full connection were asked if they believed in sanctification as attainable in this life,

and if we were groaning after it, which we all did and were dealt with accordingly. I have not been among them often for many years, but hope they are the old time Methodists yet.

But if it should happen that we grieve the Spirit, thank God that we may, like backsliding Israel, return, and I do thank God that since down at the cross I first saw the light and the burden of my heart rolled away, I have been kept striving to be obedient so far as I knew; but to obey was like my seeking to know the Lord as my present Saviour, was only trying to do for a long while, until I could claim the promise that all things pertaining to the divine life were possible to them that believe. As I tried to be obedient and began to know of the doctrine, and if it is by faith in God who is no respecter of persons, and I am allowed to believe for my own full salvation, as any of God's creatures, but soon found self a powerful enemy to be dealt with. Jesus says, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and if any man come to me and hate not his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.

There was a time when I was awakened by God's Spirit, as I understood it, to strive that I may enter the strait gate at the end of the narrow path, which must be at the close of life.

Ignorant as I was of any art of civilization to refine my exterior, I somehow had commenced to know that I could not veneer the corruption of my heart, but believed the holy Spirit must change it in order to develop a Christian according to my ideas. As I could not read for myself I picked up what little I have by hearing, not knowing a time I did not pray, therefore believe if we are honest in trying to serve God according to the knowledge we have of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and continue in well-doing as best we know, His Spirit will lead us, though we may err, for like a father pitieth his child, He does correct us and bring us right in His sight; though we are beaten with many stripes to get so, the Spirit can lead us into the ways of truth.

I often rushed into things that caused strife and persecution, even sorrow for me, by not conferring with flesh and blood, but believing it God's will and though it took struggling I always got the victory, because I was on the Lord's side. He is more than all that can be against us, God's dealing with me has been wonderful and past finding out the whys and wherefores, with my limited knowledge of things as they are, but find a satisfying portion in Jesus, it is Jesus the first and the last, I can trust Him for all that is to come, and praise Him for all

that is past, His Spirit will guide me safely home, and with all our going to meeting, often miles through mud and snow or any kind of stormy weather, would walk miles, often singing:

“ Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas ? ”

We all worked as no women work in these days. I have heard sisters say while returning home at night, how they were as new-born, body and soul, when they were so played out before they started, besides their regular house-work would work out doors, in fields or garden, some worked day's work for other people, and all was done to glorify God in the salvation of souls and according to His word. Because we served Him with our whole heart, He honored us in giving us joy unspeakable and full of glory that seemed to carry us through everything, and to this day there are a few names of us scattered on the shores of time that we love to meet and and tell of what the Lord is still doing for us, and do realize, though sundered far, by faith we meet around one common mercy seat. Though not learned, yet I used to write often to give my anxious spirit rest, after doing my work for a dozen and sometimes more in my family, as I



kept boarders to raise my family, and few nights that I was not to meeting. If I had all I have scribbled it would make a large book, but only here and there I found something which I saved when I broke up house-keeping, not knowing what I may find in this old book.

January 30, 1859, New Philadelphia, first Sabbath after returning from a visit among my relatives and friends, all affection and kindness was shown to us, and we enjoyed ourselves as well as could be expected in this world. In the course of the five weeks there was a wedding, a birth and a death among us, what all such intelligence brings is known to us all.

So I will go on to say something about what I enjoyed at our protracted meeting. The text from which brother Aiken preached was Ezekiel 37, 9. I do think I was the dry bones, for there seemed to be no life in me, as I had left Satan get the better of me by listening to some evil speaking against me, forgetting what our blessed Lord said, "Blessed are ye if the sayings are not true," and at class in the evening Satan persuaded me that none spoke to the purpose. I thought I could speak; when I arose a young sister smiled, I thought at me daring to rise, and I could say nothing, not so much to the purpose as any of the rest. As I sat down I looked at

her again, and saw her look at sister Smith with a scornful look. I was aroused for a moment in my feelings more than I had been in two years, and felt like getting up again to speak of it, when a monitor seemed to whisper, they spat in the Saviour's face. How I felt, not to be able to bear a look of disdain, and all the next day as well as that night was passed without a ray of light to cheer my poor heart, still I continued to trust and pray, cold as my prayers seemed to be, and at night the cloud began to break. Brother A. preached from Hosea 6, 4, and I felt that my goodness was as the morning cloud and the early dew, it passeth away.

February 1st. This day has been one of more than ordinary labor bodily, and my mind has been likewise engaged in reflecting and prayer, and this night brother A. preached to the church and I came with my heart fixed to receive seed, I trust God will give the increase. The lesson, Daniel 9, 4 to 19. Never did God manifest such power toward me as to-night, oh that these feelings may never pass away. This night I have renewed my covenant with God to go forth to fight under the blood-stained banner of King Jesus, till I conquer, though I die.

February 2nd. This day have I had more of a hungering and thirsting after righteousness

than ever before, I think brother Hill preached from Matthew 22, 14. I trust for Christ's sake I am one of the chosen ones, as I can find no worth or worthiness of my own.

February 16th. These meetings have come to a close, and though I felt this morning that I had profited much by them and became quite happy, I feel somewhat guilty in the sight of God again. Sister Ditts, a class-mate, who came to me and told me of some trouble she had on account of speaking without thinking, and I am guilty in the sight of God, as I have acquainted my neighbor with the whole matter, for which there was no occasion. When shall I learn to see my own folly by others' misfortune?

March 27, 1859. It is some time since I have taken this little book in hand, as it is not so interesting to me as some other duties which I have tried to discharge in my weak way, but this day has been one of great interest to me as brother A. preached this morning from 1 Corinthians, chapter 13, and I can say to the glory and honor of God, that I feel I have that charity the text speaks of, blessed be God! I was led some years ago to read that blessed portion of Scripture and felt a longing desire to be filled with that love that would do all things for me,

and as I have made the main object of my life and prayer to be made perfect in that love, glory to God, I can say as I sat and listened to the sermon, I examined my heart, and found that I had not struggled in vain. I stayed to class, as my class met after church I could not always stay. By the time English class was out, German preaching began. Brother Nachtrieb preached about Moses striking the rock, that water might flow to the Israelites.

Hallelujah to Jesus! We may come yet to the Rock and drink of the water of life, and this day I have been filled, so as to feel that the Spirit overpowered the flesh. I stayed to German class after preaching, and this evening was our monthly general class in the English church, but the German members attended it, spoke and sang German, as any one started and often sang a verse alone. The Holy Spirit worked powerfully. Oh how I wished I could make some sacrifice for God's goodness and mercy; surely He has followed me all the days of my life.

March 10th. After returning from meeting this is one of the nights God gives memory, sleep forsakes my open eyes, and my heart feels ready to burst with gratitude. What a morsel of dust I am, and get to thinking if there is nothing that I can do to merit the least of any-

thing at His hand. Notwithstanding all my unworthiness God continues to bless my poor soul, and I am this night more resolved than ever to go on in my weak way, trusting in the strength of the Almighty King that I shall one day come out more than conqueror with Him on the white horse.

March 15th. This day I was called on to help clean a church, and though there did not seem to be much thought of but to have the work done well by all that were there, my mind was often carried far beyond the world, as we often sang, "By faith I could see the land of rest, the saints' delight and mansions prepared for us," and though my body is somewhat distressed by fatigue and cold, my poor heart is revived, cheered from many blessed thoughts occurring to my mind this day. May God bless the work of our hands so as to cause every professed follower of Jesus that enters to notice that cleaning has been done there, and examine their hearts to see if there is nothing to be done in them.

I find in this old book a piece I wrote for my oldest daughter to speak in school in the place of something the teacher gave her to learn that was untrue. I wrote this truth:

My mother tells me of a day,  
When clothed in sorrow's dark array,

So far from friends and home,  
She oft me in her arms would clasp,  
And of almighty God would ask,  
To bless in days to come  
The dear ones He placed in her care,  
That they may of His kingdom share,  
So far beyond the sun.  
As on this earth she used to think,  
We must this cup of sorrow drink,  
Till we our course have run.

But oh, how changed with us since then !  
We've learned to know Him who saves all men,  
If they will to Him come.  
Oh may we run and never tire,  
And His redeeming love admire,  
Till time on earth is done !  
Then 'round the throne we'll join and sing  
The praises of our heavenly King.  
May there be wanting none  
Of them so dear by nature's ties.  
Lord, teach us, always to be wise,  
While on this earth we roam,  
That though in body here we part,  
Thy love unite us all in heart,  
Till blest in heaven, our home.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE ERROR OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Here where virtue seems to perish,  
Vice with fortune seems to smile,  
What hope is there for life to cherish,  
When all around seems vain and vile?

This seemed to be the experience of my heart when I was self-righteous. I well remember when I used to pray God to change the hearts of the wicked around me, and especially that of my dear husband, who I feared was being led astray by those that ran such innocent amusements, as I was very fond of to extremes, so they became sinful, as often to cause hard feelings and even harsh words.

Angry words are lightly spoken  
In a rash and thoughtless hour,  
Brightest links of life are broken  
By their rough and heedless power.

But that I needed a change of heart never entered my mind when I thought myself a little better than most of folks, as my grandfather and three of my father's brothers were ministers. However, the way I delighted to live no doubt helped my husband in too many respectable innocent amusements and worldly pleasures he never would have indulged in, had it not been for to

please me, nor would he ever have thought of keeping a public house, only I thought I was best adapted to that very respectable business in those days, yet never thought I was wrong. But the Lord led me in ways I knew not, and I am now convinced of the fact, that tribulation worketh patience, patience experience, experience faith, faith hope, and hope maketh not ashamed. It verifies every promise, and though sorrow endureth for a night, joy cometh in the morning, and how can the children of the bride-chamber mourn when the bridegroom is with them? He is with me and enables me to say,

O this is not my home,  
Nor have I a desire to stay,  
As a pilgrim here I roam,  
Through the thorns I make my way.

Though I with tempests be surrounded,  
And with clouds my sky o'ercast,  
In Jesus' wounds I feel I'm grounded,  
And shall reach my home at last,

What joy there is in believing, when by faith we bring the triumph nigh. How long I felt I loved the Lord, but feared He did not love me, but now I can say, Jesus loves me. Yet sometimes there is such a longing after something, and my spiritual groaning gives utterance to words like the following :



There is an aching void still in my breast,  
Come Thou and fill it, Lord, give me Thy rest,  
Thou knowest I ever be close by Thy side  
Come Thou, my Lord, receive Thy ready bride,  
Saviour, within my breast erect Thy throne,  
Let me not from Thee part till safe at home.

The Spirit bears witness that I am a child of God. He says, "I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succored thee." Christ has also suffered for my sins, but seeing those things I must beware, lest I be led away with the error of the wicked, then I must grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.

I am striving to value time carefully, but fear my walk is more like the fool's than wise, still I am trying to redeem the time, for few and evil are its days. Thank God it is not my desire to be conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of the Spirit, yet fear that I do not show by my life what is that good, acceptable and perfect will of God. I know that I am not a reprobate, for I know that Jesus Christ is in me and I in Him. Glory be to God!

With all my imperfection I feel that I be risen with Christ in God, as I live in the spirit of prayer, denying myself for Christ's sake, I

have taken up my cross to follow Him, though I shall have to suffer persecution rather than have the good things of this world.

I remember once calling at an English sister's house. She soon showed me the "Guide to Holiness" and told me I should have it, it was just what I wanted. I believed it would be good and profitable, looking up to her as a guide for us weak ones. I could not afford it then, I had no time to read it if I could read; I had managed to read Hester Ann Rogers' experience, but thought after spending much time spelling over most of the words before I could read at all, and many I could not understand, as the German language was more familiar to me, but could only manage to read enough of that to sing, which I learned when a girl to sing in the choir, in the German Lutheran church in our place. I could commit to memory anything I heard, so I soon learned to sing, which I could do when young without any trouble, and was always singing when at my work, till one night I fell on a pile of stone, while coming from a prayer meeting and was running to get out of a storm. It was in the commencement of the war, a man told me he knew I would get caught in one of the devil's blind batteries going out so much at night.

Well, I was hurt breast and neck, could not speak aloud for a while, and never could sing since. Then I thought such high attainments in the divine life I could not expect, as my abilities would not qualify me for such positions as learned people could fill, but I believed in being good in the sight of God, and from the manifestations I had of His goodness toward me and the way He led me, I believed He would keep me, and I was not slow to catch up in the reading of the Scriptures such things as I could understand, and blundered away at speaking, praying, singing, or anything there was to do, as I had learned enough the little while I was among the Germans in Dover to take me to heaven if true to what I had got, and practiced what I knew, and though I felt bad when I left the sister, because I could not take such a necessary thing as the Guide to Holiness, as I was still groaning to be entirely delivered from much I saw in me, and as holiness among the English was never mentioned as attained to, only Father Butt could speak freely of having enjoyed the blessing thirty years.

I cried, and prayed God to fill my heart with something, if consistent with His will, which I believed He could, to take the place of the book in my heart, as he had accepted it, and was con-

stantly adding to what I had. I did not receive the blessing then, but got new ideas and knew I was walking in the light of God, and was more in earnest about having a pure heart. Our German prayer and class meetings were times of power, many were converted that stayed in their own German Reformed church, which was not established till then, they built a church, the German M. E. church was to be the old English one, which they bargained for at five hundred dollars, paid one hundred and seventy-five on it, but the English did not get at building as soon as they thought, so we stayed in and they too for a while, I can't say how long, but I do know that brother Ryder, the elder, stayed there at one time of a quarterly meeting some days trying to get the officials together to settle it up, but could not, so they sold it for a planing mill for seven hundred dollars, and said we could have meeting in their basement. But it did not suit us, as the Germans wanted their own church, and some of the members left us, while others that had never joined but came to church would not go to the new one, and made a big fuss about the English selling the church, because they got more money. The war took our few men, as there were not many, some families moved away, till nine sisters only remained. I

say ours, because my daughter-in-law was a member and I had given my letter in from Dover to the English church and never took it out again, and was at home in both. My children, except one daughter-in-law, belonged to the English. Perhaps in the year 1866, after the English church was built and we had tried to have our meeting in the basement and found it would not work, English Sunday-school together with German classes did not do, all the Germans generally were, or at least they thought themselves too poor to unite with the English, and for various reasons we retired to our own homes with our meetings, and the Lord was with us; but we could not expect to get the class of people we wanted to reach in private houses any more than in the church, nor get their children to Sunday-school, but could see no way to change it. As for myself, I had more than I could do, as our English church found plenty to take up their time, besides their own work, in visiting for salvation or charitable purposes.

We had all kinds of members then as well as now, but they were visited by their class leaders, who also laid it upon the class-mates not to neglect them that become careless as to their duties, and the Lord helped us to help each other up as well as to bear each other's burdens.

and through confidence in each other, thus could share our mutual care, and as I have been God's free child since I was bought with such a great price as the blood of Jesus, it has been my aim to stand fast in that liberty wherewith Christ hath made me free, and glory to His name. He has kept and does keep me, even me, one of the least and most unworthy of His creatures, realizing more and more that I am the child of a great King, a joint-heir with Jesus Christ, having had some little entrusted to my charge by the Lord. My righteousness is as filthy rags, but by God's grace in Christ's righteousness, my beauty and my glorious dress, standing firm, in it arrayed with joy shall I lift up my head.

Firm, bold and strong with Jesus true,  
Could dare to stand alone,  
Strive for the right, whate'er I do,  
Though helpers there were none.

Heeding not the swelling surge  
Of fashion's sneer and wrong,  
While bearing on to ruin's verge  
With current wild and strong.

I did the right, though falsehood railed,  
And proud lips curling sneered,  
A poisoned arrow cannot wound  
A conscience washed and cleared.

Help me to stand and ne'er depart,  
Nor yet the truth deny.

And find a sympathizing heart  
Among the passers by.

At the dedication of the new church a preacher was there to do the begging. I heard the remark made by some on going toward the church, not to keep any money in their vest pockets, or it would all be out before he got through begging. It was evening after some thousand dollars had been taken in the day time, enough, they said, to pay for all it cost to build the church. "But," said the preacher, "We want a fence around it, and to-night must have at least three hundred dollars more." I was surprised, but he had been reading about our rich Father who said, "The earth and the fullness thereof is the Lord's, and the cattle on a thousand hills," and talked of it being wrong for God's children lacking anything they needed to carry on His work, it was because they did not ask and take of the fullness waiting for them.

The amount was raised, and I thought, why is it we have no place for the Germans, and we are God's children? Then it is wrong for us to have our meeting to ourselves. My mind was full of plans to get a place to where we could invite sinners to come and hear the Gospel. It was well enough to do the one, but not to leave the other undone. I could not get rid of having a

place of regular worship, but said nothing to anyone but to God, at the same time my soul cried out, Who shall deliver me! My conviction became intense, but without remorse, as I never doubted my acceptance, but was tormented with doubts and fears, lest I should fail. At last I could and did go to places where special meetings were held, but the more I tried to be pure in heart and life, the more I saw wanting. The German sisters were like myself, seeking, but none could say they were free from fear. I attended a union camp-meeting, stayed with good people where preachers came and went, but when some spoke freely with me on the subject of a deeper work of grace in my heart, and with all my anxiety, I was like bound in regard to trying to say how I was exercised, for fear I should not be understood, so would keep silent and watch others that got shouting happy, talked of seeing visions and do things and say things that I would not dare to do. I felt miserable as the time came when I expected to go home. I got up before day to pray, walked out, it was in the woods and the time of the war, when we felt and think there was nothing to fear during the week but self in the sight of God. I walked on, got to a high fence of a field, climbed to the top of it, saw the sun rise, and tried to inspire my



spirit by beholding God in nature. The horn blew for to get up, which startled me, I got down, walked toward the camp, humming, "How tedious and tasteless the hour when Jesus no longer I see." While humming I thought prayerfully of the words, and when all was prayed over the last verse, it seemed hope was gone, as I was near to our log cabin, but thought I must see the end, therefore I walked around the camp-ground humming and looking at every word; the last words struck me: "Or take me to Thee up on high, where Winter and clouds are no more." I saw at once I had not made a full surrender, if God would call for me then, I would have said: Not from here; let me go home first to see my children.

I entered the cabin slyly, got behind the curtain where the beds were, told the sister to please not disturb me, as I wanted to be alone. When all were gone out to the early meeting, I prayed God for Jesus' sake to help me make a full surrender, or I should never find peace again, as my joy in believing for a few years was great, as I was in my first love, in all the cares and trials in my life of confusion and losses sustained there was an unbroken peace deep down in my heart, undisturbed by anything. I did not know then, but afterwards

learned that it was not condemnation, as I thought, that broke up the peace that reigned in my heart, but compunction.

I was more anxious than ever when I got home, and looked forward to our quarterly meeting in Dover in a few weeks, when the elder would come, and Friday night preach in our house to us in Philadelphia. They stopped with us, I told them of my trouble, they said, "Thank God," and told me what Scripture to read, and prayed for me especially at family prayer. Brother Nachtrieb preached about the "Heart of stone," compared it to the rough stone taken out of the quarry, what work it took, but at last it stood there fully representing a man; the sculptor could make such a statue, but could not put life in it, so we needed to be worked over into the image of the Master, and no process of ours or any one else could do it, only God alone, when He had taken the stony heart He worked as wisely with it as the sculptor with his statue, the more tranquil and passive we lay the easier we could be operated upon; if the stone would be rolling about, nothing could be brought to perfection. I took in all that was said, also could apply it to my condition, but there was no distinction made between the hearts of some. I thought neither does God,

and as it is not the wisdom of the world, but patient obedience God wants, which I must try to render by His grace.

The next day we all went to Dover to hear in the afternoon a wonderful serman on "Looking back after the flesh pots of Egypt," which I feared was my case, but I did my best to keep all calm within, listened prayerfully, and a strange feeling of peace came over me which I shall never forget. I said to a sister, "I don't know what is the matter with me, I am not caring about anything, it's perfect peace, but not joyous, or I would think I had the blessing." Said she in German, it was just the reverse with her, frivolous things that were even none of her business bothered her, and I should not be faithless.

A young brother that was with us said, he was all broken up, fearing he could not enter that blessed rest, as it was not the doctrine of their church, and while his father and mother lived he could say nothing, but would pray on to be relieved from all sin. He is a good man and they are a fine Christian family, though I don't often see any of them, yet I hope they are all sanctified, as they have rare talents. The sister lived and died an exemplary Christian, though I never heard her say she had received the blessing.

All I can say of that meeting is, I had more light than ever before, the reading of the Word with every other means of grace was enjoyed with great calmness and peace, that passed all understanding, yet I could not believe such a blessing as that could make one so unconcerned about doing anything myself.

Brother Nachtrieb left us, but brother Wooster continued the meeting. We went home on Monday night, it rained, and only one sister went with me. The preaching was about Christ knocking at our heart. I immediately thought, that is what the Master is doing, and I shall let Him come in and be happy, if it is the blessing I am to possess. I often wondered how the people felt that could shout like some I saw, thinking I was not as good as they, and hoped it would be my lot that night; but it was as if I could neither pray nor rejoice. On our way home I said to the sister, I was strangely exercised, but she was not one that manifested any seeking heart-purity, said we should be thankful and not doubt. We went on through mud and rain, got to the end of the three miles and home.

Next day I started again to see the preacher and find out what was the matter with me. I was soon overtaken by a man with an old horse and wagon. I asked for a ride, my motion

stopped him, I got on the wagon and the first thing I thought was I would be ashamed to be seen on this old wagon riding behind Yankee John's old crow-bait, and began to talk to him about it being too bad for me to bother him, but I was in such a hurry I could not wait for the hack, there being a meeting I wanted to go to at one o'clock. By that time the man looked at me. I said, may be you could go faster if I was off; he said, I don't hear a word, as he could not hear. The fact was I did not want to ride into Dover on the old rig, and worst of all, I told a lie, there was no meeting given out, I wanted to talk to the preacher about myself and try to persuade him to have day-meetings.

Only the preacher's wife was there, she was busy about her work, I was alone in the sitting-room and feeling awful after thinking of having a pure heart to be guilty of pride, and above all, to tell a willful lie. When the sister came in and sat down by me she commenced telling me she would not care about what sister Weaver said or did. I knew nothing of it. It was this: Sunday a woman that spoke German but had been a member of the English church, sat by my side crying; I asked her if she was a Christian. She invited me to her house, where she would tell me. I went after love-feast. She was alone,

her husband was a canal-boat captain. We had supper and I heard of her backsliding and being under conviction. I told her, as on such occasions an invitation for seekers was given, to respond. She asked me to go with her; I did, we knelt at the mourners' bench, when sister Weaver should have went out telling her class-leader as I had my letter and joined the English church in Philadelphia I need not come over there and gather up trash to come pretending to seek religion. I told the sister that that did not trouble me, but what I did, if known, would bring reproach upon the cause. Brother Wooster came home, they sympathized and prayed with me as well as encouraged me. I attended the meetings that week, but the mud was such as not to continue; but my own condition God only knew.

I went to the Baptist church in the morning, they had no preacher, it was a covenant meeting. I covenanted with God to be used in any way He could use me, as I was at liberty, two of my sons were in the army, the oldest one was married, and my girls were so that they could get along at home. At that meeting the thought came, why can't we get this church to hold a meeting in at the close? I asked the only trustee there, got his permission, but must wait

till next Sunday to see the others. I said we could not, but he knew of no other way, as brother Miller in Dover was very sick and brother Graham three miles out of the way, and it was raining. I said, brother Aulters, I thought you had more faith. He laughed. I started for Dover, went to Miller's, they said he was under the influence of morphine, no one was admitted. I asked for sister Miller, she sent word to come in. I did, she heard me and said, it would be all right. But I wanted his word. She got him aroused, I told him, he said yes. I started for the preacher's, thought I could ride with him, but he was gone. I took a near cut to the bridge, hoping to meet him in the river bottom, but did not. When I got through the bridge, though the road was filled up out of the water on each side, the mud was awful. The Presbyterian and Lutheran ministers from our place met me as they were going to preach, on horseback, they were surprised, said only a few words and passed on. I thought I never could have got through such mud if God did not help me, and the right life seemed to come again. I got to our church when the brother was preaching. As he had told me if we had a place he would like to hold a meeting with us, so as he was going to close I arose and told him to give out German

meeting next night at the Baptist church, which he did.

He went to preach at the poor-house near the place where the third trustee lived, I had just finished telling the brother how we would manage and not clear out of town, yet when I saw brother Graham coming I asked him to stop a moment. He was going to Dover to see brother Miller. I said I had just come from there, had asked his permission, and got it. With a smile he said, "God bless you." So we went on, had a good meeting with the paupers and others from the neighborhood. I stopped at our house, the brother went on.

Next morning the first thing was to get a boiler over with water to have a tub of hot suds to clean the lamps, as they had not been used in a long time, then get the money, which I had to beg from house to house, got it and published the meeting and got coal for that night, may be I begged it, I don't remember, but had meeting as it was announced at the poor-house. Some from the country came, next day I had to get money for coal, when I had enough to pay for the hauling I asked a rich man who had a coal-bank to give us the coal; he would not. A man with a team, not rich in this world's goods, but a Christian, a member of the Lutheran church,



took the money, paid for the coal and gave us the hauling. Our meetings lasted two weeks, no crowds were out, but we had three souls, one died in the faith a few years after, one moved away in time, but was a Christian, and one the daughter of our class-leader, who was drowned on his way home from the war. She was the last of the family to be converted, and married a Christian man, living with her family to serve God and enjoying the blessings of life with a hope of heaven. Such little times of picking up souls here and there we had in those days of small things. God's Spirit was manifest everywhere.

There was a corner of a lot with a house on it for sale, which was just the right place for a church, in the centre of the town near the saloons. We all wished very much we could buy it, by making two rooms into one we would have a place for meetings and rent the other part to some one to tend to the house. It was to be eight hundred dollars. After a meeting at a house we talked it over, but of course these German women could not talk English. My daughter-in-law could not undertake it. As we were talking that day one of the girls that was reading Lady Huntington's book, said, that would be sister Joss's church. I said, I did not

need it, we had a place, if I could do anything it would be for them. An old maid, a carpet-weaver, was present, one of the girls said, "And Sally will weave a carpet for the aisle." She said, "You want a church first, I can weave a carpet for some one and give you the money." So before we asked we were getting. We parted. When we reached our home I told of what we had been talking about. My son said he would give twenty-five dollars, provided we could raise the rest. They all laughed when I told them what the preacher at the church said, and I believed it could be done.

I went the next day with a blank book to a local preacher, got him to arrange it for subscribers, but not to pay unless the eight hundred dollars were subscribed. I thought to get it in a short time, and had over two hundred, when I went into a law office where two lawyers were. I presented the book, they both looked at it, one said he would give no more for anything down town, but if we went out near him he would give us a lot; which was unexpected. But, said I, that is no place for a German church. That is just the place, said he, where the heathen gather on Sunday; not a peach tree or cucumber patch, or even a corn field is safe there, they make fire, steal cook pots and cook corn and eggs, if they can find any.

Now if you want to go where my lots are laid out, and some are sold to Germans already. I said I feared it would be useless, but would see. He turned to the other man and with an oath said, that's the way with these good people, they all want to be in a respectable part of town.

I went home, told my daughter-in-law, she and I went out, it was a beautiful night, we looked down a little bank, then another level, all was fields, only three houses along the road to the mill, a man was once hanged there, therefore it was called Hangtown, a strange place for a church. But my daughter said, there is Providence in it, if you think you can get a church on it we will take that corner, pointing to a corner where the street from town crossed the mill road. We had nothing going on in our town to bring many people to settle there, it was the county seat, and that was all, a local foundry and woolen factory, yet there were many people that were not church-goers and more out that direction we thought if it was there it would be for some purpose.

Next day I went to Mr. Milchener, articleed with him for the lot, for which he was to give me a deed when the church was on it, it was more a trial of my faith than I imagined, but it was completed, and many souls were born again

in that little church, who would not likely have gone to any other place of worship. Had I thought of such a thing as writing a book in my lifetime, there could have been much on record of our work in that part of the town.

I think this was the last Christmas garden I got up for the children. January 8, 1877, I got through with the Christmas garden and feel very grateful to think it has accomplished the end for which it was intended. The school and temple are quite revived, I promised with others to do better next year, if I live, so I hope to do, in some way, but fear I shall never get up another garden and tree with these my clumsy limbs, but feel more interested than ever, seeing how little concern is manifested for the young heathen of our town. May God bless the few that labor by the grace of God to cast the bread upon the water, and walk by faith, as I have been led from my infancy by the hand of Providence in ways I knew not, neither could my carnal mind perceive His loving kindness, therefore I had to be beaten with many stripes. I often think there never was such love manifested toward any one, and wonder that He did not leave me joined to my idols, but the Spirit strove with me wonderfully, and how much grace I must have had even before I enjoyed it, for when there was no rest

for my weary soul and aching heart, becoming more and more concerned by hearing and trying to read God's word, somehow got to writing about the fear of it only being a dead letter, and would become a savor of death unto death, though my name stood for thirty years on the M. E. church book as an acceptable member. When I tried to explain myself I could not always find sympathy, though I confessed Christ, as I knew confession is made unto salvation, I could not speak to make myself intelligible even to my dearest sisters in the church, when I was not among the Germans.

There is where I was led on toward perfection. God bless them ! Though I fear they too are becoming more worldly and shorn of their strength. I used to find as big fools for Christ's sake as I was, where I could go often after others were in bed, and have had what is a half night of prayer in the Salvation Army. This is what I wrote once after getting home from such a place of prayer and praise, before I could lay me down to sleep. So I always was, since I was born again, a salvationist.

I could go on all night, as I have quite a number of papers that I wrote many years ago while in the turmoils of this life, a widow with six small children to maintain till each one grew up by

God's grace to become useful in the community. May God help them all to fight the good fight of faith to hold on to eternal life, whereunto we are called. But have we professed a good profession before many witnesses?

As I never thought that my experience, which I wrote in the beginning of the salvation war in this country, would be printed, as it was in one of the "War Cries" in the beginning, and much less that I should undertake to write a sketch of my life to be printed, so I give this, it is the truth, and nothing but the truth. God grant that it may encourage some one to stand up for Jesus, or write, if they have anything to give by way of testimony; if not, to get, for "to him that hath shall be given." I learned to love the army before I dared hope to see any of them, and when they came here I used every means to spread salvation, got twenty-five "War Cries" a week for one year, gave them out to any one, often on the train, or mailed them; then the "All about the Army," some dozen, and when they got the "Cry" in this country I did the same, and bless God for the Salvation Army for what it has done for me. I still read the London "Cry" and "All the World," they are very interesting, and praise God for what He is doing through them.

But I am more interested in our own incorporated work, not that I don't love the foreign work even here for what good it does, but we cannot afford to let ours drag and rest on our arms. God grant that many stirring testimonies may be sent in for the Crusader, for I want to be led on. Though I praise God for a pure heart, yet I am not mature, and not as one that beateth the air. I always felt that it was very little I could help the church, yet I needed the church, enjoyed every means of grace, but it seemed there was something in store for me before I knew them or even saw a soldier. When I read "Heathen England" I answered to God the call for workers, as it is on a fly leaf in the back part of the book. I gave myself more fully to God, if possible to do what my hands find to do, without conferring with flesh and blood, but immediately in answer to the Spirit.

So when the salvation war began here under Major Moore, as the work had gone down or rather was not established under commissioner Raltain, I renewed my subscription for the paper as well as became an auxiliary member, and got quite a number of others to subscribe, and with joy and great interest I watched the progress of the work till about seventy corps in the United States and fifty in Canada were in the field,

when there was but the one Major and Staff Captain for both places and could not get any foreign help.

As I got the English publication as well from London I well remember when Major Comes came, we rejoiced to think there would be more time to be bestowed on the States by our Major, seeing in some of the publications and often heard it hinted at by leading members, that Moore robbed and demoralized the army in this country, which is not so, but as an American citizen can't see why he or whoever were the leaders of the work, according to our country's laws and financial want, yes feel they must carry on the movement according to law and order, and if our people in America knew the worth of the army to moralize and raise up the degraded.

God bless the Booths and keep them low at the foot of the cross, but God is over our country as well as any other, and when people come here and don't want to become naturalized, they certainly can't enjoy our liberty any more than we, as Christians, can the power of the Gospel, and be born again except we are obedient according to Romans 13, 2; if we resist we shall receive to ourselves damnation. I have never seen or heard of General Moore wanting any credit for



what he did in Canada, but think Major Comes had a good start there.

I made every effort to get the army to our town, and did, and they had every facility. As Div. Major Rook and Lieutenant Newton, who sought not their own but the claims of God and the souls of men, as well as the man that was called captain and was sent to the penitentiary was a good soldier for Jesus at the time, if yet alive, may they be strong in the Lord, and at work for their Master. The work would have gone on had it not been for untrue officers. I am praying and believing for God to prosper the army in the work of soul saving, especially our Crusaders, that before I am called away from time, I may be permitted to be one in the ranks on earth, but if not, thank God I shall be one above, if they don't meet me here. I can't see what will reach the masses better. May the Lord show our people that they are under the law. Anybody that will, may see with what difficulties they labor.

**THE SAVIOUR LED ME ALL THE WAY.**

While through this world I went apace,  
Flattering myself I had God's grace,  
Singing every giddy song,  
Joining in each worldly throng.

How fair the world with kindly air,  
Apparel and jewels rich to wear,  
Care or want was never known  
Till far from my parental home.

My prayer had been continually,  
That Jesus would my leader be,  
While through this wicked world I passed,  
And take me home to Him at last.

How glad I am that I can say,  
The Saviour led me all the way,  
Till to this world I felt to say,  
Adieu, no more I with thee stray.

But closer to my Jesus clinging,  
Aloud the songs of Zion singing,  
Counting all things else but dross,  
Looking ever at the cross.

❖ The End ❖



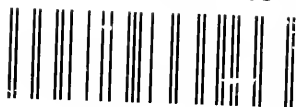








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